The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN

PHOTOPLAY

25 CENTS
30 Cents in Canada

APRIL



NORMA SHEARER

Earl Christy

Do You Want A Brand-New Personality?

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY EXPERTS and Psychologists Tell You How—In This Issue



Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALE!

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play ... But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years ... There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. *Gracias*, Lupe!

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

Lupe Velez

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against Irritation—against Cough

And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Time for the movies—
No time for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You *bet* there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to *live* romance, as well as watch somebody *else's* romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the *soundness* of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little *more* Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your *teeth*. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

IPANA



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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Street.....

City..... *State*.....

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All-New, All-Talking

All-Time Miracle of Entertainment!





CHESTER MORRIS



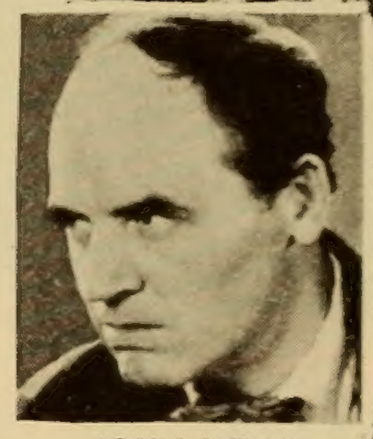
SYLVIA SIDNEY



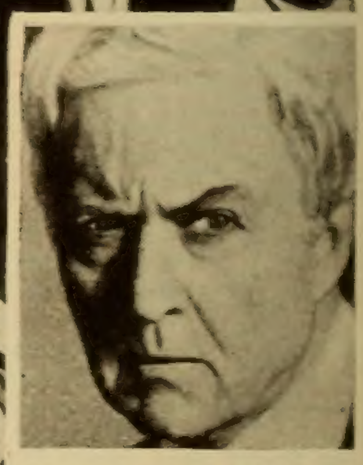
THE MIRACLE MAN

SYLVIA SIDNEY • CHESTER MORRIS

The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking *masterpiece!* With a master cast! *Sylvia Sidney,* wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! *Chester Morris,* dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! *And* Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It's a Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*



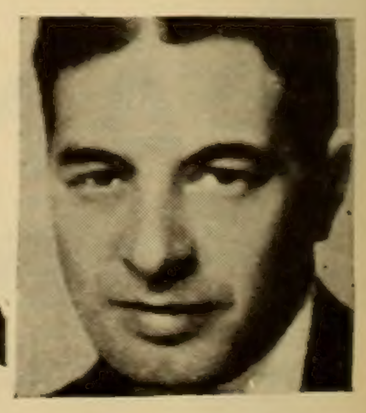
JOHN WRAY



HOBART BOSWORTH



ROBERT COOGAN



IRVING PICHEL

Directed by Norman McLeod. Adapted by Waldemar Young. From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis and the play by George M. Cohan.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 5 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | April, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 "HUMORESQUE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"
1923 "The COVERED WAGON"
1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925 "THE BIG PARADE"
1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1928 "FOUR SONS"
1929 "DISRAELI"
1930 "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

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Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City — Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

JAMES R. QUIRK, President — ROBERT M. EASTMAN, Vice-President — KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: $2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; $3.50 Canada; $3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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What the Audience Thinks

With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities



Everybody liked "Lovers Courageous" because it combined both sweetness and sophistication. Robert Montgomery fans got up and cheered. They say Bob has found the perfect leading woman in Madge Evans

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and we are sorry but no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

How many people know that motion pictures serve as a therapeutic measure in treating the mentally ill?

As a student nurse, I recently studied psychiatry at a large hospital for the insane. Imagine a great recreation hall packed with the oddest assortment of humanity possible; lawyers, scientists, college graduates, rubbing elbows with congenital defectives. Here, through the phonoplay, these patients who move in a realm of delusions and hallucinations are brought back to reality for a time by viewing pictured incidents reminding them of their once normal lives. Their appreciation is so intense that it is pathetic!

A trend of connected thought is maintained for a definite period. Reactions are quietly noted, aiding a diagnosis. Occasionally a simple incident may strike that responsive chord in a patient which turns his topsy-turvy world right side up again.

CATHERINE WOODS,
Patten Memorial Hall, Evanston, Ill.

THE $10 LETTER

We're all wise to this business of sex. At least we all should be because we have certainly seen enough of it on the screen. A little is okay but there's no need to spread it on so heavily. Most of us are not so thick headed that we don't get the drift. Why not try using it sparingly like any other spice? Too much of anything makes it cheap and any cotton farmer will verify that old saying. I'm not advising cutting the sex stuff out of the pictures entirely. That would be the same as leaving the seasoning out of a dinner. But there's no need to make the menu too salty.

RAYMOND GOFORTH, Dallas, Texas

THE $5 LETTER

"Movie stars are paid too much!" How often we hear this statement. How untrue it is.

Soda jerkers are paid in proportion to their worth to fountain managers; mechanics are paid according to their value in garages. Corporation executives are never paid according to the amount of work they do. Their worth to their business determines their salaries. And so it is with every trade.

If people line up for two blocks to see Norma Shearer's pictures, and millions of dollars flow into the studio coffers, shouldn't Norma be paid in proportion? Isn't she worth it to her company? If Barbara Stanwyck breaks box office records, doesn't she deserve a huge salary?

"Movie stars are paid too much." Ridiculous!

MAUD O'BRIEN, Sulphur, La.

YOU BET WE WOULDN'T

Why do some fans insist that many of the screen's most scintillating stars are high-hat? Would any one of us be content to sleep in an old, rickety, white iron bed, wear a muslin nightie or drive a battered bunch of tin if our incomes permitted more than that? Of course not.

And you can't expect a Joan Crawford or a Connie Bennett to do it either. You don't catch Henry Ford in an old Model T.

MRS. MARY A. RICE, Flint, Mich.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

In PHOTOPLAY there was a picture of Constance Bennett published where there was a generous display of her hands—and they were beautiful. Her nails were perfect. Now I do all my own housework, so naturally my hands cannot look as they used to, but I looked at her nails, then at my own. I went right out and bought a bottle of polish, got my file and began work. I also bought a bottle of hand lotion advertised in PHOTOPLAY. My husband commented, that night, upon how nice my hands looked.

MRS. J. G. PORTER, Birmingham, Ala.

THEY SAW GARBO

By knowing someone who knew someone who was someone, I watched Garbo work on the "Grand Hotel" set one afternoon. Not once did I hear the famous "I t'ank I go home." She rehearsed with great care.

Not once were the other members of the cast hurled into abject silence to mollify the tempestuous *artiste*.

When Director Edmund Goulding relieved the tedium by strutting across the stage foppishly with a woman's coat wrapped around him, Garbo laughed as heartily and as unaffectedly as anyone on the set. She is a tall, slender girl in a simple black dressing gown, working earnestly and courteously.

MONA ROGERS, Hollywood, Calif.

I would like to apologize for frightening Greta Garbo while she was in New York. I'm a Garbo fan and when I saw her coming down the street I just stood there with my mouth gaping wide open. I don't know whether it was my face that frightened her or the fact that I was staring, but she took one look and started to run.

But in that minute I saw the Garbo and she is wonderful!

BEATRICE WARBURTON, New York City

SISTERS IN BOWLS

I paused longer than usual over the page showing June Collyer and Stuart Erwin as I was reading PHOTOPLAY. I recognized the bowl in June's hand. The row of tulips upside down that made the attractive border and the shape of the bowl is exactly like one in a set I have. What a surprise to be admiring the convenience of June Collyer's kitchen and find your mixing bowl in her hands.

VIVIAN SHIRLEY, Valley City, N. D.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

THIS was the big sex versus sweetness month! Some of the folks are all "agin" sophistication and are begging on romantically bended knees for nice little stories about lassies in curls and lads who remember how to blush. While there are those who think sex is just elegant and the more lurid the better.

Sure, there are the usual Garbo and Gable raves—some raving for, some against—but Connie Bennett walks off with the bulk of the letters, inspired by the story "Why Constance Bennett is Unpopular in Hollywood" in the February issue. There seem to be just two kinds of people in the world—those who like the new Marquise and those who don't.

And while Garbo is watching Connie's popularity grow, Gable had better cast a couple of glances at that lad Melvyn Douglas who set hearts a-flutter in "Tonight or Never." He's the new rave.

Ruth Chatterton's throne is wobbling and on another page of this magazine there's a swell story answering all your questions about Ruth. "Lovers Courageous" and "Dance Team" were favorite films, while Jack Barrymore and Gene Raymond (one an old standby and the other a new-comer) got a goodly supply of nosegays.

Dramatic DYNAMITE!



Richard BARTHELMESS

in "Alias the Doctor"

with

MARIAN MARSH

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Vivid, dynamic drama

—of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace

—of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

AGE FOR LOVE, THE—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (*Oct.*)

ALMOST MARRIED—Fox.—A competent cast, including Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming (stage star), struggle valiantly with a weak story, silly dialogue and careless direction. (*Feb.*)

AMBASSADOR BILL—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (*Dec.*)

ANYBODY'S BLONDE—Action Pictures.—Prize-fight stuff, with some laughs and exciting moments. (*Feb.*)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (*Dec.*)

ARIZONA—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (*Oct.*)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (*Jan.*)

★ **ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (*Jan.*)

★ **ARSENE LUPIN**—M-G-M.—The two Barrymore boys, Jack and Lionel, in a picture that can't be beat for superb acting. Story concerns a Parisian thief and the captain of police. See this by all means. (*March*)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathe.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (*Nov.*)

BEAST OF THE CITY, THE—M-G-M.—Inside workings of a city police department—with Jean Harlow and Walter Huston. (*Feb.*)

BELOVED BACHELOR, THE—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (*Dec.*)

BEN HUR—M-G-M.—Although filmed in 1925 and dressed up in new sound effects, this Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman picture is still eye-filling and exciting. (*Feb.*)

BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Pathe.—A clean little yarn. Eddie Quillan puts over startling business deals and wins Maureen O'Sullivan. (*Feb.*)

★ **BLONDE CRAZY**—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Larceny Lane.") James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (*Oct.*)

BRANDED—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (*Oct.*)

BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.—An old-time Western with more action than a Democratic convention and just as many thrills. Ken Maynard, June Clyde and Tarzan, the horse. (*Feb.*)

★ **BROKEN LULLABY**—Paramount (reviewed under title "The Man I Killed").—A poignant story, excellently directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and beautifully acted by Lionel Barrymore, Phillips Holmes and a great cast. Take your extra hanky, but don't miss it. (*March*)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (*Oct.*)

CAIN—Talking Picture Epics.—Although not as idyllic as "Tabu," this modern Robinson Crusoe story is both entertaining and beautiful. (*March*)

CAPTIVATION—Capital Prod.—Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (*Dec.*)

★ **CHAMP, THE**—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (*Dec.*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE—Fox.—Warner Oland again is splendid as the whimsical Oriental detective. But the picture isn't set at a brisk enough pace. (*March*)

She is one of the richest women in Hollywood and has had her full share of fame, yet she wants to keep right on working. Why? Read next month's

PHOTOPLAY

And you'll find

"Why Mary Pickford Can't Quit"

Don't Miss It!

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (*Jan.*)

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (*Nov.*)

COCK OF THE AIR—United Artists.—Obviously meant to be whimsical, this Billie Dove story about a ravishing war-time Parisian beauty went haywire somewhere along the line. Pretty risque. (*Feb.*)

COMPROMISED—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three.") Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (*Nov.*)

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (*Nov.*)

CONVICTED—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (*Dec.*)

CORSAIR—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (*Jan.*)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (*Dec.*)

★ **DANCE TEAM**—Fox.—Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn hit the bull's-eye once more. The story is not as gripping as "Bad Girl," but you mustn't miss those two kids! (*March*)

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (*Nov.*)

DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (*Oct.*)

DEADLINE, THE—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (*Jan.*)

DECEIVER, THE—Columbia.—Wicked deceiver, young girl, backstage atmosphere and a murder. Ian Keith and Dorothy Sebastian. (*Feb.*)

DELICIOUS—Fox.—Recommended for Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans and lovers of clean entertainment. Janet is a Scotch immigrant and Charlie the rich young American. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—All about a brother's revenge in midocean and the wicked sea captain's just desert. (*Feb.*)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathe.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (*Nov.*)

★ **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**—Paramount.—Another horror picture that will send cold chills and thrills up your spine. Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins are great. Fred handles the difficult dual rôle superbly. Marvelous stuff, but don't take the kids. (*Feb.*)

DREYFUS CASE, THE—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (*Nov.*)

★ **EMMA**—M-G-M.—Another laurel wreath for Marie Dressler. She makes you laugh and cry in this moving drama of an old servant's love for her master's children. (*Feb.*)

EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD—Raspin Prod.—Six of the world's greatest explorers tell their adventures in words and pictures. (*Feb.*)

EXPRESS 13—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (*Oct.*)

FALSE MADONNA, THE—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good, but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (*Jan.*)

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (*Oct.*)

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (*Nov.*)

FILE 113—Allied Pictures.—Crimes solved while you wait. But if you're wise you won't wait. (*March*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!



Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.

AFTER TOMORROW

with CHARLES FARRELL

MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL

WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX Picture

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (*Jan.*)

FORBIDDEN—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy give fine performances in a gloomy "wages of sin" story. (*Feb.*)

FORGOTTEN WOMEN—Monogram.—A bevy of beautiful girls almost saves this dull yarn about a newspaper reporter—but not quite! (*March*)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN** — Universal. — Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (*Jan.*)

FREAKS—M-G-M.—A vivid story of the sordid lives of the pathetic side-show folks. (*March*)

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (*Jan.*)

FRIENDS AND LOVERS—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (*Oct.*)

GAY BUCKAROO—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (*Jan.*)

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (*Oct.*)

GIRL OF THE RIO—Radio Pictures.—Dolores Del Rio comes back strong in this mildly interesting talkie version of "The Dove." (*Feb.*)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (*Dec.*)

GOOD SPORT—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (*Jan.*)

GRAFT—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (*Oct.*)

★ **GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE**—United Artists.—Sophisticated, smart and different—honestly! Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell are the three gold diggers. Not for children. (*Feb.*)

GRIEF STREET—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (*Dec.*)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE** — M-G-M. — Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-razy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (*Oct.*)

GUILTY GENERATION, THE—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (*Jan.*)

HARD HOMBRE, THE—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (*Oct.*)

★ **HATCHET MAN, THE**—First National.—Eddie Robinson goes in for Tong wars and gives a striking performance. Loretta Young, as a Chinese girl, is lovely. (*March*)

HEARTBREAK—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (*Dec.*)

HEAVEN ON EARTH—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (*Nov.*)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (*Jan.*)

HER MAJESTY LOVE—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (*Jan.*)

HIGH PRESSURE—Warners.—A breezy Bill Powell picture of the "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" type. Both Powell and Evelyn Brent are splendid. (*March*)

HIS WOMAN—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (*Jan.*)

HOMICIDE SQUAD — Universal. — Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (*Nov.*)

HONOR OF THE FAMILY—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (*Nov.*)

HOUSE DIVIDED, A—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (*Jan.*)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN** — Paramount. — This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (*Oct.*)

HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (*Dec.*)

HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY — Paramount.—Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Amusing enough. (*Feb.*)

IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE—UFA.—A tedious Tyrolean story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (*Oct.*)

IN LINE OF DUTY—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (*Dec.*)

IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama.—In spite of a good cast this yarn about attorneys, crooks and newspaper reporters just isn't there. (*Feb.*)

★ **HELL'S HOUSE**—Ziedman Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Juvenile Court"). Have yourself a good cry over this excellent and pathetic story. Junior Durkin and Pat O'Brien are splendid. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE**—Paramount.—An emotional story about women prisoners, with some terrific scenes you'll never forget. Sylvia Sidney does her best work. (*Feb.*)

★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures.—This movie is one of the big laugh-makers of film history. And Edna May Oliver—but you know how swell she is! Take the children. (*Feb.*)

LAST FLIGHT, THE—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (*Oct.*)

LAW OF THE TONGS—Willis Kent Prod.—A Chinaman is the gentle hero in this melodrama. You'll shed a tear or two over his death. (*Feb.*)

LEFTOVER LADIES—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (*Dec.*)

LOCAL BAD MAN, THE—Allied Pictures.—A mild Western with Hoot Gibson gone naïve. (*March*)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (*Dec.*)

LOVE STORM, THE—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (*Dec.*)

★ **LOVERS COURAGEOUS** — M-G-M. — An old story done beautifully by Bob Montgomery and Madge Evans. You'll like it. (*March*)

MAN WHO PLAYED GOD, THE—Warners.—An unusual theme, with George Arliss dominating the picture. Decidedly worth your while. (*March*)

MAKER OF MEN—Columbia.—A football coach is the hero of this appealing, if slightly slow-moving story. Good work by Richard Cromwell and Jack Holt. (*Feb.*)

MANHATTAN PARADE—Warners.—Broadway gets a chance to see itself satirized. Laughs by the vaudeville team of Dale and Smith, helped by Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. Technicolor. (*Feb.*)

★ **MATA HARI**—M-G-M.—Garbo and Novarro are co-starred in a glittering story of the most romantic of all war spies. Grand supporting cast includes Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (*Feb.*)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Columbia. — (Also shown under the title of "Arizona.") Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 13]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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"I've switched to CAMELS because they're FRESH"

ONCE a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels ever-growing ranks of friends.

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If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

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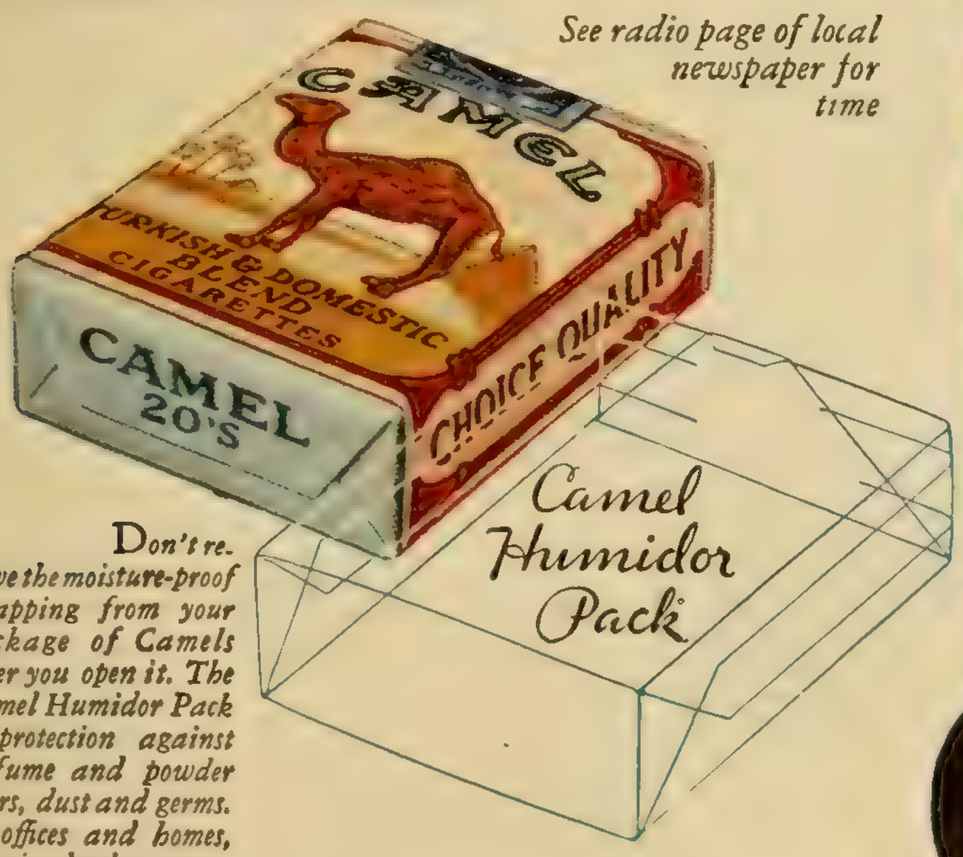
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***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW
ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

— to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN
THE APE MAN



with

Johnny WEISSMULLER
Neil HAMILTON
C. Aubrey SMITH
Maureen O'SULLIVAN

Based upon the characters created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Adaptation by CYRIL HUME
Dialogue by IVOR NOVELLO

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE



directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
Creator of **"TRADER HORN"**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MEN IN HER LIFE—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (*Jan.*)

MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures.—The old story of the woes of a gambler's wife, well acted by Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. (*Feb.*)

MICHAEL AND MARY—Universal.—Matinée idol Herbert Marshall should have better material than this slow moving English film. Wife Edna Best plays opposite him. (*March*)

MONKEY BUSINESS — Paramount. — Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (*Oct.*)

MORALS FOR WOMEN—Tiffany Prod.—This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouper Bessie Love. (*Jan.*)

MOTHER AND SON — Monogram Prod. — Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil.* (*Oct.*)

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—Tiffany Prod.—Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (*Oct.*)

★ **MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE**—Universal.—Here's another shocker for you with plenty of thrills and chills. Bela Lugosi and the ape deserve a big hand. (*March*)

MY SIN—Paramount.—Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (*Nov.*)

MYSTERY TRAIN, THE—Darmour Prod.—Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (*Nov.*)

NECK AND NECK—Thrill-O-Drama.—Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the doldrums. (*Jan.*)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE**—M-G-M.—And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante, to be convinced they're wrong. (*Nov.*)

NIGHT BEAT—Action Pictures.—Unless you simply can't exist without another gangster picture, pass this one by. (*March*)

NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)—Osso Prod.—A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (*Dec.*)

NO ONE MAN — Paramount. — Sumptuous clothes, gorgeous sets, smooth direction, Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas almost make up for the tottering plot. (*March*)

OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)—Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (*Nov.*)

ONCE A LADY—Paramount.—Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (*Dec.*)

ONE WAY TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (*Dec.*)

OPERA BALL — Greenbaum-Emelka Prod. — English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (*Jan.*)

★ **OVER THE HILL**—Fox.—Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (*Jan.*)

PAGAN LADY—Columbia.—The *SadieThompson* theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (*Nov.*)

★ **PALMY DAYS**—United Artists.—A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (*Oct.*)

PANAMA FLO—RKO-Pathe.—Different situations went haywire in a potpourri of speakeasies, honkey-tonks and jungles. So what could Helen Twelvetrees and Charlie Bickford do? (*March*)

PARDON US—Hal Roach—M-G-M—Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (*Oct.*)

PARISIAN, THE—Capital Prod.—This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (*Nov.*)

PEACH O'RENO—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (*Jan.*)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (*Nov.*)

PERSONAL MAID—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (*Nov.*)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE**—Columbia.—Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (*Dec.*)

Voting Time Is Here

Have a part in selecting the outstanding motion picture that will win the twelfth annual award of the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor.

Your ballot awaits you on page 118.

POCATELLO KID, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Ken Maynard in another Wild Western setting; Marceline Day, the lady in distress. (*Feb.*)

★ **POSSESSED**—M-G-M.—What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (*Jan.*)

PRESTIGE — RKO-Pathe. — Ann Harding is lovely, which doesn't quite compensate for this haphazard yarn about a tropical penal colony. (*March*)

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Bob Montgomery do good team work in this farce made amusing by priceless, if risque, lines. You one hundred per cent sophisticates will have yourselves a fling. (*Feb.*)

PRIVATE SCANDAL, A — Headline Prod.—Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (*Oct.*)

RACING YOUTH—Universal.—If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louise Fazenda. (*Jan.*)

RAINBOW TRAIL.—Fox.—George O'Brien tries to make a weak Western come to life. (*Feb.*)

RANGE FEUD, THE—Columbia.—Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (*Dec.*)

RANGE LAW—Tiffany Prod.—This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (*Jan.*)

RECKLESS LIVING—Universal.—An entertaining little picture. (*Nov.*)

RICH MAN'S FOLLY—Paramount.—One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (*Jan.*)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (*Dec.*)

ROAD TO RENO, THE—Paramount.—Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (*Nov.*)

ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE—Warners.—Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (*Oct.*)

SAFE IN HELL—First National.—The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (*Jan.*)

SEA GHOST, THE—Imperial Prod.—Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (*Nov.*)

SECRET WITNESS, THE—Columbia.—ZaSu Pitts as a flustered telephone operator adds her usual deft humor to a mystery with a double murder and a couple of suicides. (*Feb.*)

SECRET SERVICE—Radio Pictures.—Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (*Dec.*)

SHANGHAIED LOVE—Columbia.—Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (*Nov.*)

SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?—Regal Prod.—Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (*Nov.*)

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (*Oct.*)

SILENCE — Paramount. — Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (*Oct.*)

SILENT WITNESS, THE—Fox.—A court-room story that is good enough for an evening. And watch out for this boy Lionel Atwill, new to the talkies. (*March*)

★ **SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (*Dec.*)

SKYLINE—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (*Oct.*)

SKY DEVILS—United Artists.—Plenty of giggles, even if you have seen and heard those gags before. The air stuff is great. (*March*)

SMART WOMAN—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (*Oct.*)

SOB SISTER—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (*Nov.*)

SOOKY—Paramount.—Even if this does resemble "Skippy," without equalling its success, young and old will like it. The gang's all there (Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan and Jackie Searl) with tears and laughs. (*Feb.*)

SPECKLED BAND, THE—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (*Jan.*)

SPIDER, THE—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (*Oct.*)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (*Dec.*)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (*Jan.*)

STEPPING SISTERS—Fox.—Louise Dresser, Minna Gombell and Jobyna Howland work hard as hard can be and get only a few mild snickers. (*March*)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (*Oct.*)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (*Dec.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

The movies give me an insight into my daughter's likes and dislikes and a chance for us to get much closer together by discussing them

If any mother wishes to find out the character of her daughter's companions let her take them to the movies and watch their reactions to certain scenes. It never fails

MRS. GRACE BETTFREUND,
Salt Lake City, Utah

CONNIE BENNETT OPINIONS

Won't somebody please say a kind word for Constance Bennett? Just because she makes a little more money than some of the rest of the stars do and carries herself like a regal lady people have to slam her. Connie can't help it because she is the kind of person she is. I'd rather have her be her own natural self than assume a pose.

LOUELLA FRANCE, Powell, Ohio

In the February PHOTOPLAY I was pleased to read about our lovely Connie Bennett refusing to pose for stills in her underwear. It is gratifying to know that there is one girl in Hollywood who does not have to show her figure to be popular.

MRS. J. R. WHITE, Huntington, W. Va.

I have often heard of damning a person with faint praise, but not praising with faint damns —as Ruth Biery does in her article about Constance Bennett in a recent PHOTOPLAY. I agree with the article until it is spoiled by the last two paragraphs. I don't think that the general public likes Constance Bennett any better than does Hollywood.

DONALD K. JOHNSTONE, Halifax, N. S.

I have always admired the American people for their sincerity and frankness and I surely enjoyed Ruth Biery's recent article about Constance Bennett for that reason. She writes openly and expresses Hollywood's opinion of this star.

CONCEPCION FERNANDEZ, Clifton, Ariz.

An enormous crowd gathered around the station at Albuquerque to see Constance Bennett. I thought, "When she sees this mob she will never get off that train." But she did and in spite of the bad publicity she got while she was here she came up to my expectations. What if she did high hat the reporters? She was sweet to the kiddies. I am a more ardent Bennett fan than ever and am anxiously awaiting her next picture.

IMAE PENMAN, Albuquerque, N. M.

HEAR YE, CENSORS!

If the producers want bigger theater attendances force the censors to stop cutting out the best parts of the picture and quit over-advertising any production in any manner.

JACK KRONBERG, Eau Claire, Wis.

SUGAR OR SPICE?

One can scarcely believe that there are such things as censors after witnessing some of the new pictures.

It has gone far enough!

If many more pictures like "Private Lives" and "Cock of the Air" get by the censors I'm turning elsewhere for my entertainment. The public prefers clean, wholesome pictures. Why can't we have them?

MARY HULBERT, Franklin, N. J.

I enjoy taking my family out to see a good screen production. If some particular picture has been branded too sexy, that is the one I want the family to see, for that is life itself. Why should the rising generation acquire knowledge the "bootleg way"? Let's have as much freedom for the screen, as the press enjoys.

EARL ROBERTS, Kenton, Ohio

The rapidity with which Janet Gaynor is falling into sweet innocent parts will soon drop her into the discard, as it did Mary Pickford and Colleen Moore. Only older women, maiden ladies, school girls and children can endure these tiresome "sweetish" pictures, the ending of which is obvious from the start. Sugar coated as they are, they are not good for children.

Many romantic girls in the Victorian era fell for just such goody-goodish stuff and awoke to find out the reality of life. Girls of today understand men much better and, accordingly, take better care of themselves. It is too bad to waste Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor on such unrealities.

EMEROI STACY, Portland, Ore.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Extra! The first still of Greta Garbo as you will see her in "Grand Hotel." And doesn't she look grand? That gorgeous lounging costume is cloth of gold done in the Chinese manner with high neck, frog fastening and all. Perhaps that individual Garbo hairdress with a round comb at the back will launch another hair style. Garbo never fails to stir up something, does she?

LEW AYRES

and

MAE CLARKE

"IMPATIENT MAIDEN"



She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by

JAMES WHALE

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CARL LAEMMLE • PRESIDENT

What the Audience Thinks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

DARLING MARIE

In a waiting line before a box office one hears many a casual remark about the leading lady or the leading man, but whenever one is waiting to see Marie Dressler one hears, "I can hardly wait to see her." "I know she'll be perfect in this rôle." "There's no one like her." But when the play is over and the people are leaving the theater all one hears is, "The darling!"

RITA PENEBSKY, San Francisco, Calif.

SO THERE, MR. RUGGLES!

The author-director Wesley Ruggles picks out one very far fetched case in a million, highly exaggerates it and then calls it "Are These Our Children?" Where does he get that stuff? I wonder how Mr. Ruggles would like for someone to make a picture about a couple of dissipated old bums and then call it "Are These Our Directors?"

RICHARD BARE, Modesto, Calif.

SPOTLIGHT FOR CAROLE

I work in an office with fifteen girls and we wonder why so much ballyhoo about Constance Bennett when we have a girl like Carole Lombard on the screen? If given half a chance she'll have the spotlight before Miss Bennett wakes up to what it's all about.

STELLA COYNER, Akron, Ohio

A SOCK AT PHOTOPLAY

I noticed with a great deal of surprise PHOTOPLAY'S review of Griffith's "The Struggle" and the very caustic manner in which the picture was treated. Evidently PHOTOPLAY'S memory is as short and as lacking in loyalty as the general public's, for you seem to overlook the fact that you most generously lauded him not so long ago for "Abraham Lincoln." This was one of the finest talking pictures ever made and Griffith proved he knew how to use that medium. But don't expect a masterpiece like that every time. It can't be done.

It is unfortunate that a genius like Griffith refuses to work under contract and yet has insufficient capital to make his own pictures. "The Struggle" is undoubtedly a result of this.

J. E. BAILEY, Houston, Texas

INSPIRATION

I have read many articles about Marion Davies, but never before has there been one which revealed her true self as clearly as the one in February PHOTOPLAY called "Marion's Philosophy." Marion is a lovely girl and I'm sure her thoughts will be an inspiration to us all.

BERTRAM G. KNOWLES, East Orange, N. J.

A PERSONAL MATTER

A fan may criticize a star's acting but not choose her husband. Why do some people write that Constance Bennett should not have married the Marquis? Why did they complain of the people Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell selected? The stars have a right to choose their own mates.

JULIA LA SALVIA, Philadelphia, Penna.

GENTLEMAN GABLE

Clark Gable is a one rôle actor. As the hard boiled gangster he is swell, but when they try to make him a gentleman he just isn't there. Clark had better stick to the only thing he knows how to do and that's to act tough.

MILTON MANNERS, San Francisco, Calif.

SEYMOUR SAYS "THANKS"

I attend the movies to see good pictures, but chiefly to see the new styles. I duplicate as near as possible the fashions. Shearer, Bennett and Crawford just can't go wrong with Seymour's praise and frank criticisms. My mother is a seamstress and, consequently, I write every detail down in my memory to take home to her so that I, too, may be smartly dressed.

BUELLA WALKER, Louisville, Ky.



This clever suit is beige, it has a striped scarf and it is simplicity personified in line. Note the "S" belt fastening and the pert stitched felt bonnet. Evalyn Knapp wears it

GARBO COMPLAINT

I am a Garbo fan but I think Garbo the most selfish star on the screen today. She has no right to ignore us, the public. Didn't we make her a star? Unlike Garbo, Ramon Novarro always sees that his fan mail is taken care of and we do appreciate it.

MARJORIE HAWLEY, Barre, Vt.

FROM A TROUPER

I am a retired black-faced comedian and although my days of entertaining are over I still get the thrill of being entertained. I am a picture fan and no matter how tired I happen to be I find my way to a movie theater where I particularly enjoy Norma Shearer, George Bancroft, Marie Dressler, Ruth Chatterton and Oliver Hardy.

J. B. ELLIOTTE, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHARLIE AND CLARK

I can't understand why Charlie Farrell is always knocked when he appears in movies without Janet Gaynor. Of course, she is my idol, but Charlie Farrell is my favorite actor and I can't see why people say he is miscast. I am sure he will be remembered long after Clark Gable is forgotten.

DOROTHY FRANCE, Powell, Ohio

LANGDON SUPPORTER

Before reading the story entitled "What Happened to Harry Langdon" in PHOTOPLAY we felt as the majority of people felt about Langdon, that he just wasn't big enough to be a great star. But now I would like to have the power to write a two-page letter that would help him as much as another letter of an unthinking director hindered him.

CARLOS HULSE, Kamas, Utah

DECORATING DEPARTMENT

For a long time I was dissatisfied with the look of my colonial mantel and square mirror above, but I never saw just what I wanted until I saw "Possessed" and that lovely plain round mirror (with the picture of Clark Gable at the left). I knew that was just what I wanted, so now I have a mirror like the one Joan had in that excellent film.

MRS. I. L. WALL, Memphis, Tenn.

After I became a home owner I depended solely upon the silver screen for suggestions in the art of how to make a window more attractive or a corner more cozy.

M. C. LOVE, Graton, Conn.

TOO BAD, RUTH

If "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" is her deciding picture I am sorry to say that Ruth Chatterton, the great, has gone over the cliff. It was the first time I sat through a Chatterton picture listening to snickers and laughs while Ruth was in her most serious moments.

EDITH RUDICK, Minneapolis, Minn.

MARIAN MARSH

Hats off to the lovely little magician whose smile made theatergoers believe they had seen and heard a photodrama when they had only attended "Under Eighteen." What a shame that Marian Marsh's first starring vehicle had to have a plot that simply wasn't there.

LOVE DOZIER, Thomson, Ga.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121]



At one-third the mouth wash cost guard the whole family against colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as any other leading mouth wash. Hence it goes 3 times as far. That's economy for you! Why waste money on antiseptics that must be used full strength?

PLAIN, simple arithmetic is causing millions to change to Pepsodent Antiseptic. Because Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth washes . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds, irritated throats. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are only two leading kinds of mouth washes. On the one hand you have the mouth wash that must be used full strength to be effective. On the other hand you have Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still kill germs within 10 seconds. It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills the germs even when diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be sure! Be safe—and save money!

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat irritations. For at the same time it checks bad breath. *Remember P. A. is 3 to 11 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.*

Over 50 different uses

Cold in Head
Throat Irritations
Voice Hoarseness
Bad Breath
Cold Sores
Canker Sores
Mouth Irritations
After Extractions
After Shaving
Minor Cuts
Blisters
Loose Dandruff
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration
Tired, Aching Feet

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C.

Pepsodent Antiseptic



EVALYN KNAPP, *lovely Warner Bros. player, personifies t. modern figure with the reel and in reel life. For evenin she chooses this moulded silhouette gown — difficult to we but charming with her slender, rounded figure. Pajamas f tennis are both attractive and comfortable.*





Figures NEVER LIE . . . TODAY!

ROUNDED SLIMNESS and youthful curves are the keynote for the current year. Modern fashions are moulded to the figure. Where dresses once concealed, they now reveal. Never was a good figure so important.

Yet we must use wisdom in achieving this desired figure. So many women, today, have lost both health and beauty, because of a faulty reducing diet.

Two things are needed in a meal to promote proper elimination. These are "bulk" and Vitamin B, both of which help tone the system. If they are lacking, faulty elimination soon develops. Complexions become sallow. Eyes lose their gaiety. Wrinkles appear. Headaches, loss of appetite and energy follow.

Improper elimination is usually unnecessary. Avoid it by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Science tells us that this delicious cereal provides both "bulk" and Vitamin B. Its bulk is similar to that of leafy vegetables.

Isn't it reasonable to use this delightful cereal rather than pills and drugs—so often habit-forming? Two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN will prevent and relieve most types of faulty elimination.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is also a good source of iron for the blood. Serve as a cereal, or cook into bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. It is not fattening. Recommended by dietitians. Recipes on the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

"THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.



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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____

Mm! Try Frances Dee's Special Waffle Recipe

HOLLYWOOD breakfasts vary from a cup of hot water with lemon juice to really hearty affairs, according to the figure of the star! Those who don't have to use breakfast for an abstinence from sweets and fats, have some favorite breakfast dish recipes that are worth copying into your own recipe book.

There's Frances Dee, for instance, who gives waffle breakfasts that are the envy of the town. When I asked Frances to what she attributes her waffle success, she promptly replied, "The beaten whites of eggs!"

And forthwith gave me this simple but excellent recipe.



Beaten whites of eggs are the trick which make the Dee waffles tastier than any others in Hollywood. And here's Frances going efficiently about the job in her own kitchen

Waffles

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups milk

First sift your flour, baking powder and salt together. In a small pan melt the two tablespoonsful of butter, add to the flour mixture. Don't hesitate to use a generous quantity of butter if you are going to cook the waffles on an electric iron as it helps to keep the batter from sticking. To this add the beaten yolks of the two eggs and two cups of milk. Now come the egg whites, beat them stiff and fold them into the rest of the batter. Don't stir afterwards as the egg whites are what make the waffles so fluffy and light.

Ruth Chatterton's breakfast menu doesn't require any careful planning beforehand! She does not have a bit of solid food, merely fresh fruit and milk. During the day she consumes about two quarts of milk in all.

Sidney Fox is one of the hot water and lemon juice girls. Like Ruth Chatterton, she has no solid food.

Here's a typical morning menu for her: a cup of hot water with lemon juice, some kind of cooked fruit, coffee and yeast.

Rochelle Hudson, who is one of the younger and newer stars of Hollywood, has a pet breakfast dish—it is baked egg. Baking the egg takes no longer than it does for you to boil one.

Baked Egg

COVER the bottom of an individual baking dish with milk and add a few cracker crumbs. Into this break an egg. Then add a dash of salt, pepper and a whole cracker, finely crumbled. Over this pour a little milk. Add a small piece of butter. Bake three minutes.

Sounds delicious, doesn't it?

Evalyn Knapp is one of the heartier breakfast eaters. Her menu includes either prunes or grapefruit, cooked cereal, eggs and bacon, buttered toast—and she has a different hot water arrangement. She has a cup of hot water with a little cream added.

Prunes at Evalyn's house are made more delectable by being cooked with lemon slices—or by having the prunes covered with a Sherry sauce before serving. Try these some morning.

THE young Douglas Fairbanks Jrs. like to have breakfast served on trays in their rooms. Both Joan and Doug like to start off with orange juice, but from there they branch off in tastes. Joan likes a small breakfast, Doug an ample one.

One of Joan's pet peeves is coffee that is not piping hot. I have seen her insist that her coffee be served in a thermos jug, even at table in a hotel. For breakfast in bed she has a small vacuum jug that brings it red hot from the kitchen.

Orange juice, toast and coffee are the usual proceeding for Joan. Doug likes to have new twists to his menu. One of them is a special way to fix bacon.

I don't know that this has any special name, but here is what you do. Dip the pieces of bacon in an egg which has been slightly beaten. To this egg you have added a pinch of dry mustard, a teaspoon of vinegar and a pinch of red pepper. Taking the slices from the egg, roll them in cracker crumbs. Then lay the strips across the wire rack of your broiling pan. Cook the bacon until it is brown and crisp.

BETTE DAVIS certainly is no help to the collector of breakfast recipes. Her sole fare consists of a glass of orange juice, one slice of either raisin or bran bread, toasted; prunes and a cup of black coffee!

Because Jobyna Ralston Arlen is Southern, tasty corn breads appear frequently on the Arlen breakfast table. Corn dodger is a great favorite. These cakes can be cooked on an electric griddle.

Corn Dodgers

1 cup corn meal
¼ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt

Be sure that you select the white corn meal for this dish. Stir the ingredients in the order listed. When the mixture has reached dough consistency, make up into oval or round shaped cakes. Cook on a hot griddle.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Sore Throat *and* Colds *Start This Way...*



...at the first symptom ...gargle *Listerine* every 2 hours... *quick* relief

Colds that would ordinarily last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

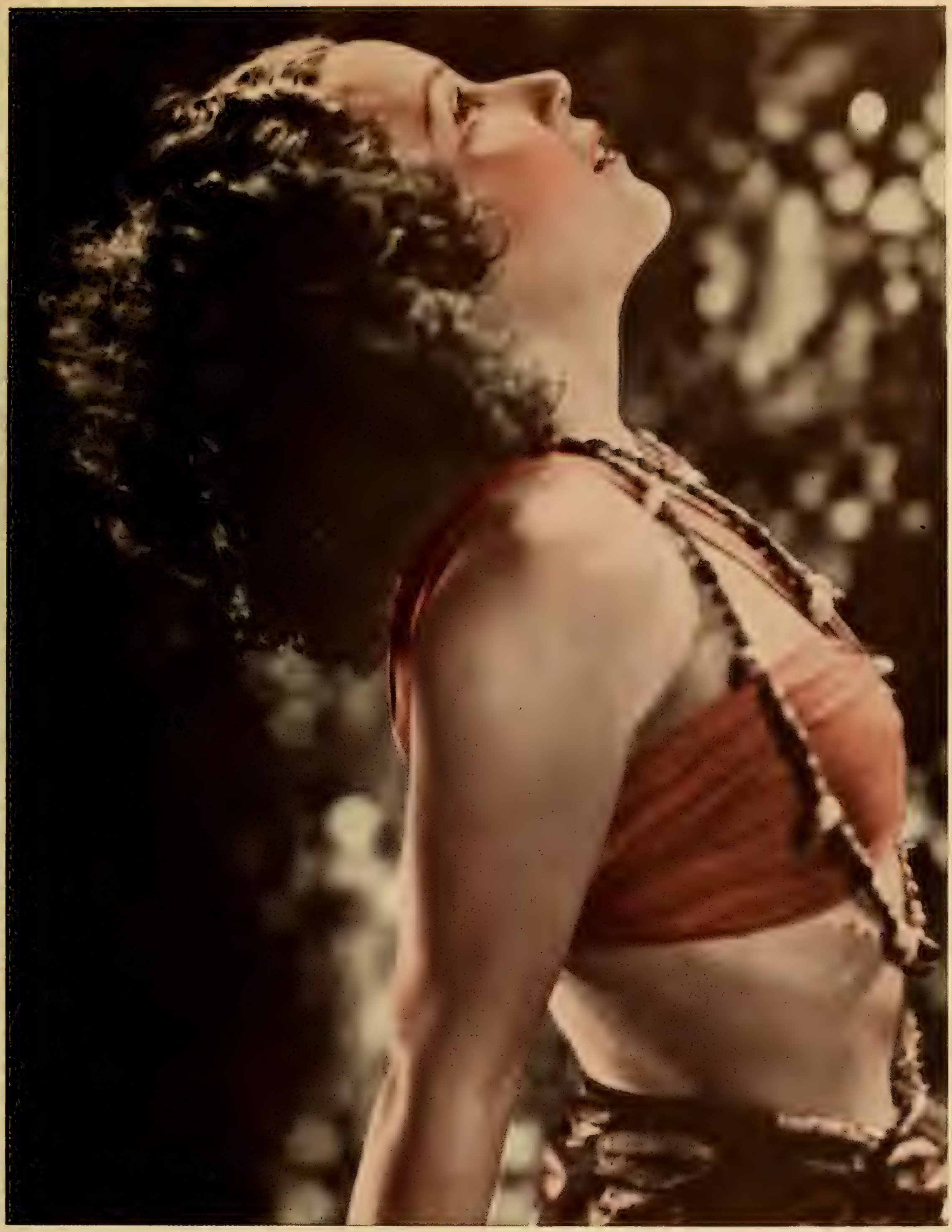
Experiments show that non-Listerine-users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three times as long.

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Your guide in buying a mouth wash

The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.

FATAL TO GERMS YET SAFE



Ernest A. Bachrach

THERE'S a sparkle in the Del Rio eye and fire in the Del Rio soul again. Dolores, staging a comeback after a long illness, has forgotten her sleek-gracious-society-matron off-screen pose and is now giving everything she's got to the camera in "The Bird of Paradise," on location in Hawaii



Otto Dyar

THIS picture is a ringing message of hope to all plain girls in search of glamour. Once the lady above was named Jane Peters, claimed Fort Wayne, Indiana, as "home" and worked for Mack Sennett. Look at her now—exotic, glamorous, exciting Carole Lombard. And it's all done with lines and a line



Hurrell

WHEN they first suggested that Joan Crawford play the rôle of *Flaemmchen* in "Grand Hotel," Joan uttered a mild "nix" on appearing in a film with Garbo, but when she saw the size and possibilities of the part she rushed to the set without another word. Here's Joan, the gorgeous, as the little steno



Elmer Fryer

EXPERTS say that Evalyn Knapp has the most beautiful mouth in Hollywood—and quite unkissed. In spite of the fact that she and handsome Don Cook are seen at all the local ice cream parlors, she swears she is not in love and doesn't want to be. But minds are changed overnight in Hollywood

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CRYSTAL COOL PEPPERMINTS

Fearless are the fastidious at such close-ups as this—never a worry for them with the minty freshness of crystal cool **Cryst-O-mint Life Savers** to sweeten the breath!



We asked everyone who wanted a sample of **Cryst-O-mint Life Savers** to please raise their hands—and your Hole News Reporter was avalanched by this gay boatload of enthusiasts.



Isn't a **Cryst-O-mint** package worth five cents when it brings a Million Dollar smile like this . . . that's why everyone's calling it the Million Dollar Flavor! Try **Cryst-O-mint Life Savers**, yourself, today, and see!



LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT!

By the HOLE NEWS REPORTER

You think I've got a line, don't you? Well, I *have* got a line—**Cryst-O-mint Life Savers**—and what a line! Watch 'em line up wherever **Cryst-O-mint Life Savers** are sold! Buy **Cryst-O-mint Life Savers**—the Million Dollar Flavor for the Millions—and these mouth-cooling taste sensations will win you right from scratch!



5¢

IN THE SELF-SEALING, HANDY ROLL PACKAGE

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PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk



I HAVE at least one reader who thinks I am Jack the Giant Killer turned yellow. She complains that I am afraid to discuss the entrance of the banking interests into the management of motion pictures. The lady holds several hundred shares of stock in one of the major companies, purchased in the gold rush of '29, and is apparently quite disgusted with the whole motion picture business in general and me in particular.

Somewhere she has read that these banking laddies are hell bent on running the business themselves, and naively intimates that they are wasting her money lolling around Malibu Beach, basking in the sunshine of beauteous blondes, and rushing through the sound stages telling Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich how to act, Ernst Lubitsch and George Fitzmaurice how to direct, and Rupert Hughes and Fanny Hurst how to write. She has even written to her congressman telling him there should be a law.

OH, lady, lady, if you knew how those Wall Street boys would love to be back in their nice, peaceful offices, getting reports of mounting profits and toying with little thin strips of paper with amusing figures on them.

IT reminds me of Montague Glass' favorite story of the Jewish merchant who had prospered in the white goods business for thirty years when hard times came upon that line. He had a note coming due at the bank and he called on the president to explain the utter impossibility of meeting it.

The president explained that his board of directors thought the bottom had gone out of the white goods business, that they knew competition was ruinous, and they wanted to have nothing to do with it. The note had to be met next week—or else.

"All right, Mr. President, if that's the way they feel about it," said the poor old fellow as he turned sadly away, "but just tell them that next week they are in the white goods business."

ONE wise man of the cinema said recently, "There is nothing the matter with the picture business that good pictures won't cure."

That is a very clever statement which is a half truth. The whole truth is much more flattering to the business and that is, that an inflated industry is trying valiantly to adjust itself to a deflated market. And that goes for steel, automotive, copper, and almost every other business.

A fat man who has lost a lot of weight suddenly, always looks ridiculous in his old clothes until he can have them taken in.

BANKERS cannot make money unless their clients prosper, and when you find one of those sad-faced boys fooling around studios, factories, or skyscraper offices he is there because some of his customers are pointing their fingers and scowling at him just as you are doing. But don't scowl at me, lady, because, remembering the ides of October, 1929, I will match you dirty look for dirty look. But wasn't it great while it lasted? There for a while I had every intention of buying the little woman an ermine coat.

THE picture business is on the up and up. The public can't do without pictures any more than it can without telephones.

Just hold onto those stock certificates, lady. We have been traveling along the longest road without a turning in recent times. Sooner or later there will be a corner that really has something behind it. And wouldn't it be wonderful, lady, if it was a nice, cool glass of legal beer?

NOW that I have done a hop, skip, and a jump from financial misadventures to beer, and, believe it or not, that is not economic incoherency, I want to tell you a story of darky philosophy which has some bearing on our national atmosphere.

A few years ago—before the year of the big wind in Wall Street, of course—I made a trip to Bermuda. One day the venerable old negro who drove me about the island in his victoria showed up at the hotel pretty well ginned up.

"Now, George," I chided him, "here you are, a man with a horse and carriage of his own, a man with a respectable family, and you show up here for business like this. What do you drink for, anyhow?"

"I dunno, Boss," he said, hanging his head and turning his battered derby in his hands, "I dunno. Things is bad at home, and I guess I took that nip of gin to get a change of thought."

WE don't have to use gin for our troubles, but what this country needs even more than good twenty-five cent movies or five cent cigars is a change of thought. I respectfully submit this to congress as my small contribution of statesmanship. We certainly need something besides political platforms deliberately designed to last from nomination to election and then crumble.

But then I never knew an architect who was in politics.

THERE is no business in the world that has become so inured to public criticism as the picture business. When, as happened recently, one of the most famous mercantile houses in the world dropped from millions of annual profit to a five million dollar operating loss, the newspapers recorded it briefly and without editorial comment, on the editorial pages where it belonged. But the finances of motion picture companies are news because the personalities involved are news.

I TRAVEL back and forth between Hollywood and New York so often—strictly business, mind you—that some of the transcontinental conductors are old pals of mine.

On the long stretches through the wheat fields, desert and mountains we often sit by the hour, and, like folks in "Alice in Wonderland," talk of many things.

At twilight, when that orange and red orb begins to slide so gracefully into the horizon, bathing the landscape in a soul soothing bath of changing colors, congenial humans shed thoughts of material things and commune with one another.

THERE is one conductor especially with whom I love to travel. A dozen times I have arranged my trips for the pleasure of his company on the three-day trip.

He's Fred to me and I have been Jim to him for ten years or more. Fred has

been with the same road since he was eighteen—he's fifty now—and besides the famous train he conducts, his only interests in life are his two daughters, fourteen and sixteen, Alice and Maude.

LAST summer as the train was passing through an expanse of Arizona desert he plopped himself on the seat opposite.

There was a preoccupied look in his eyes, but he said nothing; just gazed out the window at the dreary waste of sand and mesquite, broken here and there by a giant cactus.

Suddenly he turned to me. "I want your advice about something," he said, "something you ought to know about because you know pictures and you have daughters."

I merely nodded and he went on. "You know I am a widower and that I have two daughters. But you don't know how difficult it is for a father alone to guide girls, to guide and help them without danger of repressing their normal personal and mental development. They are bright girls. Sometimes I think they are brighter than the average, and they are good girls.

"I have nothing in life but their happiness.

"WE live in Kansas City and I don't believe that is any better or any worse for girls than any other city or town. But the girls are fond of pictures and that is what is worrying me.

"I haven't the heart to tell them they cannot go to a picture show on the Saturday I am on the road and that is every second week.

"I want them to realize that I trust them, but is there any way I can do that and still guard them against seeing the wrong sort of pictures? Can you help me?

"They read your magazine and they know we are friends. A word from you and it will save me from appearing like a distrusting, dictating father."

"THAT is not as difficult as it may seem," I said. "Why don't you make a game of it with them?"

"A game?" he asked. But he seemed relieved at my assurance that there was a way out of his problem.

"Yes," I said. "I have tried it and it works. In the first place, there are certain stars who never make a picture they cannot see. George Arliss, Janet Gaynor, Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, and now Tom Mix is coming back. Tell them they can see any picture these fine folks appear in."

"But the game part of it?" he interjected impatiently. "That sounds interesting."

"THERE are guides to pictures," I said. "My magazine is just one. We always try to tell the character of the picture. Often we say directly, 'Not for Children.' But you cannot always say it in those words. Some girls of fourteen can safely see a picture that others of seventeen should not see. It depends on the girl. The *Kansas City Star* has one of the finest motion picture departments in the country. You can trust that.

"That's where the game begins. Have a palaver with your girls.

"Tell them you are concerned about them seeing the right pictures when you are away.

"Tell them you have confidence in their intelligence in selecting the right ones from PHOTOPLAY and the newspapers.

"Tell them they can see any picture they choose, but that you would like to have them save the reviews and point out why they chose one picture and rejected another."

"They'll love it," said Fred, "a million thanks," and he went back to his duties smiling and nodding his fine grey head.

A FEW months ago I received a letter from him.

"It worked like a charm," he wrote me. "Not only Alice and Maude but all their little girl friends are now motion picture critics."

MISS H. B. STAPPENBECK, of San Francisco, California, wrote PHOTOPLAY a letter recently that is as good an editorial as any editor could write. It requires no comment. She says:

> I'd like to raise a mighty roar of protest against recent statements that women are responsible for so much "dirt" in current pictures and plays. That isn't so! I suppose the producers think that all the empty seats in theaters lately are due solely to the depression. Not at all. Another reason is that many of us are tired of seeing one sexy drama after another.
>
> I have a newspaper before me as I write this, open to the theatrical page, and here are some of the pictures advertised, and their "catch" lines:
>
> "She Wanted a Millionaire"—She gambled with life and love.
>
> "Lovers Courageous"—On her wedding night she ran to the arms of her lover.
>
> "Nice Women"—The daring expose of a "nice" girl.
>
> Why go on? Nearly every picture advertised is of the same type, and we're getting pretty darned tired of it. We want more comedy, more real romance and I'll wager that even a costume picture or two would not be amiss.
>
> Personally, I've lost interest in pictures temporarily. I go to shows these days to hear my favorite orchestra leader and in the hope of seeing Mickey Mouse, or Stan and Oliver.

THAT letter should have been given the top prize in the Brickbats and Bouquets department of letters from readers, but it is so exceptionally good and so well expressed that I am putting it on these pages.

Yes, Miss Stappenbeck gets a check for top prize, also.

I HAVE often wondered if Joe E. Brown, the picture comic, was born with a silver ladle in his mouth.

That Brand-New Personality

This issue of PHOTOPLAY is so full of remarkable features that can help you in looks, figure, clothes and even mind that we call your attention to four special articles designed for this purpose.

See "THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP," and SYLVIA'S wonder-working exercises, self-massage, and diets.

Read the article, "JUST WHAT MAKES THEM CLICK," in which a famous psychoanalyst tells you why the personalities of two stars are so amazingly interesting, and what you can learn from them.

See SEYMOUR'S selections of screen styles for the month.

ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF

PHOTOPLAY

What a columnist this young lady would make. She refused $10,000 a week in pictures, so PHOTOPLAY did not make her an offer. Cal York is simply crazy about her



What can Hollywood do about a 24-year-old beauty who tells them their innermost secrets; can teach the showmen showmanship, and earns as much as any of them?

Don't Lie *To* HER

THE greatest personality sensation in Hollywood film circles today, not excepting Garbo, Gable or even Dressler is Gene Dennis, beautiful young mind reader whose work is so amazing and baffling that she is filling the great Warner Bros. theater in Hollywood.

The film stars are flocking to her performances and almost breaking their necks to get her to give them private audiences.

She never breaks a confidence of a private audience, but some of the answers that she has given in the theater have got Hollywood reeling.

How does she do it? She says she doesn't know herself. When she was nine years old, still a school girl in Kansas, she developed an uncanny faculty for finding lost articles. When she was fourteen, Dr. David P. Abbott, investigator for the American Society for Psychical Research, stated after a test that she was America's only true psychic. She resents the implication that she is a clairvoyant, medium or fortune teller.

She is twenty-four years old and pretty enough to be a motion picture star herself. In fact, companies have offered her contracts, but she won't consider them.

Some of the things she says:

That Doug Fairbanks, Jr. loves Joan Crawford, but that Joan is a woman who will never be happy. Joan and Chaplin, she says, are two of the most psychic people she has ever met, and psychics are not happy.

She says that Tallulah Bankhead always puts her worst foot forward—her bad side—and that she has a very fine, sweet side that she keeps well hidden.

She told Louis B. Mayer, head of the Metro Studios, things about his mother which he says only he, himself, knew.

She told Einstein, the scientist, some of his own secret family problems and he expressed himself as amazed. She says that the Einsteins are simple, poor, German people and that he lives in a daze.

She told a worldly-wise Hollywood staff writer of PHOTOPLAY, who went to see her, such secret personal things that the writer went out baffled.

She says that the depression that hangs over the country has lifted.

• When Anita Loos visited the Warner Theater in Hollywood and asked who *should* play in "Red Headed Woman," the psychic answered that Joan Crawford *should* be the one to play it, but a new star will be born through the part.

Before the depression most of the questions asked her were about members of families and love problems. Now seventy-five per cent of them are about business, and the chances of holding or getting positions.

She never attempts to judge the stock market. "There's nothing psychic about the stock market," she says. "It's just crazy. And I wouldn't attempt to **read** a demented mind."

THE high moguls of the studios mean nothing to Gene Dennis. A casting director of one of the biggest studios in Hollywood tried for days to get in personal touch with her. He had attended her performances for a week, sitting in different parts of the house, studying her. He talked it over with his chiefs and was willing to bet his reputation that she would be a great picture star.

"Get her," said the moguls. The casting director, so used to having the screen stars come to his office at the lift of his finger, finally after a week's work, reached her fourth assistant secretary. He told the secretary that the studio executives would be very glad to see Miss Dennis at her convenience. Without even consulting her employer, the fourth assistant said, "Miss Dennis is too busy. She has no time." Imagine anyone talking to Hollywood moguls like that!

The girl doesn't have to depend upon reading other people's minds. She has a mind of her own. What a combination—she is a better personal showman than Chevalier, more mysterious than Garbo, and as good looking as Marlene Dietrich!

It would seem that there isn't any such person, but there she is, packing them in at that Hollywood theater every day.

Figure it out for yourself. The worldly-wise PHOTOPLAY writer gives up.

A World *Famous* Psycho-analyst *TELLS* *Just* What

STUDIOUSLY applied, it is easy, in the present state of mob hysteria, to put over a bluff.

A little practice and thought spent in applying a bluff that will make others believe that you have plumbed great mysteries of life, will go far today.

Gable gives the impression of a "civilized brute." It is that which challenges every woman.

He has less of the feminine streak that is present in every man than any other screen male today.



HAVE Garbo and Gable *really* a mysterious "something" that other people haven't?

Or is it possible that you, yourself, have within you the same things that these two have—the only difference being that they know how to use it, and you don't?

You've wondered that, haven't you?

You've watched them on the screen, felt and envied them their colossal and strange appeal.

You've witnessed the idolizing movie-public's reaction to these two individuals.

And certainly you've wondered what are the ingredients of these two personalities that make their possessors—just ordinary, everyday mortals like yourself—two of the most famous people in the world today.

Well, Science has an answer.

Science—the science of psycho-analysis, of human emotions and reactions—can take those two creatures, Garbo and Gable, apart, and tell you what makes them click. What's more, it can tell you how that same something can be cultivated, to a greater or lesser degree, by you, and the girl or boy who sits in the seat next to you at the movies tonight.

Offhandedly, you dismiss the Garbo-Gable matter by saying they have "personality." You might even say it's "It," or "S. A." or any of the other patent phrases with which mortals pass off a matter that's a little too deep.

But science can go much deeper than that, and analyze the very ingredients that make up that "personality." So let's see what one of the most famous psychiatrists and psycho-analysts of the Pacific Coast can do about it—

Dr. Cecil Reynolds is his name. British by birth, he studied the human mind and its ramifications abroad and in this country. He has become a recognized leader in his field. He has written many scientific treatises on human emotions and reactions. He is among the famous psychiatrists who have appeared as state witnesses in scores of court proceedings where the strange mysteries of the human mentality needed clarification. He is at present head of the department of psychiatry at one of Los Angeles' foremost clinics, and further than that, he enjoys the intimate friendship of many of filmland's most famous.

Dr. Reynolds has studied Garbo and Gable on the screen. He has studied the fan reaction to these two players. He has tried to answer the questions that naturally arise—What makes Garbo Garbo?—and what makes Gable Gable?—and how can you, and **you**, be like them?

Here are his answers:

Makes *Them* Click

By Carl Vonnell



JENNIE JONES can artificially achieve much of Garbo's allure, if she is intelligent enough. Learn complete self-control of facial features and action.

Try it out before your mirror, and see if it is not true. At least you will be entertained.

Garbo's walk is one of her screen assets. But it is natural.

Any woman can benefit by studying Garbo's voice, always quiet, restrained. It never rises under excitement.

Garbo is different—therefore mysterious.

GRETA GARBO

THE appeal which Garbo exerts from the screen is not a fluke. It is real, because Garbo is, fundamentally, a great artist, a great actress—comparable even to Bernhardt and Duse, in her more inspired moments. Those who clamor that she is, after all, "just a dumb Swede woman" are wrong.

In the first place, there is about her that sense of mystery which is one of the most attention-compelling, admiration-arousing characteristics any human can possess. With Garbo, it is natural, due to the very fact that she is a great artist, and all great artists "feel" more deeply than other people. Many people cannot reach those depths of feeling. Vitality is essential to an artist even in moments of complete repose—that is, psychic vitality. Yet this air of mystery *can* be cultivated—by such as you, mind you! On your own desires, your own aspirations, you can build a bluff that will make some people believe you have fathomed the unfathomable mysteries of life, and know all about it.

Garbo gives the immediate impression of a woman who has suffered, and attained knowledge and strength by that suffering. Maybe she has, and, on the other hand, maybe she has not. The fact remains that anyone can cultivate certain external appearances that will give the same effect. Jennie Jones can artificially achieve much of Garbo's allure, if she is intelligent enough.

If you must be a "poseur," the rules are these: First, learn a complete self-control of expression and action. Studiously avoid putting everything you are or feel in the show window. Try to understand your own emotions, while concealing them. See it in Garbo's face; watch, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]

The New Pickfair

Here it is—Pickfair, remodeled and redecorated and rebuilt. Here Mary and Doug entertain dukes and duchesses as easily as you have your Aunt Lu over for Sunday dinner

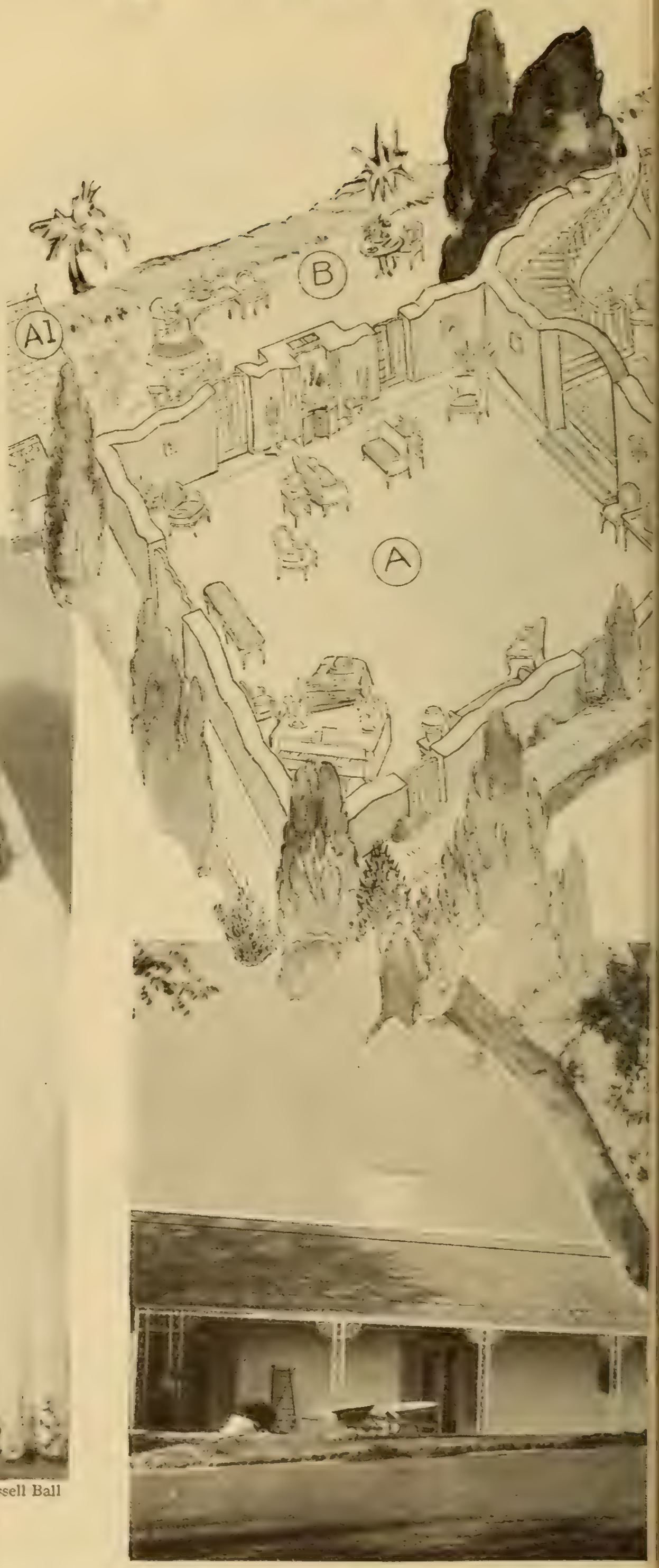




Photo by Russell Ball

Here is the mistress of Pickfair ready to go downstairs and nibble a caviar canapé with her guests. The management of little Mary's big home is as smooth as Connie Bennett's satin evening gown. And Mary does it all herself. Butlers, cooks, chauffeurs, maids, know that Mary's word is law. So does Doug. While he was chasing a golf ball through Europe, Mary had these new plans up her lace sleeve

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

STAGG

DIAGRAMS BY

GRANT

Here is your inside peek into the lower floor of Pickfair—the plans from which the magnificence to be seen on these pages grew. AI—new guest quarters; A—drawing room; B—terrace; C—projection room; D—butler's room; E—hallway; F—utility room; G—servants' diningroom; H—kitchen; I—pantry; J—breakfast room; K—dining room; L—terrace roof; M—library; N—reception hall. Don't get excited and tell us that there are no books in the library. On the next page you may see the actual photograph which shows you how many volumes can be disposed of in a tricky way



Directly above is the original Pickfair with a new coat of paint and a lot of other fancy improvements. Over on the other page where the picture continues is the new guest house with the final touches being put on. It cost a fabulous amount of money, gave hundreds of people work and is one of the most beautiful estates in Hollywood

Listen Here, Doug, With Such A Home,



The dining room is furnished in Eighteenth Century English style. Turn back a page and compare this actual photograph with the plan of the lower floor. The photographer stood in front of the fireplace. The door at the left opens on to the terrace. The door at the right goes into the library



Mary and Doug call this the upper hall, but we always thought a hall was a place to hang your hat and park your umbrella. This gorgeous room looks like a first class front parlor to us, except there isn't any post card rack or family album. Every piece of furniture here was especially built, even the lighting fixtures. It is done in pastel shades

How Can You Cavort Around Foreign Parts?



You can get some idea of the size of the drawing room by looking at the piano in the left hand corner. It is a baby grand and instead of filling the room, as pianos do in most parlors, it is hardly noticeable. See how even greater spaciousness has been accomplished by having all the furniture hug the walls

When you climb the gorgeous stairs you arrive at the second story. Above are the plans: A—west room of Doug's suite; B—Doug's Chinese room; C—bathroom; D—bathroom; E—hall and sunroom; F—linen room; G—Gwynne's room (Gwynne is Lottie's daughter whom Mary recently adopted); H—hall; I—Mary's bathroom; J—Mary's bedroom; K—sleeping porch. And you could put five or six city apartments in Mary's suite alone and have enough left over for a college lecture hall. Mary's closet is as big as the average bedroom. It must be to hold all her clothes



The doors in the library are self-closing, devised by Mary so when Doug goes dashing through they do not stand ajar. There are two sets of book shelves, one on hinges, the other just behind. The room is Eighteenth Century French



Mr. Bob Montgomery, that scene belongs to Irene Purcell. You give it right back to her

Caught With The Goods

THIS woman is wanted for grand larceny!

Stop that man—he's a thief!

That sweet little child—he has learned to steal!

This is the charge against a score of Hollywood actors and actresses. Yet none of them can be arrested.

The crime of which they are accused is stealing, certainly, but the stolen object is a scene and nothing in the constitution can cover the offense.

Dozens of times you've read reviews — including those in PHOTOPLAY—which stated "Little So-and-So stole the picture from the star."



Cliff Edwards just could not resist trying to rob these two tough birds in "Hell Divers"

It is not by chance that a scene is stolen. Carefully worked out tricks that troupers learn during their fight for the screen survival of the fittest are necessary. And you've seen grand larceny performed right before your nose as dramas flash upon the silver sheet. For the most part you do not recognize the culprit at work. All you know is that your eye follows one person in a group and not the others. If the person whose movements you watch is not the one who should be carrying the dramatic situation at that particular moment—then **the** scene has been stolen. You don't stop to analyze it. All you know is that you liked that person and want to see him again. And that is the very attitude he was working to accomplish.

A second story man has an amazing array of tools (and if you don't know what they are, you've forgotten your gangster pictures), but the studio thief has only his face, his hands and a few extraneous props. Once you catch on, you can watch for the tricks in the next picture you see—and catch the thief.



Evelyn Brent and June Clyde in "The Mad Parade." Read the story of the robbery

SOMEONE said to me not long ago that talkies have practically done away with the possibilities of scene stealing. It is true that studios don't like actor tricks, because they take up valuable time. But as long as there is a drop of real actor blood in Hollywood, and as long as the name of Barrymore inspires a bowed head and a genuflection, there'll be scene stealing and don't let anybody kid you about it.

Marie Dressler wins the slightly used set of old, abandoned theme songs for being the Chief High Goddess of Scene Stealing. Didn't she almost (and some say, *sotto voce*, entirely) walk away with "Anna Christie," a Garbo picture?

Remember Marie in "Anna Christie"—always plucking at

By Katherine Albert

PHOTOPLAY hereby charges a score of screen stars with grand larceny and hands them over to—the audience for sentence, with a plea for mercy



A famous team of screen burglars. Polly is trying to give Marie the works in "Politics"

he sleeve of that old sweater? That was a trick. Of course, it as in character, it gave you an xcellent picture of the old wharf at, but it attracted your eye to er rather than to the star. ou've seen her rolling and reolling a paper in her hand, umbling with a shawl around er shoulders, pulling at the eckline of her dress. It's grand arceny, I tell you. A movement atches the eye. Marie moves—ut always in character, you nderstand. Ergo, you watch Iarie instead of the other playrs and the scene is stolen before ou can say Anna May Wong.

If you're not too overcome with ears or laughter when you see Iarie in a picture, watch for hese tricks.

You can catch her at them. She does them every time.

Now, Polly Moran is a scene stealer of the old Sennett niversity, so when she and Marie play together the directors ump up and down on their hats or else they get suddenly taken ith laughter and forget to jump. Polly uses that expression ou know so well—the one where she twists up her mouth aking it look as if she has just lunched off green persimmons. n trouper parlance it is called "mugging." You'll catch Polly t it plenty of times. Remember "Politics"? Well, she had to o something to keep up with Marie.



A classic battle of "backing up." Lowe and McLaglen in "The Cock-Eyed World"

camera with such bewildering vitality that the rest of the cast stand back aghast—just looking at him. It is the vivid contrast he has planned. In "The Yellow Ticket" Elissa Landi felt the power of this method. And so did brother Jack in "Arsene Lupin."

But brother Jack knows a few tricks himself. You've seen him pull the staring gag. While a scene is in progress, he gazes so fixedly at the actor with whom he is **working** that the fellow becomes so confused in lines and business he doesn't know whether he is Louis B. Mayer or the prop boy. When Jack and Lowell

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

LIONEL BARRYMORE is a past master at off-stage trickery. The Barrymore boys learned about scene stealing at their nother's knee. She fed them scene stealers' cream in their cereal.

Lionel, when he is not actually working, pretends to be half sleep. He sits in his chair, hands folded limp in his lap, eyes alf shut, body relaxed. Seeing him, you would think, "Now here sits a kindly old gentleman who wouldn't steal a scene rom a kitten." But when the time comes he rushes before the



The greatest screen pick-pocket exhibition of all time. Dressler lifting Garbo's scene in "Anna Christie"

Cal York

Announcing-



Wide World

Well, if it isn't that little Mrs. Thalberg with her hair all done up in a braid. While Garbo was busy avoiding the Hollywood opening of "Mata Hari," Norma Shearer arrived and started a new fad—just like that! All you have to do, girls, is to comb back your hair, make two tight pigtails and wrap them around your head, or you can pin some on. The fancy name for this coiffure is the "coronet." How do you like it?



Keystone

It's always "Drink More Coffee Week" when Frank Fay is in town. And he's very particular about his java. Seems that nobody can give it the proper flavor but Mrs. Fay, so when he goes traveling he takes one of his best coffee pots (he has a big collection) along. And he includes Mrs. Fay so she can do the brewing. The little lady is also handy to have around as an actress. Her professional name is Barbara Stanwyck

REMEMBER how the love scenes in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "Wayward" failed to stir you much? How hard it was to realize that Paul Lukas and Dick Arlen were really the impetuous lovers the stories seemed to demand?

There was a reason, a perfectly logical one. Paul Lukas and Ruth Chatterton weren't even on speaking terms during the whole filming of their picture. They talked to each other and looked at each other only when their scenes demanded it.

And, when "Wayward" was being filmed—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Nancy Carroll was late on the very day the most ardent love scene was taken, and Dick Arlen was already pretty much fed up on what he called her "temperament."

They're good actors and actresses, all of them—but it would take the boy-and-girl wonders of the world to put love scenes across under those conditions and make them seem real.

The old story about the stars who were rushed into an ardent love scene and introduced afterwards doesn't seem so far-fetched after all, does it?

NORMA TALMADGE finally ups and admits what we have known for five years—that she and her genial husband, Joe Schenck, head of United Artists, have agreed on a divorce.

Here is one of those cases where neither party seems to be to blame. And it's really true that they **are** great friends, as they have both been saying for years, but they just don't fit in married harness.

Norma is in France to get the divorce, and hard-working, good-hearted Joe is plugging away at his studio duties. She has denied time and time again to the press that she will marry Gilbert Roland and now, for the first time, that seems to be true, because they are not seen around together as much as they used to be.

One of the real troubles with Norma is that she hasn't been working, and, having worked hard all her life, leisure didn't bring her happiness. As one of her closest friends once said, "What Norma needs is a good picture. That's the only thing that will bring her any happiness."

BARBARA STANWYCK is one of the mysteries of Hollywood—more mysterious in her way than Garbo. It's a strange case. Now here is a girl who has made a great success, whose name spells box office wherever it is flaunted on a theater marquee, who is pretty, attractive, charming. Yet she is not seen around at the social centers where film celebs gather, nor has she many close friends in the industry.

The reason is that Barbara just doesn't like Hollywood. It is true that she has a chip on her shoulder because she feels that Frank Fay, her husband whom she loves more than fame, got a raw deal from the cinema city. But it is more than that. She just doesn't like the

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!



Keystone

The very smug, very self-satisfied young lady in the center of this happy family group has just been christened—and she bears a royal name. Barbara Bebe Lyon was pretty bored with the whole idea and yawned in the faces of the Hollywood celebs present. Pshaw!—she can't be bothered with stars, with two of them around the house all the time. They are, of course, Papa Ben Lyon and Mama Bebe Daniels, and very proud, too



Acme

While Garbo is walking around alone in the rain, dressed in a tweed coat and a slouch hat, Marlene Dietrich gets herself all togged out like this and attends those swanky Hollywood affairs. And please note that handkerchief. If Marlene dropped it, it would be pounced upon by avid fans. It is big as a table napkin and embroidered with the star's name in each of the big dots. A cute idea that the girls will copy

town, nor the people, nor the climate, nor anything about it. Maybe you don't like olives—well, Barbara doesn't like Hollywood.

As a result she is called temperamental and hard to manage. But that's only because she is indifferent.

She would rather live happily and quietly with her adored Frank Fay than be the biggest star in the business.

WE were sitting around Henry's the other day and someone said, "What's the matter with Nancy Carroll, anyhow? That girl started out to be one of the biggest stars. She seemed to have everything. She had a beautiful face, fine figure, and, boy, the appeal that girl put over on the screen."

"You can't blame it on Hollywood, anyway," spoke up a press-agent. "She didn't make a hit with the boys who worked with her in the studio, and they say you never can tell which way she's going to jump. One day she's as nice as pie to the studio workers and the next day she's as aloof as a zeppelin. They just can't figure that girl out."

An actor who had worked with her passed by our table. We yanked him into a seat and put it up to him. "Well," he said, "I always try to be a gentleman and I'm not a gossip, but deliver me from working with that temperamental baby again.

"But," he continued, "she has as many real personal friends as anyone in town. She has a lot of ability and probably she will get on to herself. And remember that Bernhardt and Duse were very temperamental."

DID you know that Harold Lloyd has a private telephone exchange in his home and employs a day and night operator? There are sixteen different lines through the house.

ESTELLE TAYLOR'S neck had a vertebra out of place following her automobile accident. To get it back it was necessary for her to hang by the neck. The doctors had to *hear* the click when it went back—and if they couldn't hear it, Estelle had to be in condition to *know* it was really accomplished. To *feel* the click.

If she took an anaesthetic, they might not know whether the work had been accomplished or not.

Estelle hung for forty-five minutes without one drop of anything to still the pain. It was so excruciating that several times she started to faint.

They threw wet sponges on her—she stiffened and went on suffering.

Nothing more heroic has been done by a patient in Los Angeles, the physicians tell us. The click came—and Estelle is lying in a cast.

Just how long she will be there, no one knows.

But she is assured of complete recovery eventually.

Without this bravery she could not have recovered.

THE Gables aren't making any statements at the time we go to press and neither is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but a divorce between Clark and his wife is a daily expectation. Perhaps it will be one of these one-day affairs granted in Mexico.

Clark and his wife appeared at the Brown Derby on the evening after the first rumors were printed to prove it *ain't* so.

But no one believed the advertisement. Not a soul.

"PRESTIGE," Ann Harding's last picture, is about the last straw for Ann. She's a bit fed up with the entire business. Will be glad when her contract is up in 1933 and she can either retire or return to the stage. She doesn't mind making flickers when they're good but she's about come to the conclusion that they're not often good!

Ann won't have to worry. She's got that mansion on the top of the hill all paid for and a big pile tucked away besides. Remember husband Harry Bannister has been dragging in $1000 weekly in addition to Ann's $125,000 a picture. They've protected the kiddie with that combined salary.

Of course, the studio paid Harry to keep Ann, but money is money and it all goes into the family coffers no matter how the checks are written.

CONNIE BENNETT'S making an honest effort to know the press better and to have them know her as she is.

Connie's always shunned publicity a bit, you know—even been indifferent to the point of being called high-hat.

Some things that have been written about her she has termed "persecution." She's sure if the writers knew her they'd understand she's really a regular guy.

So she's inviting editors etc. to meet her. They'll like her; they can't help it. But they'll make her front page copy just the same. Connie can't help that.

She's born that way just the same as Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and other headiners.

For instance, that story that the Marquis signed a release, relinquishing any rights to their community property. It's not true, but even PHOTOPLAY, which tries so hard to be accurate, reported it. We're sorry, Henry. Our apologies, Connie.

FEW of the stars send out pictures now unless requests are accompanied by 25 cents. Of course, they still mail the small photographs free, but Constance Bennett is almost the only star now that still sends a lovely 8x10 photograph to all who write for it. This costs her many dollars each month.

All of which reminds us of the money some of them formerly spent on pictures for fans. At one time there was a standing order with a large photographic gallery *for ten thousand daily* of Mary Pickford.

No other star has ever remotely approached this, though Paramount formerly sent out 30,000 and 40,000, respectively, of Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers each month.



We can't fool you and we're not going to try. If you don't recognize the lady above you should be sent to bed without seeing a movie. Certainly, it's Garbo—remember?—in the first picture she made in this country, Ibanez' "The Torrent." The clothes don't seem so old-fashioned, do they?

A CONVERSATION that has been repeated to us as being held between Greta Garbo and Bob Montgomery:

"How would you like to be on the stage, Greta?"

"I would like it if it was a good play but I would never rehearse."

Greta's refusal to rehearse for pictures is a well known fact, of course.

"But how would you get around it?" asked Bob, whose experience on the stage has taught him the importance of rehearsals since cues can only be learned by practice.

"Everyone else would rehearse. I would learn my part at home and perhaps the last day or two I would come and fit myself in."

And she'd probably do it. She's done everything else that people said couldn't be done.



Wide World

See here, Charles Bickford, fumbling chiffons just isn't up your alley. It was okay when you opened a garage to make a little pin money. And nobody minded when you bought whaling ships—but a lingerie shop! Whoops, my dear! And you're the guy who loves to shock little girls from the country by telling them what you think of producers in your own expressive language. Going to wait on customers yourself, Charlie?



International

Colleen Moore, just before she took the plunge—the matrimonial plunge. But she was all dressed up when she promised to love, honor, etc., Alfred Scott, a broker. When she divorced John McCormick she and Al were seen places, but it took a long time to make up her mind. Ah there, Mrs. Scott!

WHICH reminds us that we bet we know the reason Garbo has refused rehearsals. Jack Gilbert always refused them in silents. He couldn't do the same thing twice, well. Too impulsive and too temperamental. Many are the scenes he caused at Metro when directors tried to insist upon practice performances! Jack taught Greta more than anyone else about pictures.

During all of her early successes he guided her every step. He put his entire heart and soul and talent into the first try.

So does Greta.

"MABEL is a mighty fine little girl," says Tom Mix about his bride. "She was born on a farm and knows how to darn sox, sew on buttons, churn, milk the cows—knows her ropes."

Victoria Mix, recently divorced wife of Tom, was a cow-girl when he met her.

We're wishing Tom and the bride good luck. It cost Tom three quarters of a million cash when Victoria divorced him.

Now, he's broke, so money can't be the main issue.

DON'T think you're the only ones who admire the stars' clothes and want to copy them. Remember the stunning black tailored suit that PHOTOPLAY showed you last month, worn by Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex"? The suit had a straight, plain skirt and diagonal-striped, hip-length jacket, and was very, very smart. Well, we'll tell you a little secret about it.

Joan Crawford wears that suit off-screen—orders it in half a dozen different materials and colors.

It's almost a day-time uniform. Claudette and Joan are friends. Claudette raved about the suit.

So Joan said, "Here, take one and have it copied."

And Claudette not only copied the suit, but the crepe blouse with attached Ascot scarf that Joan wears with it. She even clasps the scarf at the throat with the same sort of jeweled pin Joan uses.

THE "Grand Hotel" cast, with its list of prominent stars, was costing M-G-M plenty of the "well known but little seen" mazuma. So, in order to impress the importance of saving time and money, Director Edmund Goulding spoke to each star separately.

To John Barrymore he said, "Every minute counts. Please be prompt and on the job at all times, as it's costing the company $980 a minute to make this, since you joined the cast."

John merely sniffed just a slight **Barrymore** sniff.

That afternoon Director Goulding walked off the set.

"Hey," Barrymore called. "where you going?"

"To telephone," the surprised director answered.

"And that," Barrymore smiled, "will just cost us $4500.

ANOTHER little gal gone broke. Remember Louise Brooks with the two swell legs and a brunette Dutch bob?

Louise, who had the promise of being a screen sensation not long ago, ups and divorces Eddie Sutherland, director, takes herself over to Germany to make pictures and then comes back broke.

Louise has gone bankrupt in New York, listing her liabilities at $11,969.

Assets—zero.

But, just the same, when a magnificent liner recently pulled out from New York harbor, Havana and good time bound, "Brooksie" was among those present.

Now what we likewise penniless lads and lassies want to know is,

How do they do it?

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Wide World

Cut yourself a piece of cake, Harold, old boy. But young Lloyd Jr. has trouper blood in his veins. "Hey, wait a minute," he says, "until I give the cameraman my best expression." The son and heir to the Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis fortune celebrated his first birthday by tipping the scales at twenty pounds. His first home was an incubator, you remember, and he weighed less than three pounds at birth. Now look!



Remember the vivid, dynamic Ruth Chatterton of "Sins of the Fathers"? (left). Do you remember the Ruth who really felt and actually lived her rôles?

Now contemplate the Ruth of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Audiences snickered at her dramatic scenes. Reason? She is now using only technique and tricks



$750,000

and Danger

By Ruth Biery

TWO years ago Ruth Chatterton was the "first lady of the screen." Today, she faces the possibility of being a "has been."

A strange situation.

She is now beginning her **new** Warner Bros. contract guaranteeing her three-quarters of a million dollars in the next two years—the highest paid actress now on the screen for any definite period. Yet her future is a question-mark.

When Warner Bros. won Ruth from Paramount, she was the greatest money-maker in the business. Paramount was frantic, so frantic that they made every effort to buy her back.

Paramount offered her a new contract at a huge figure. It did not give her full control of her stories and production. Ruth turned it down. She must have the same *authority* as well as the same *money* that Warners had promised.

Which reminds me of the day Gloria Swanson refused $20,000 a week from Paramount for identically the same reason; went to United Artists where she could direct her own unit—and almost flopped herself out of pictures.

I have no fear of Ruth's flunking in an executive capacity. But I fear for Ruth as an actress. I fear that the world has already discovered that she has resorted to the *technique*, the *tricks* she has learned during her long years of experience. I am sincerely frightened that the public knows that Ruth has substituted that for emotional acting.

No actress can last when she reaches the point where she uses mere technique. Audiences detect it immediately.

I am one of her most ardent admirers and yet I must confess that "The Magnificent Lie," "Once A Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" left me cold. When I should have cried—I smiled. When I should have smiled—I wanted to cry. Cry for the woman who could no longer stir me.

I remembered the Ruth Chatterton of "Sins of the Fathers," "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son." She was the rage of the critics; the pet of the public. Her pictures grossed millions.

Every one of those pictures rated a place among PHOTOPLAY'S best pictures of the month.

SHE was doing a scene for "Sarah and Son." One of the most dramatic of that intensely dramatic production. She was crying over the sick child. Tears were pouring down her cheeks. Dorothy Arzner, her director, called "cut." Ruth's mouth-muscles commenced moving. She was chewing gum.

Directors have told at one time or another of her ability to finish a most dramatic scene, walk to a couch and fall instantly asleep. Doesn't that tell something? I can't imagine Greta Garbo falling asleep before or *after* a dramatic scene. Greta paces outside of the stage to control the nervousness which possesses her—the intense anxiety and fear for her ability to put her work over. Marie Dressler, talking, talking, to cover her agitation.

The other day I watched Ruth shoot her first scene with her new leading man, George Brent, for "The Rich Are Always With Us." He was trembling. He knocked over the salt shaker on the night club table; tried to catch the eye of the make-up man (when Ruth wasn't looking) to check on his make-up; shook so you could see the table and chairs vibrate.

A very wise hand at the game of acting was standing beside me. "That boy has something," he said slowly. "If he were too sure of himself on this first shot, I'd think he was no good. But he's nervous. That's emotion. He'll give a great performance."

Knowing Ruth as I do, I think she was probably nervous also. She has a terrific inferiority complex way down beneath that smooth, drawing-room exterior. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Elmer Fryer

A COUPLE of years ago PHOTOPLAY called Ruth Chatterton "The First Lady of the Screen." She was the pet of the critics; the rage of the public; adored by thousands. Now she has a contract which gives her final word on stories and production. She rules the set, but she is slipping with her fans. On the opposite page Ruth Biery tells you all about it



Otto Dyar

ALL right, you music lovers and you lovers of whimsical light comedy—here's the answer to your prayers. It won't be long until you'll be hearing Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier warbling together again. Look out for the film. It's called "One Hour With You." It's splendid and it is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY



Eugene Robert Richee

IN one of Sylvia Sidney's blue-green eyes there is a golden-brown fleck, so maybe that's why she gets the first look at all those big dramatic rôles. The camera caught her resting on her way to stardom. But not for long. Just the minute she finishes playing the part Betty Compson created in "The Miracle Man," she rushes into "Jerry and Joan" with Fred March



TALLULAH, the glamorous, the sophisticated! Isn't it amazing that the still camera seems to bring out more of her personality than the motion picture? Here is Tallulah as she is. Why doesn't some of her fascination come through on the screen? Tallulah believes it's because of poor pictures, and once at a preview—but read all about that on the opposite page

!! Tallulah !!

A remarkable personality that so far has failed to register on the screen



Recognize this woman? Take another look. Well, if it isn't the intriguing Tallulah Bankhead, as she appeared in a silent film made in 1918

LUPE VELEZ, Greta Garbo and Clara Bow have held the winning cards as headline showmen in Hollywood for many a day. But now they've got competition.

Tallulah is entitled to a little more time.

For example, she's been to just one Hollywood preview—"The Reckless Age." She snatched twelve of the preview cards which are handed to the public at the door, soliciting their criticisms of the picture. These cards go directly to Ben Schulberg, production manager at Paramount. She filled out each of the even dozen and mailed it to the man who controls her contract, the choice of her pictures, etc. Here are samples chosen at random from her comments:

"Annette Kellerman was superb. Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."

"Bring back Roscoe Arbuckle! Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."

"Did you know that lemon juice removes tobacco stains? Give Tallulah Bankhead a good picture."

She signed each of the twelve in her own, bold handwriting—*Tallulah Bankhead*. No camouflaging. She was using the most **startling** method she could discover to insist that she was entitled to a good picture. She has been thoroughly disgusted with her first three American vehicles and says so—despite the fact it is considered bad politics in Hollywood to rap either your own pictures or productions from your own studio.

But Tallulah cared nothing about politics. She'll get her own way by her own methods *here*, just as she did in England, New York and by-way places. She summarizes Hollywood in one sentence: "A place where people would like to like other people but are afraid to: hypocrisy!"

Take the opening of "Mata Hari." She accepted an invitation to a dinner party preceding it and agreed to return to join in the fun afterwards. But she flatly refused to attend the première itself because of a crowd complex. She must be in small groups—

This complex must be Hollywood-developed. For Miss Bankhead in England used to stop and chat with the huge throngs which collected around the dressing-room door to pay her homage. And she did the night clubs, social gatherings, charity affairs, etc. Of course, she explains that by saying it was necessary to get herself established. She had to be seen to be talked about; she had to be talked about to be famous. But the moment she became so famous that they talked about her anyway—she stopped going to public places.

WELL, that may be true. But we'll wager you a war with Japan against a depression that the reason Tallulah didn't want to go to that opening was because the fans in Hollywood wouldn't know her. While all the rest of the audience was being welcomed by great cheers—she would have slipped in unacclaimed. Tallulah, like Lupe, *must be* the center of attraction. At every party she attends she keeps up an uninterrupted stream of conversation. Usually about herself. Her escapades in England; her opinion of everything in the world—both holy and unholy.

Incidentally, her instincts about not being recognized were correct. For she did go to the opening. They called her a poor sport at the dinner, surprised her by saying they had secured her a ticket even though she *had* refused the invitation. She had to counteract that *poor sport* inference. Good showmen always pride themselves on good sportsmanship. So she cut the cards to see whether she should go or not go. She lost. She went—and there was scarcely a ripple. The hundreds who trampled each other around the entrance of the theater didn't know her.

Soon after her arrival, she met Polly Moran. Now, Polly is always a sensation. She's a great running mate for anyone who wishes to get talked about in Hollywood. She's been adopted before by newcomers as a wise-cracking foil to help them get their names on the tips-of-Hollywood-tongues. Don't misunderstand me. Tallulah really likes Polly. She couldn't help it—but neither could she find a better audience or quip-line-feeder. When Edmund Goulding, an old friend of Tallulah, invited her to a party she asked if she might bring Polly.

Of course, when Tallulah plans a party, herself, she usually calls her guests at midnight to invite them. To get someone out of bed makes the invitation just that much more impressive.

AND she's always impressive. She only goes where she can be impressive. "I haven't been any place yet where I have seen Hollywood trying to be ladies and gentlemen. Who cares or wants to be either? If I were well-behaved, I'd die of boredom. I'm not patronizing it. Don't give that impression. I'm just being natural. They have lovely places; charming houses. But—I must be myself. Otherwise, why live? I brought two friends from England, a woman and her brother. I have my secretary, the best friend in the world. In other words, I have my bridge fourth in my own house so I am never bored. I don't have to go out with other people."

Of course she was always front page copy in England. The report of her engagement pushed international **news** to inside columns. She explains that engagement as probably no other woman in the world would explain such a situation.

"He gave me a diamond necklace. No other man had ever done it. I felt the responsibility and thought I must get engaged to him.

"He was awfully attractive but absurd. He just didn't make any sense."

Wise girl to break it. Two people who don't make sense might not find the heaven promised by matrimonial proponents.

But she believes in love.

"I'm miserable if I'm not in love and, of course, I'm miserable if I am," she says. "But I can stand any misery except boredom and not to be in love is the greatest bore on earth."

She admits she came into pictures because she could make four times as much money as on the stage. She wants to save some money. Never has. Has no jewels, no great possessions to show she's been the theatrical rage [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

By Ruth Biery



The Greatest Battle in the Long History of Films!



Photo by Stagg

OUR photographer's inspired picture of one of the greatest motion picture sets ever erected, floodlighting with its sun-arcs the mightiest array of stars ever corralled in Hollywood's history!

It is the lobby scene for "Grand Hotel," the Vicki Baum stage hit now being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under the direction of Edmund Goulding, the sweat-shirted gent with hands in pockets, seen at left center. And what stars of **stars** are laboring in the cast! Many stars—many temperaments — many ensuing rows.

A lion-tamer is a mere governess beside Irving Thalberg, the producing genius.

Across the bottom, left to right, are Wallace Beery, Tully Marshall, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Garbo, Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore. Just above them, center, are Joan Crawford and John Barrymore. See if you can find such lights as Jean Hersholt and Frank Conroy.

What a set—and what a company! If this great picture, with its milling mass of super-stars, its talents and temperaments, is finished without a murder or two, it will be a triumph for the bosses.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



☆ *THE LOST SQUADRON—Radio Pictures*

"WINGS" started it. We've had lots of aviation pictures since. But here's one that's different and will entertain any audience from the age of eight to eighty.

Richard Dix is captain of a trio of flyers who, at the termination of the war, make the Three Musketeer pledge. They eventually find themselves stunt flyers in a motion picture being made by an unscrupulous director, played by Eric Von Stroheim, who'll go to any extreme for realism. Dix comes through with his best performance since "Cimarron." Dorothy Jordan and Joel McCrea furnish the romance delightfully; Hugh Herbert the laughs. Mary Astor has little to do but looks lovely as ever. Robert Armstrong is good as the third flyer. The photography is excellent, the direction splendid.



☆ *TARZAN, THE APE MAN—M-G-M*

THRILLS. Noise. Suspense. Mix well with plenty of action against an African background and what have we? *Tarzan, the Ape Man.* This glorified fairy tale, taken with the tongue in the cheek, packs a wallop that lays out old *Trader Horn* himself.

Two English hunters in search of the burial ground of the elephants find it and plenty besides. Maureen O'Sullivan, daughter of one of the hunters, is captured by *Tarzan*, a wild African white man, played convincingly by Johnny Weismuller. *Tarzan* returns Maureen to her father, only to rescue them from a band of aggravating dwarfs. Neil Hamilton, C. Aubrey Smith and Johnny's swimming are grand. Director Van Dyke has given us another thrill.



☆ *ONE HOUR WITH YOU—Paramount*

IT has Chevalier. Oh, how it has Chevalier—this gay, naughty, sizzling little farce. And, too, it has Jeanette MacDonald, and behind it all, is Lubitsch. Ernst himself. Need more be said?

It races and patters along its risqué, saucy way to snappy, lingering music by Oscar Straus and Richard Whiting. And every once in a while, Maurice steps right out of the picture, walks down front, and takes us into his confidence.

Maurice, a doctor (oh doctor, my operation), married to Jeanette, is happy and peaceful until along comes his wife's friend *Mitzi*. Played too Mitzyish for words by Genevieve Tobin. *Mitzi* sets out to get Doctor Maurice. And poor Maurice hesitates, weakens, and alas, succumbs.

But *Mitzi's* husband, played by Roland Young, and how he plays it, sets out to divorce *Mitzi* and names the philandering Chevalier as co-respondent.

Charlie Ruggles, as a would-be lover, is a howl.

"One Hour With You," as the musical version of "The Marriage Circle," is even better than the silent version. George Cukor, the director, with Lubitsch as supervisor, turned out a picture a bit naughty, but oh, so "nize."

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

ONE HOUR WITH YOU — LADY WITH A PAST
THE LOST SQUADRON — TARZAN, THE APE MAN
SHANGHAI EXPRESS — THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER
DISORDERLY CONDUCT — ALIAS THE DOCTOR
THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN

The Best Performances of the Month

Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You"
Jeanette MacDonald in "One Hour With You"
Genevieve Tobin in "One Hour With You"
Ben Lyon in "Lady With a Past"
Richard Dix in "The Lost Squadron"
Buster Keaton in "The Passionate Plumber"
Jimmy Durante in "The Passionate Plumber"
Irene Purcell in "The Passionate Plumber"
Spencer Tracy in "Disorderly Conduct"
Richard Barthelmess in "Alias the Doctor"
Fredric March in "Strangers in Love"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 135



☆ ***SHANGHAI EXPRESS—Paramount***

WHAT a ride! Through the skill of Director Von Sternberg and realistic camera work, you hop aboard the *Shanghai Express* and crawl through a revolution. Your fellow passengers are *Shanghai Lily* (Marlene Dietrich); an English officer (Clive Brook); a Chinese girl (Anna May Wong); a suave Eurasian (Warner Oland); a prim matron, a gambler, a querulous invalid, a clergyman.

The stage is set for drama, and the story mounts vividly as the camera moves from compartment to compartment and the train roars along. Miss Dietrich was never more beautiful, but her face seems immobile and the constant raising and lowering of her eyelids hardly compensates. Amusing is the perfect English of Anna May Wong in contrast to Dietrich's foreign accent. A fascinating picture.



☆ ***LADY WITH A PAST—RKO-Pathe***

A SPARKLING, frothy, gay, young picture that skips along at a happy pace and has a grand time on the way. This story presents no heavy "drammer" or complicated sex problems, but is a cozy, understandable little yarn.

Constance Bennett, as a wealthy society miss with no small talk and hence no beaus, finds herself alone in Paris, all dressed up and no place to go. A chance meeting with a penniless young American, who takes on the job of a glorified gigolo turns the trick and our little wallflower blossoms forth a night-blooming orchid. My, oh my, what an orchid!

Even in all her gorgeous finery there's something warm and intimate about Connie in this one.

Ben Lyon, as the happy-go-lucky and irresponsible American youth stranded in Paris, just about picks up the whole picture and marches blithely off. And where, one wonders, has this Ben Lyon been all our **lives?**

David Manners as Connie's beau seems a bit subdued and even mild after the brightness of Ben and Connie.

The dialogue is easy, natural, and spills all over with laughs. There is an air of spontaneity about the whole thing that simply sweeps it into first place.



☆ ***THE PASSIONATE PLUMBER—M-G-M***

WHAT do we care how long Chaplin stays in London when we can get comedies like this? Here is an unusual picture that provides a love story, combined with hilarious Mickey Mouse antics. Couldn't be crazier, but it's as funny as it's crazy.

The scenes where Buster Keaton serves Irene Purcell breakfast in bed and those in which he goes off to fight a duel rival anything Chaplin ever did for sheer tomfoolery. And that Jimmy Durante deserves the thanks of Congress for making us forget the depression when all the wise men of Washington can't make us forget it. The picture producers should give us more of that clever Purcell girl. Gilbert Roland does well by a minor rôle.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆

DISORDERLY CONDUCT— Fox



SPENCER TRACY—look out for him, Mr. Gable—Sally Eilers and Dickie Moore give you a thrilling and amusing evening's entertainment. You must use the car and take the whole family to this one, which tells the story of a policeman and his struggles to be honest. Don't wait for the neighbors to tell you you missed a good picture. PHOTOPLAY tells you not to miss it.



☆

ALIAS THE DOCTOR— First National

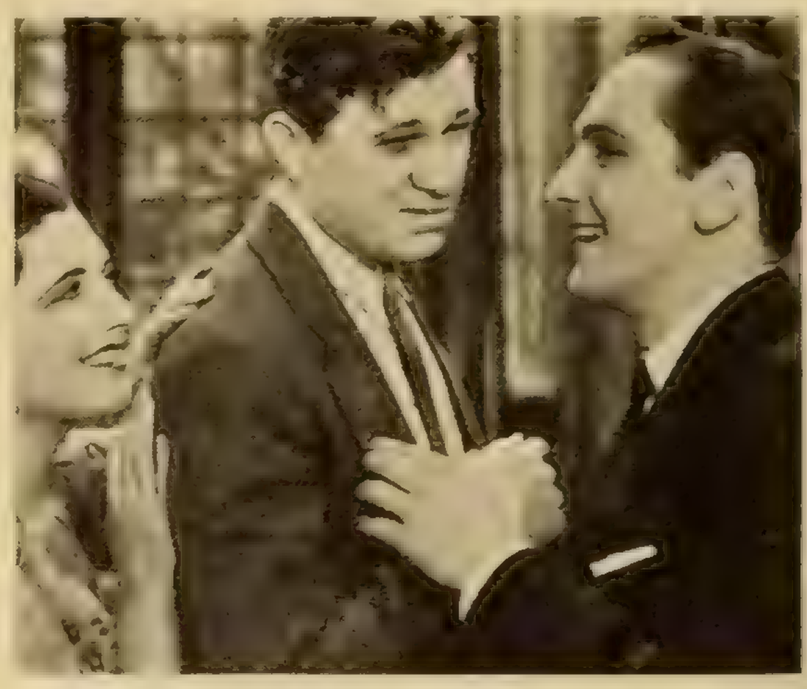
THE medical men are certainly coming in for a lot of screen glorification these days. Richard Barthelmess essays the rôle of surgeon this time and does some superb acting. It's been a long time between Barthelmess pictures, but this one was worth waiting for. Full of old-time melodrama, it never once becomes maudlin. Marian Marsh is the girl who continues to deliver beautiful performances.

☆

THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN— Universal



HERE is a picture that won't disappoint you, and if it didn't come in a month of such good pictures it would belong on the preceding pages. Lew Ayres and that coming star, Mae Clarke, are featured. He thinks he should make a "good woman" of her but she has other ideas. The director was responsible for "Journey's End," "Waterloo Bridge" and "Frankenstein." That's enough said.



STRANGERS IN LOVE— Paramount

IN the capable hands of Fredric March and Kay Francis an old be-whiskered theme becomes an entertaining and amusing movie. You could write the plot blindfolded—twin brothers, one a crook with heart trouble, the other a supposed prodigal but actually a sterling character. But how that boy March shades the characters of the two *Drake* brothers! Stuart Erwin gets over some grand laughs. Good stuff.

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS— M-G-M



NO horror here, no gangsters, and Clark Gable never once socks the beautiful Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." Pure sentiment, and Lord how we need it **these** days in pictures. No matter how often you have seen or read this well-known story, you will want to discover it in its talkie form. And there's fine suspense in the last scenes that the original didn't have.



HOTEL CONTI-NENTAL— Tiffany Prod.

SOMETHING new under the arc lights. With lavish sets, suspense and action, here is presented the story of a crook who returns for his hidden plunder the night before a famous hotel is torn down. It catches up the lives of many people in a whirlpool of excitement. Theodore Von Eltz, as the crook, and Peggy Shannon keep the audience with them every step of the way. Grand cast.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE EXPERT—Warners.



CHIC SALE and little Dickie Moore are the perfect team for this nice, homey picture, about a seventy-year-old man who comes to live with his married son. Even though he winds up in the Old Folks' Home, you have the feeling that you have seen a happy ending, so charmingly does Chic play the rôle. Edna Ferber wrote the story, called "Old Man Minick." Maybe a few tears, but you'll like it.



THE WISER SEX—Paramount

SURE, this will tax your credulity, but if you don't take it too seriously and realize that it's all in movie fun, you'll enjoy it. The leading man is that new sex appeal lad, Melvyn Douglas, who made hearts flutter in "Tonight or Never." And there are also Claudette Colbert, doing very well, and Lilyan Tashman in amazing clothes. All about society, politicians and gangsters. A well done movie.

SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE—Fox



SO here's the picture that sent Joan Bennett to the hospital when her horse spilled her. With its thrills and horrors it's liable to send you there, too. Joan, who wins a beauty contest and a mad millionaire, is rescued by Spencer Tracy, the small town boy who made good. James Kirkwood, as the millionaire, is grand, and Una Merkel, the reporter in search of a man, any man, is a howl.



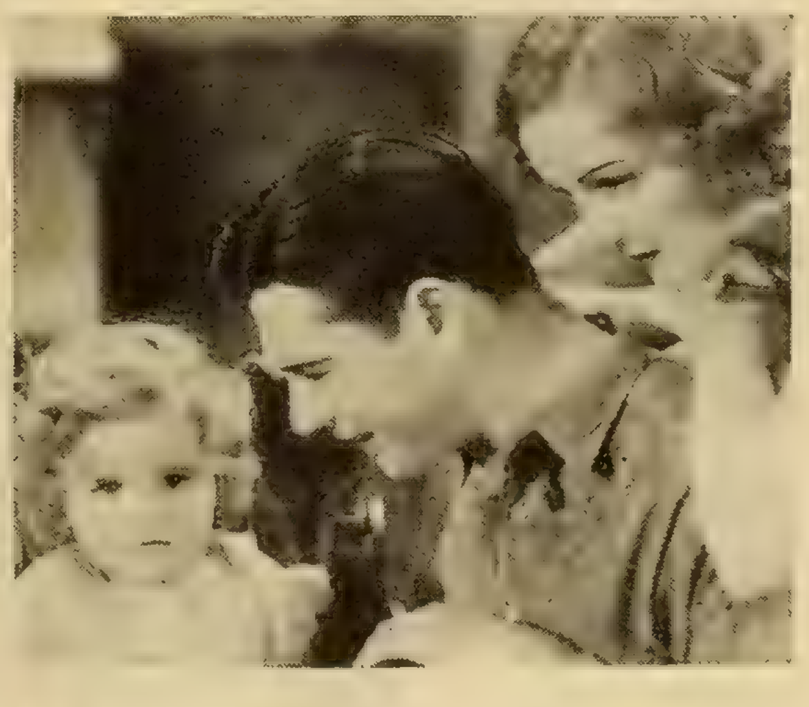
FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—First National

HERE you go to the ball game and even without the peanuts, you'll love it. Don't let the title mislead you. Joe E. Brown is a big leaguer with a fire engine complex. You'll be peeling off your coat, climbing out of your seat and into the bleachers. **Every** bit of the excitement of a real ball game. And boy, the laughs. Evalyn Knapp and Lilian Bond are grand. Here is a picture.

BEHIND THE MASK—Columbia



A CLEVER combination of mystery stuff and real drama, all so neatly knit together that, although it's a minor production, it ranks with some of the spectacular mystery pictures of the year. Jack Holt and Constance Cummings do grand work, surrounded by doctors who smuggle and detectives who don't detect. They made no mistake when they chose Miss Cummings as a Baby Star.



WAYWARD—Paramount

WELL, there are a lot of good plots in this one. Let's see—there's "The Silver Cord" and "East Lynne" and "Nice People" and maybe some more, but wrapping them all up in one celluloid package makes a pretty dull movie. In spite of the good efforts made by Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick, nothing much could be done to save this picture. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 116]

PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood

All the Beauty tricks of all the stars Brought to you each month







Gloria Swanson did not have glamour in 1926. But today—her smile is unforgettable and even her nose is fascinating. Her eyes, too, reflect the spirit of her great battle for self-beauty



In five years Norma Shearer has developed from a sweet-faced girl into a lovely lady. She has learned to reveal her perfect hairline, to emphasize her mouth's appealing curves. Yet the change is not entirely physical. Self-analysis, determination and work are largely responsible

HERE I am in Hollywood again! The Embassy at the luncheon hour! The Chinese Theater for the opening of "Mata Hari"! The Mayfair Room of the Biltmore!

These are some of the play haunts of Hollywood's beauty—beauty so glamorous, so perfect, that you gasp and ask yourself, is it real? It is real.

It is almost unbelievably real. For it is beauty that has been worked for, made sometimes from almost nothing. This beauty is the fruit of sacrifice in some way. It has been suffered for, paid for dearly in time and dollars and self-discipline.

It is the highest priced beauty in the world.

Contrary to general opinion, Hollywood beauty is not skin deep. It is not alone the rose-textured skin of sixteen or the gold of youthful curls. Hollywood beauty is, however,

Beauty Shop

Conducted By
Carolyn
Van Wyck



Was it heartache or ambition that changed Greta Garbo from this unkempt child into a national figure of romance? Certainly masterful eye make-up has done its part





Joan, does that beautiful strength in mouth and chin tell the story of your transfiguration, too? Compare the butterfly with the grub. Can you believe they are the same?



largely the result of self-study, of effort and determination to correct a fault and a development of personal allure which can sometimes make you feel beauty where literally there is none.

Shown on these pages are four of the most glamorous faces in Hollywood! A comparison between past and present portraits is more eloquent than words. You can see the results of effort and development in these faces, and you would be amazed at some of the beauty barriers these actresses have overcome.

Every star has her own little beauty secrets, her tricks of overcoming this and that weakness which you and I and the rest of the world possess. Beauty like theirs is yours, too, if you want it and will work for it like the stars do. Nature does a good job in one out of fifty; with the rest good looks is a personal achievement.

Make-Up And Perfume Tricks



Imagine it—Lupe Velez *works* to make her face shine! But we must admit that those high lights are charming. First, Lupe removes all make-up with cream, then she bathes her face in soap and water. For further immaculacy, protection and powder base she uses a liquid cleanser or skin tonic. Then she powders lavishly and polishes her face for that child-like gleam. This glow is particularly alluring if your eyes are large and your skin is fine



June Clyde is showing you how to rouge the space below the brows to obtain a fresh, youthful effect. Use just the slightest glow of color and let it fade toward the temples

WHEN you consider beauty as a personal achievement you have caught the spirit that is Hollywood and Broadway and Piccadilly and the beauty centers of the world. You will understand that the gardenias and the orchids, the ermine and the sable, bestowed at the feet of beauty, are the world's rightful tribute to a great art, the art of appearing to be beautiful, whether or not nature made you that way.

ONE of the sweetest faces I noticed in Hollywood was that of little Rochelle Hudson. Her hair is a nice brown, her eyes very blue, and her skin so fine that a still photographer tells me the closest of close-ups never has to be retouched.

She has lovely lashes and here is her secret. For three years she has used a little eyelash curling device which has taught her lashes to turn heavenward most becomingly, and the slight pressure, Rochelle says, has exercised the lashes and made them grow much longer.

WHEN I met Karen Morley face to face, I was shocked. I had first met her in "Mata Hari," where as the ill-fated Carlotta she came to an untimely end for knowing too much. Well, Miss Morley really has blonde hair, which changes her face entirely.

IF you happen to be by nature without much eyebrow, take heart in this. The less eyebrows the Hollywood girls have, the better make-up they manage. In fact, all they need is a little brow at the inner corner of the eye. Make-up can then carry the outer end wherever they wish, with no natural brow anywhere to interfere.

As a rule, that new, high, thinly arched brow gives a very sophisticated expression, while the brow that is straight and closer to the eye adds sternness and sometimes an almost sinister look. As a matter of fact, the perfect brow follows that arch of bone just above the eye socket. But Hollywood has forgotten that. One make-up artist cited Sidney Fox's eyebrows as being perfect because they do adhere to this line.

"Perfume yourself instead of your frock," advises Adrienne Ames, as she shows you how to use perfume before donning your evening gown. The chemical composition of the skin and hair often will affect the same perfume so that it becomes different on each person. If you will spray your underthings and personal accessories, too, rather than your frock, your fragrance will be more lasting and subtle. Perfume on furs is also particularly persuasive and enduring





YOU know, of course, of the lashes to be applied to your own lashes or to your lids. But just in case you haven't been paying attention—one is the complete luxuriant lash on skin-like tissue which will adhere to your upper lid. Then there are those marvelous lashes to be applied one by one to the ends of your own. Do they stay? Somewhere I met a single lash that had been in place for six months. Its owner had watched it carefully. A month, though, is a fairer estimate.

But the very newest are adjustable brows. I don't know what you are supposed to do with your own. They're probably marvelous for stage make-up or evening.

YOU may admire Miss Dietrich's loveliness, but let me tell you that the black, white and gray values of photography do not do justice to her beauty—it is so largely a matter of color. The loose, irregular curls that peep from her side-wise sports felt are naturally and decidedly golden, but it is her skin that holds the eye.

I am told she scrubs this skin daily and then uses a spray of cold water over her face. Try this cold water spray if you want a real refreshant. Those eyebrows may grow in that butterfly or satanic manner, but I am sure she steered them a little. Off the screen both lashes and brows are blonde like her hair.



An evening trick from June Clyde. Shadow your chin cleft or dimple lightly with a blue-gray lining pencil, then powder well. This makes your chin much more interesting



Curls For The Outdoor Girl And A New Formal Coiffure

This is the Olympic bob introduced by Madge Evans in "Are You Listening?" It combines softness with a trimness well adapted to the activities of the young athletes who will participate in the Olympic sports. This is an ideal bob for the younger girl, for these curls will peep as charmingly from a sports beret or toque as they will enhance an evening chiffon, crepe or velvet.

The hair is parted at the left, loosely water-waved, with swirl effect at back, and the ends curled upward irregularly





WIGS and transformations are very much in vogue in Hollywood these days. Many rôles call for blonde hair because it photographs better than dark. Many players, however, prefer to use wigs rather than change their natural hair. Nevertheless, the blondes certainly are in the majority, with brunettes second, and next to no redheads.

HOLLYWOOD must spray, sprinkle and otherwise dab a large percentage of the world's perfume. Everyone is delightfully scented. Joan Marsh mixes her own, a blend of light floral odeurs.

So do many others.

If you have a keen nose and an experimentative mind, here is some fun for you. Almost all floral odeurs are sympathetic to their kind and by changing proportions of the same perfumes you can have one for every occasion. Gardenia, rose, violet, sweet pea and the whole flower family are very popular just now.

Marlene Dietrich, I am told, sprays her bed linen with toilet water—a lovely habit if you like to sleep in a lilac or lavender atmosphere.

[**More Beauty Hints on page 88**]



Anita Page's semi-classic coiffure gives you the best reason in the world for wearing one earring. It also sponsors those little flat face curls so much of the moment. The full side is the most flattering because the profusion of hair gives play to every highlight and shadow. But the other side is the chic side. One ear and one earring are very piquant and if He doesn't like one side, He's sure to like the other. The back, too, is quite as bewitching as the other views. If your hair isn't long enough, use a separate chignon or knot. You will find this coiffure comfortable and smart beneath those shallow spring hats







Sixty Inches Of Many Moods



ONE day Sidney Fox is madly in love, the next day she isn't.

Sometimes she has social ambitions and hopes that Hollywood will invite her to parties and let her play hostess, too; again, she wants to climb into a little shell and live away from the world with her books.

At certain moments she is domestic and maternal. She wants babies with an intensity that brings tears to her really immense black eyes. Ten minutes later she is just as intensely wondering when her name will flash in electric lights that mean "one of the biggest artists."

Then she wouldn't have babies or a husband or anything that might interfere with professional success spelled in capital letters.

She says of herself:

"I have only a social sense of humor. I can laugh and talk and make people think I am gay and full of fun at a party. But that doesn't work when I'm alone. Then I am blue, morose, moody. I don't know what I want from life. Oh, yes I do. I want happiness and *I can't find it!*"

Like all unstabilized and too-pretty girls, Sidney taks advice and flattery too easily.

She got in wrong at her studio in the beginning. "Be aloof," some people told her. So she was aloof and always late for appointments until the publicity director said, "Who in thunder do you think you are? Come down off that high horse and be human." She cried.

Now, she says, "I think the more simply you live, the happier you are. I'm going into a tiny apartment where I won't have to worry about *things*. I'm learning to drive my own car so I can dismiss the chauffeur. I'm going to keep just one maid. I'm going to try to get acquainted with myself. You see, I don't know myself at all."

But the fans know her and like her for her grand work in "Bad Sister" and "Strictly Dishonorable."

And PHOTOPLAY thinks she's such a good bet that we're putting her picture—a lovely one, too—on the cover next month.



He Borrowed A Name

WALLACE FORD began life on a doorstep, and the wrong doorstep at that. He was left a foundling in London at the haven for homeless girls. The home for orphaned boys finally relieved an embarrassing situation.

He was known as Sammy Jones and when he was seven or eight years old he discovered himself on a ship bound for Canada. Work, and plenty of it, on a Canadian farm awaited little Sammy. A few months of bitter cold mornings tending cattle, of back-breaking labor in the fields, and Sammy ran away to sell papers on a street corner in Winnipeg.

Out on his own. From job to job. From cellar to barn. From doorstep to theater basement. Hungry. Cold. It sounds like a sob story. But it's the truth.

Sammy's best friend was Wally Ford, a sort of tramp philosopher, and with him Sammy hopped his first freight train. Wally ran for it and missed. Sammy glimpsed his friend beneath the wheels but the train had gained speed so that he couldn't let go. With tears streaming down a wet, smudgy face, he hung on. Whirling past strange towns, strange homes, strange people. A heart-broken kid. Unable to let go. And there it was, on a speeding freight, the name Sammy Jones died forever. He had always hated that name.

"He was a pal and he won't mind my taking his name," Sammy reasoned. So Sammy took the name Wally Ford. And headed on. Alone.

Tent shows. Stock companies. One night stands. Show boats. And at last Broadway. Then **Hollywood** beckoned and you saw him, that natural actor, in "Possessed." He played Joan Crawford's country boy friend, and they say he's to be a big success.

He never spent a day in a schoolroom and he hasn't the slightest notion who he really is. In the spring Wally hopes to go back to London to track down a few clues. No matter who he may find he is, he'll remain a grand guy—this lad who borrowed a name. If you saw the life of Sammy Jones (alias Wally Ford) made into a screen drama you'd say, "It could not happen."



Rain Brings Her Luck

Don't Call Him Platinum



SHE comes from Boston, wears size four shoes, has the biggest blue eyes in captivity and is one of the few natural blondes in Hollywood.

For a year Bette Davis loitered on the Universal lot as the mild, little sister who played country maidens too cute for words, and then she emerged in "The Man Who Played God" and "The Rich Are Always With Us" as one of the smartest moderns in town.

Her eyebrows, in strange contrast to her hair, are black. When she was a kid in summer camp schools, Bette was thrown in the lake on the average of seven times a day to wash the mascara from her eyebrows. It didn't wash. It's just there.

As an awkward girl in her teens, with a squeaky voice and no personality worth mentioning, Bette arrived in New York with her mother.

"I haven't much money," Mrs. Davis confided to John Murray Anderson, "but won't you take her in your stage training school?"

Anderson did and Bette won a scholarship, four stage engagements, fell in love and eventually into Hollywood.

She has a perfect mania for picking up things and putting them in place. She's orderly and loathes it. She usually arrives ahead of time for appointments.

Loves to go to parties, but feels she's a social flop because she always gets sleepy by the time everyone arrives. And sleeps through all the fun.

She has been in love with the same lad for six years, off and on. Mostly on.

The harder it pours, the better she likes it. She was born during a heavy rain storm, and every nice thing that has happened to her since has come in the rain. She knows rain brings her luck. Let it pour.

She's grateful nice things just happen to her, for she feels sure she hasn't the stamina to fight for them.

"Success," says Bette, "is usually just a pain in the neck. And those who are successful are often too miserable to know it." Yet she herself is on the road to success.

IF you call Gene Raymond a platinum blond you'll regret it. Of course, he is and always has been since the first sign of a baby curl appeared on a bald pate, but he doesn't like the sound of the phrase. His hair is naturally platinum colored and so are his eyebrows and lashes. That's how you recognize the lad who played tunes on your heart-strings in "Ladies of the Big House."

But he looks much bigger in pictures than in real life, and his face much rounder. It is really a long, narrow face and, although well built, he is a slight man.

That's why he's always trying to gain weight and that's why he eats almost anything that's set before him, if there's enough of it, but prefers several yards of a big juicy steak which verges a little on the rare side.

He is crazy **about** horses and he doesn't play polo so much as he'd like because the game is too rough on the horse.

A cold, biting snow is his favorite type of weather and that's one reason the perpetual sunshine of Hollywood gets on his nerves.

He's active in New York, and in Hollywood he is as lazy as a studio gateman. He was bitten by the *manaña* bug and swears it's the climate.

A trouper all his life and one of the leading Broadway juveniles, he determined that he would have everything Hollywood offered, so he rented a house with seventeen rooms, swimming pool and tennis court.

His mother and brother share the house with him, for he isn't married—yet.

Big parties bore him—he'd rather be with a small group of friends, or walking or riding horseback alone. Or maybe just listening to the radio. He likes symphonic music but leans toward the melodic for his real enjoyment—"Liebestraum" and "Melody in F" are his choice.

Pictures in which he can really act are his favorites, and in the scene in the cell at 4 A. M. when the talk was done in whispers he was pleased with himself for the first time. "I think that scene really had something," he said.

I Remember!

Aged and reformed dramatic critic, who knew them when, recalls when bright stars were mere satellites

By Leonard Hall

1912. A sixteen-year-old schoolboy leans over the balcony railing in the old Euclid Avenue Opera House, in Cleveland. You could have hung hoops on his eyes. On the stage a tall, slim, blonde girl is singing a waltz song with the plump tenor. "Oh, Won't You Come to the Ball?" The show's "The Quaker Girl." She's the loveliest thing the boy has ever seen—too beautiful to be true. Bingo—he's in love for the first time! Going home on the street car he rides six blocks past Beech Street, where he lives. Ina Claire.

1922. The stage of the Keith Theater, in Washington, is filled with dancing girls, the aesthetic kind. Each is wearing a yard of cheese cloth and a beatific smile. Suddenly a slender young man comes leaping and bounding among them. Save for a loin cloth and a fillet around his dark brown, sleek hair, he's as God made him. His skin is rich olive; he isn't handsome, he's beautiful. He hops, skips and postures. Ooo! The dancing girls are frightened! He leaps some more! Ramon Novarro.

1921. It's a great night at the ratty old Berchel Theater, in Des Moines. The house is packed with the hot shots of the corn country. The governor's here! A slender girl is on the stage — her voice isn't merely talking—it's singing spoken words. Its magic holds the house like a vice—you could hear a feather drop. "Mary Rose" is the play — a confection by a little Scotsman named Barrie. That eager face — that wheedling, coaxing, compelling voice, all music! She floats off-stage—a thousand people sigh audibly, as one. "Mary Rose!" Ruth Chatterton.

1928. It's one of those sweltering New York nights, and a couple of hundred **people** have staggered into the red-hot Booth Theater, where "The Garrick Gaities" are playing. An amateurish song and dance show, pseudo-sophisticated. Phooie! Let's go home! A curly haired song and dance kid does a number with an inconspicuous girl—one of those songs you forget before they're over. They do a harmless shuffle. The boy doesn't get a second look. Just a hoofer, and pretty terrible, too! James Cagney.

1922. They're putting on a stock show down at the Lyceum Theater. We know the manager—let's drop in. What's the bill? "Ladies' Night (in a Turkish Bath)"—what a shocker THAT was in its day. Who's the tall blonde in the company—the one who's a bit plumpish, and has a deep voice? Used to be in the "Follies"? She plays with a lot of gumption. Dollar stock in Baltimore, on a hot May night! Great life, trouping! Aw, let's go and get some beer! Lilyan Tashman.



1927. The big Hungarian and I have just had dinner with some of his friends—chicken paprika and all the fixin's. We're bumping downtown on the Broadway subway, knocked around by the mob. He's a bit down on his luck—no job, none in sight. He looks tired and low in his mind, and not too dapper, either. "What are you going to do now?" I ask. "Oh, I dunno—I look around," he says, with his thick Magyar accent. "Something turn up." He says goodnight, shambles out. Bela ("Dracula") Lugosi.

1925. The sweet and hot little band in the Club Chanticleer, Washington, is playing "Oh—Sweet and Lovely Lady, Be Good!" Across the table from me is a curveful, curly-headed little dancing girl, sheer peaches and cream. She's playing a tiny bit in "Mayflowers" at Poli's Theater, and we've picked her up after the show. We tamper with a bit of lobster thermidor. "Sure I'm happy," she says. "I've got a nice husband and a wonderful baby, and I like show business. Let's dance!" "Lady Be Good!" moans the little band. We dance. Nancy Carroll.

1923. Brilliant Ruth Chatterton and the aging Henry Miller are playing that beautiful drama of youth and old age, "La Tendresse," on Broadway. The magic of Ruth's voice gets us, as always, and we hardly notice the entrance of the leading man—a slender young Englishman with a small set of moostachios. "Who's that guy?" I ask the girl beside me. "Don't know. Sort of nice looking, isn't he? Lord, isn't Ruth marvelous in this?" The

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

A Thrilling

Treasure Hunt

in this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Much safer than hunting for Pirate Gold, no fear of having to walk the plank, and 1,000 times more chance of getting away with doubloons to buy silk shoesies for baby or platinum spectacles for grandpa.

Skip through the pages of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, find the right Fifty Words and the gold is yours. See rules on page 102.

$500 in Prizes

Elissa Landi Wears These





ELISSA LANDI evidently trusts her designer pretty well, because here you see a suit as she wears it in her new picture and also you see the designer's sketch of the same model. Hardly a change made. There's nothing more youthful than a bolero—and doubly so when it has a trick collar like this of white pique. A navy blue chiffon weight woolen is the fabric. The mannish buttoned vest is pique, too. Don't miss the straight, slender lines of the skirt — suits are trimmed to the figure this season.



WHEN you see "The Devil's Lottery" you'll see Elissa in some striking new clothes. This afternoon gown in beige chiffon with brown and green plaid overblouse is worth a careful look.

— Seymour

SIX NEW FASHIONS TO LOOK FOR IN COMING PICTURES



DOES your height bother you in choosing clothes? Miriam Hopkins, who is one of the smaller stars, says that shortness need not be any drawback to chic. And if you don't believe it, watch how perfectly Miriam's clothes seem to fit her type. Take this street dress in a sheer brown woolen which she wears in "Dancers in the Dark." It has a beige flannel collar that gives a long neckline. Small sleeve puffs above the elbow have a fringed finish which is repeated on the bodice and hip also.



EVEN negligees affect a scarf neckline these days. This flame red velvet one which Karen Morley wears in "Arsene Lupin," has a scarf which starts at the right side of the neckline with its long throw casually draped across the other shoulder. This would be perfect in satin for summer.



FLOWERS and veils on little tight fitting straw caps are fashion news in hats these days. Adrienne Ames is looking particularly fetching in one of black rough straw. Those are daisies circling the edge and if you could see the other side of Adrienne's head, you would note that they form a wide band there.

— Seymour



YOU who like to know what you'll be wearing next in hats, can take this tip from Juliette Compton — it will be one of these small affairs that looks like a sailor's gob hat. Some call that up-turned brim, the aureole. Clever sleeve on the coat. From "Strangers in Love."



HERE'S another costume that illustrates Miriam Hopkin's theory that "you can dress tall even if you aren't." Her slender black crepe dinner dress gives height with its utter simplicity—and that short jacket beaded in crystals adds to the illusion. The jacket dips in back—a lengthening trick. From "Dancers in the Dark."



"WHAT the well-dressed bride wears in an airplane" could be the title of this charming picture of Frances Dee. In her new picture, "Sky Bride," you will see her wearing this good looking brown and beige tweed dress. The striped pattern of the woolen is used horizontally for the tunic and vertically for the skirt. Buttons down the front, piqué as trimming, and brown accessories should not be overlooked.

TALLULAH'S NEW CLOTHES ADD GLAMOUR TO "THUNDER BELOW"



TALLULAH BANKHEAD is one person who can go in for exotic dress and get away with it. Her new screen clothes are sheer glamour. By means of a cowl-like cape she cleverly covers the extreme decolletage of this copper-colored sequins gown. A flame satin sash girdles the waist, falling to the hem in long streamers. Note the cross-strap back without the cape.



HERE'S an idea for your summer evening wrap. Tallulah's beautiful white brocaded satin gown has a three-quarter jacket of the satin. The sleeves, only elbow length, are bordered in sable. A scarf neckline is stunning. The skirt could be shorter.

Unknown Hollywood



"If that girl isn't off this set in half an hour, I'm not responsible for her life," thundered the doctor while Renee Adoree was working in "Call of the Flesh." Here you see the last scene filmed before Renee went to the Arizona sanitarium. She collapsed immediately afterwards. Read this dramatic off-screen story

I Know

Katherine Albert tells about tragedy in studios and homes of great and near-great

AND now we come to the question of Hollywood sin. Is it or isn't it? Do the members of the colony all go to bed at nine o'clock, after having worn themselves out playing charades and drinking hot chocolate or are they a bunch of hell-raising, rip snorting, devil-may-care folk who would chuck a grandmother under the chin?

A strange thing happens to short story and article writers when they go to Hollywood. I heave a sigh every time I read that one is on his way, for I know the inevitable story will be published. You know that story. It has been written by almost every famous pen-pusher. As if the writer were making the greatest and cleverest of discoveries, he tells you with naïve delight that he went to Hollywood expecting to see lurid sin and found a group of friendly people playing charades in a nine o'clock town where they pull in the sidewalks as the curfew rings.

You read these sweet accounts (you'd think writers could think up a new one) and then next morning you pick up your papers and discover blazing headlines about some new Hollywood scandal. It's pretty confusing, isn't it? I should think it would keep you unstrung.

So let's clear it up once and for all. The **truth** is so simple I wonder somebody hasn't thought to set it down before. There are, gentle reader, two types of Hollywood folk. There—that's your answer.

There are those people (but I'm afraid to tell you their names for fear a scandal about them will break tomorrow) who do lead simple, home lives, who do play charades and "Guggenheim" and who do toast marshmallows before their fires. That is very nice even if it is depressing. It seems to me rather a sad commentary on the cinema center that it is impossible for a group of fairly intelligent and decidedly adult people to amuse themselves without resorting to a game.

BUT any clever hostess knows that there is conversational poverty in Hollywood and she must start a game going or else the talk will turn to pictures and picture people. During an exciting hide the slipper hunt, someone remarks, "Well, look at us, sitting around playing games. Wonder what the public would think of sinful Hollywood now."

I'm pretty fed up with that, for every one of these nice people knows that there is sin—and plenty of it—in Hollywood.

Well, then, why don't you hear more about it? Why is it that only occasionally do rumors of brawls and fights seep through to you? Here's the reason. The picture people know that a public scandal can ruin them. Therefore, they

have their fun right in their own homes, where prying eyes cannot see them. This is different from any other gay city in the world. New York has its speakeasies; Paris its sidewalk cafes; New Orleans its French quarter—Hollywood has only its homes.

There is only one *bona fide*, first class, good sized speakeasy in Hollywood. It is referred to as "the speakeasy." The few night clubs are always closing up for lack of business; and even when they are open, you'll see only the very last string picture hangers-on there. The film people cannot afford to risk their reputations at these places. That's why, when you go to Hollywood, you see a sleepy little nine o'clock town. That's why you begin to think maybe the newspapers have exaggerated (as indeed they often do) and maybe it is as perfect as it looks.

You walk along the streets of Beverly Hills in the quiet of the evening. They are almost deserted.

You see no disorderly conduct, no careening cars going to some wild place of amusement. You conclude, therefore, that there is no wildness in the colony.

But pull up the blinds of some of those lovely Spanish houses that line the streets. Step inside the front door, past those sound-proof walls and you'll find a human share of sin.

I saw the drunken sister of a well-known featured player, crazed with jealousy, fly at her sister's throat at the home of another star and almost mutilate her valuable face. I heard that sister threaten to tell tales that would involve four important members of the colony. The logical thing to have done under the circumstances would have been to call, if not the police, at least a doctor to cope with the liquor maddened girl. But it was impossible; the story might leak out, the doctor might tell. One word gripped us all —Scandal!

I was at the home of a friend when a muffled voice over a telephone begged for aid. The woman who needed assistance was a star who had just been brutally beaten by her boy friend.

I sat in a room one night and saw the ex-wife of a well-known male star threaten the life of her one-time husband's girl friend with a knife.

I heard a mother and daughter quarrel until they almost came to blows because both were in love with the same man.

And I have seen more that I could not repeat even anonymously. I have witnessed scenes which would delight the tabloids, but which did not get into print because they were laid, not in some wild night club or back-alley speakeasy, but in homes. That's why the stories didn't leak out, that's why writers who come for a short visit, who meet the screen great only superficially, go back to their typewriters and pound out that story **about** the one hundred per cent respectable little village.

There are two kinds of people in Hollywood—the good and the bad; the nice and the not so [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Once this man was as popular as Clark Gable is today. The talkies tragically nipped Nils Asther's career in the bud. But now that slight accents no longer matter, he's coming back at his old studio



Hunt The Treasure



In this month's PHOTOPLAY

Yo! ho! ho! and a bag of gold. As you rove through your PHOTOPLAY this month, note the Fifty Words that, assembled neatly, tell a little tale of picture people. Turn, gentle reader, to page 102 and read the rules of this fascinating Treasure Hunt.

$500.00 in Prizes—Test Your Wits

Now! Girls! Here's Pep For You!

By Sylvia



The Hollywood miracle worker is pleased this month, because all over the country thousands of readers of PHOTOPLAY are getting back their figures and feeling better day by day



A—First position of the exercise for reducing the stomach. Arms stretched tight above your head, you must feel the muscles of the stomach pulled tense. Now, without changing the position of arms or legs, roll over on your face, making sure that the stomach touches the floor. And go into the position shown in picture B, below

I WAS wrong! And I'm willing to admit it. Yes sir, I was wrong and the funny part is that I'm tickled to death I was.

I told you in my very first article that I was talking to only one out of every ten girls; that only one out of ten would follow my advice. To tell you the honest-to-goodness truth I thought when I wrote that that maybe I was too conservative. Last month I asked you to send letters telling me whether or not I was helping you. Since that time I've had thousands and thousands of letters. Why, I wouldn't have believed it unless I had seen it with my own eyes. And hard-boiled as I am, these eyes grew misty as I saw all those letters thanking me for making a figure where there was none before. So I'm in a good mood today and I'm glad to admit that you're better than I thought you were. You surprised me.

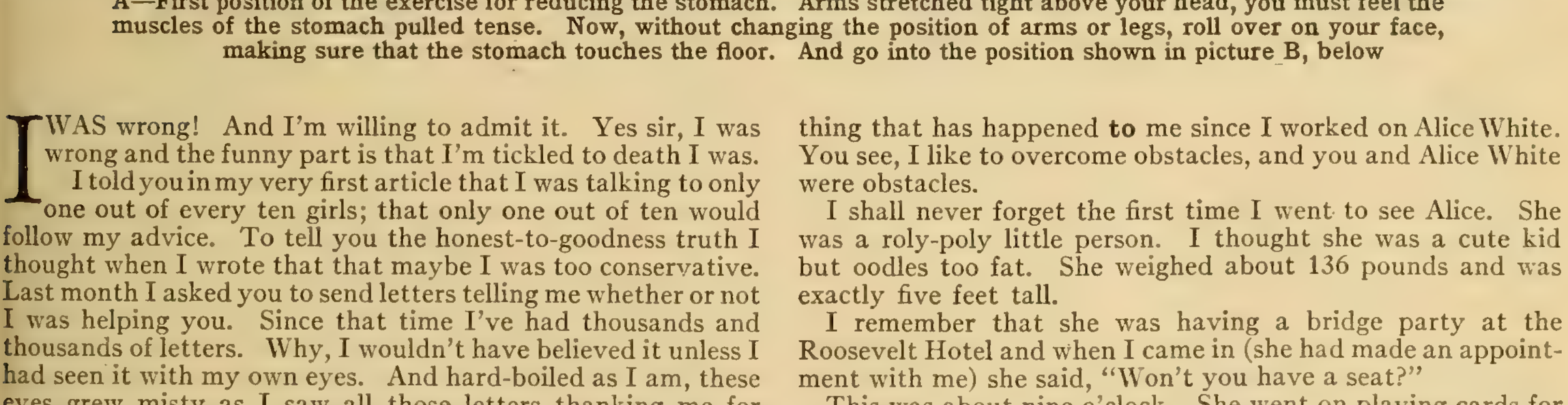
Honestly, the way you've come through, the way you tell me you've stuck at it and at it and reduced yourselves, and are on the road to having a good figure, tickles me more than anything that has happened **to** me since I worked on Alice White. You see, I like to overcome obstacles, and you and Alice White were obstacles.

I shall never forget the first time I went to see Alice. She was a roly-poly little person. I thought she was a cute kid but oodles too fat. She weighed about 136 pounds and was exactly five feet tall.

I remember that she was having a bridge party at the Roosevelt Hotel and when I came in (she had made an appointment with me) she said, "Won't you have a seat?"

This was about nine o'clock. She went on playing cards for an hour. At last I got up and started to leave. She rushed over and said she had forgotten all about me and that she'd come right along.

I promised myself I'd give her what was coming to her. She asked me if she was looking terrible. "You're looking worse than that," I said. I was angry from being kept waiting.



B—Pulling the legs slightly inward, roll back to position A. As you do, progress along the floor. The idea is to roll and hitch yourself along on your stomach. This should be done for ten or fifteen minutes every morning. Watch the improvement. But that's not all. Read the story to find out how to keep the stomach flat



C—These are what I call the pep exercises. Working with the left hand on the thymus gland, which is in the middle of the chest, rub from there gently upwards with the right hand, keeping the left hand going in a circular motion. Repeat the same exercise on the other side. Slide the upward moving hand gently



D—With both hands dig in with the fingers to the muscles that I am touching here. My two hands are at two different spots. Work up and down always with a digging in, pinching movement. Don't be afraid to dig in hard on these spots. It is better for this, and all these exercises, to have cold cream on the finger tips

I gave her a massage that she'll never forget, but she didn't complain, and she made an appointment for the next night. But the next noon the telephone rang and somebody said she was speaking for Miss White who couldn't keep her appointment with me. Well, I was not surprised, so I just crossed Alice off my list and prepared to forget about her, but a week later I heard a very small voice over the wire. "This is Alice White," the voice said.

"For heaven's sake, are you still alive?" I asked.

"Yes, and I would like you to take me back. I tried everybody else but they can't reduce me." Alice has always been frank—that's why I like her, and that's why I liked a lot of your letters. Many of you said that you tried to follow my instructions, didn't have the nerve at first, but went back to them later, and for that I'm proud of you. You'll get your reward.

LOOK at Alice White today. She has one of the cutest figures of any of my girls—she weighs just 94 pounds. And at first she was going to ritz me! Later, she did what I told her and has reaped the benefits.

I'm awfully proud of Alice and I'm proud of you, too.

But don't let my exuberant mood go to your head. The work is not near completed yet. Beauty is a driving taskmaster. I told you last month I was going to have some surprises for you. I had just begun to tell you how to keep your face looking young and firm while you were reducing your body—remember? It was to be done with gentle massage and a hard vibrating pressure of the fingertips just under the cheek-bones, right between the eyebrows and at the temples. But there's more to be done.

Both fat and thin girls must stimulate the thymus glands. Did you know that most of your health and happiness centers right around your neck? You *must* keep your neck loose in order to have sparkling eyes. We all do strenuous, nerve-racking work. We must loosen up the neck and shoulder muscles. We must work on those glands. And no little gentle tappings either. You've got to dig in deep. And you must do it every day, night and morning. It doesn't take long.

Study pictures C, D, E and F and read the captions. This *must* be done twice a day and you'll be amazed at how much pep you'll have afterwards. When you have a stiff neck it is impossible to look happy. When you look happy half your beauty battle is won.

I have a friend who was sick all the time. She told me nothing could be done for her. I said, "I'll show you just one funny, little trick." I explained the digging in exercise for neck and shoulders, and discovered that all her ailments were caused by a stiff neck and shoulders. She said later that if she were dying she would want Sylvia called in to work on her back.

You fat girls and you skinny girls, too, do these exercises twice a day for as long as you can. Several times every day, while you're at your office desk or in your home, work on your neck and shoulders. Why, you feel better already. You're full of pep. You're stimulated. You're alive. You look happy. Your eyes sparkle. Isn't it wonderful? And so easy, too. But don't forget to dig in and dig in *hard!*

Maybe you think because I'm so happy with all the letters I'm letting you off easy, but I'm not. This month we take up the exercise for reducing the stomach and that's not easy. Look at pictures A and B and read the captions. That's your exercise. For the first few mornings substitute this exercise for the hip exercise I gave you last month and then do both—for ten minutes each. You'll be surprised at how quickly you'll reduce your stomach. Fat girls *must* do this. And a lot of thin girls have big stomachs, too. But that exercise isn't all there is to taking off the stomach.

SYLVIA'S first article giving the general reducing diet for fat girls and the general building-up diet for thin girls, as well as reducing and building-up exercises for night and morning, appeared in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY. The second of the series, which began the exercises to keep the face from becoming flabby while the body was being reduced and also explained how to take off surplus weight around the hips, was in the March issue. You may obtain one or both of these preceding numbers by writing to the PHOTOPLAY office at 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Twenty-five cents apiece.



E—Now for the neck. With hands on either side press the flesh of the neck together. Then release it. Then press again. This loosens tight muscles, and makes you feel grand. When you're nervous try this at your office desk or while you're doing house work. It should be done for a few minutes every night



F—Place the thumbs where I have mine, letting the fingers rest upon the head gently. Press in deep with the thumbs. Dig in and dig in hard. Another exercise to relieve nerve strain and make the eyes sparkle. These four exercises go together and should be done in sequence every night before going to bed

When you sit down to your meals don't flop in your chair. Hold your stomach in and your shoulders up, and you won't be tempted to put more into your system than you really should. I know everybody loves that full, comfortable feeling that comes after you've eaten a big meal. But that feeling is fatal. Sure, it's nice to sit around the table after a meal and talk. Don't do it, unless you want a big, fat stomach. Right after a meal get up and walk around the room for ten or fifteen minutes, holding your stomach in. If you work in an office, walk around the block instead of chatting over the luncheon table with a friend. Always wear a good foundation garment to make you hold in your stomach, if you haven't got the nerve to do it yourself. A foundation garment is necessary to reduce your stomach for it makes it impossible for you to follow your naturally lazy habit of slumping in your chair. Slumping is one of the troubles with fat people. Why can't you get up and move around? Anything wrong with your legs?

The thin girls drink milk with their meals but to you fat ones who want flat stomachs I say, "Do not drink any liquids with your meals." Let the saliva liquidize your food. It is best for you. You may have your coffee or tea after you've finished eating. And I'm not so terribly keen about a lot of water drinking between meals, unless, of course, you have some kidney disorder and the doctor advises you to drink water. You must obey him, of course. But, if you're normal, two glasses of water a day is plenty.

A lot of water tends to expand the stomach. Drink a glass of water in the morning and one at the end of the day. There is a lot of water in the diet I've given you—in soups, vegetables, tomato cocktails. You must shrink your stomach to make it smaller. It's funny how easily people get used to less food in their systems and how much better they feel for it.

Now you girls with fat stomachs—there you **are.** The morning exercise, the getting up and walking around after meals, and holding your stomach in when you sit and when you walk, and wearing the foundation garment. Watch how fast that stomach measure is reduced! Oh, how I hate to see anyone—man or woman—slump. Pull yourself together, hold in that stomach, throw back your shoulders, hold your head high. Walk as if you owned the world. You do, you know, if you only will believe it.

Besides taking the swimming exercise thin girls should be careful about clothes. Ruth Chatterton has a thin chest. If you will pay attention to her clothes you will learn a lot from her. The necklines are always round and rather full or shirred around the neck, so that they give an extremely attractive appearance.

There—you fat girls get busy and take off that stomach, and you thin girls get busy and add weight to the bust. But be sure to keep up the former exercises I've given you. Also, both fat and thin girls keep your neck and shoulders limber. Dig in and dig in deep. I cannot emphasize this too much.

And, now, because you're so good and have followed my instructions so well, I'm going to be good to you. Don't fall off the Christmas tree! I've had a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

Thin Girls Can Enlarge Their Chest Measure 2 to 4 Inches This Way

LAST month I gave a breathing exercise for thin girls who wanted to develop the bust. Here is another. It's so simple. Just do the regular swimming exercises featuring the breast stroke. Do this every morning before an open window for fifteen minutes. And do it as if you were really cutting through the water. It will develop your shoulders, bust and arms, and is better than actual swimming since it will not make your hips fat at the same time. But be sure to feel your muscles pull and pull. Do it hard and earnestly. Measure your chest before you start and again at the end of a month. If you do not miss a day taking this exercise, you will be amazed at the improvement you will show.

This Giant Camera Crane



HERE is a complete trip through a studio, on two pages. Study this picture carefully and you'll find everything there is to be seen on a sound stage. And some things that have never been used before.

See those two fellows sitting in the nest of the giant camera crane? They are an assistant director and a cameraman and while the brisk action for Paramount's "Dancers in the Dark" goes on, on the floor of the stage, these two men enact a little drama of their own.

Long-shots and close-ups are being taken simultaneously. The floor camera takes the long-shots while the men and apparatus in the crane are silently projected, winging like some giant bird, up and out and down, picking up whatever bit of business looks interesting, swooping from the orchestra at the back to Miriam Hopkins and William Collier, Jr., in the foreground. The crane is manipulated as easily as a child's toy.

Every extra girl is acutely aware of the camera of fate which hangs above her head. No matter how far in the background she may be, that crane can find her. Therefore, she must continually keep in the mood of the character she is playing for the camera may be fifteen feet away from her one second and taking a close-up of her the next. Every girl knows the legend of Hollywood—that one striking close-up might make her a star, and every girl is prepared for the time when her chance at fame will come. But only once in a movie moon does such a thing happen.

May Pick Out A New Star



Photo by Stagg

To the left is the microphone. It, too, is projected forward on a small crane of its own and follows the camera, as you see it doing in the picture, so that both sound and action may be caught at the same moment.

The men working the microphone apparatus must be as alert as the men on the crane. The mike must hang just above the head of the person being photographed.

In the foreground you'll discover, besides Miriam Hopkins putting on the hot cha-cha for William Collier, Jr., a little platinum dizzy called Lyda Roberti. (She is wearing the ostrich trimmed dress.)

The director whispers that she is knocking out a swell performance.

Off to the right, behind the floor camera, is Al Hall, cutter; director David Burton (with hat on), assistant director Russel Mathews (in sweater, crouching), Slavko Vorkapic, another assistant director; Karl Struss, head cameraman and Howard Kelley, head electrician. Every detail of the scene is watched by these men. Each is a specialist in his own line, each divides the scene to suit his own particular **interest.**

If you can find an incorrect detail, your eyes are better than six pairs of the sharpest in the business.

When you see the film there will be flashes of the long-shots, interspersed by close-ups.

And now that we've let you in on the secret, you'll know exactly how the effect was achieved.

By Cal York

30 Girls *in a*

STEP right this way, folks, and get your dope sheets for the biggest race in Hollywood.

Look at them lined up there—all those beautiful, glamorous, talented girls; all expecting the big trophy—stardom.

Cast your eyes over the thirty promising young women who have a chance at the sweepstakes. Just look at them. Pretty, aren't they? High-spirited and eager. All right, girls. "On your mark! Set! Go!"

Some will win their races; some will be left at the post; others will be disqualified. But wait a minute. Who'll decide? Who'll be the judge?

Why, you, of course. You, the audience, award the prizes by your approval or disapproval. Your word is final.

All we can do is to hand out the dope sheets and maybe give you a few inside tips. But it's up to you to cry, "Winner!"

The Paramount dressing rooms are the paddocks for two of the most promising bets—Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney. But over at M-G-M there's a favorite, too. A little make-up table is awaiting Helen Hayes' return from the New York stage. She is already a legitimate star, but she must make a few more pictures before she can prove whether or not she's to be a real star on the screen.

With two films only to her credit—"The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith"—she has played a beautiful, melancholy tune upon a lot of heart strings. Not (in the technical sense of **the** word) pretty, and having already passed the thirty-year mark, Helen has that rare combination of qualities—piquancy, whimsy and the flare for pathos. She has much that Janet Gaynor has and is a more experienced actress. "Madelon Claudet" was a box-office hit. If Helen Hayes does not devote too much time to her beloved theater and if she is given rôles as suited to her rare ability as the little mother in that film she will be on the last lap of the race before three more Hollywood divorces.

A HOLLYWOOD sage remarked to me recently, "Stardom comes, with a few exceptions, to those who give promise of variety. Stars must give more than the public expects and create a unique experience for the audience." With this in mind it is easy to see why Miriam Hopkins is a favorite on our dope sheet.

Remember "The Smiling Lieutenant" in which she changed from a drab little sit-in-the-corner to a startling butterfly flapper? You have seen her in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as the fascinating, seductive charmer; in "Two Kinds of Women" as the sweet, clean heroine and as the society girl in "Fast and Loose."

Comedy or drama; tough ones or sweet ones—Miriam Hopkins can play them with a dynamic hint of hidden depths as yet unrevealed. She is much more beautiful on the screen than in real life, but she's a dynamo on or off—changeable, exciting, volatile. A fascinating little bit of temperamental femininity who won't let anything—not even a husband—interfere with her success as an actress.



All Helen needs are rôles that suit her



Miriam is away out ahead in the race



Sylvia gets the cream of the story crop



The audience says, "We like Madge!"

Incidentally, she has that rare knack of playing up to her audiences. Marlene Dietrich often makes the mistake of playing down to them. She seems to say, "I'm superior and different and I know it," whereas Miriam gives everything.

SYLVIA Sidney has already secured the cream of the story crop and she's scheduled for the best of this year's offerings. She has always had big rôles. I credit Sylvia's success not only to her unusual, Oriental type of beauty, her obvious dramatic depths and her ability to offer variety, but also to her off-screen personality.

Sylvia is one of those people who puts herself in the right spot and demands success. She whistles and—presto!—there is success barking at the door. She broke away from routine when she fibbed her way out of school. She wouldn't string along with the rest of the herd but went out to tackle life, single-handed, with any weapon which she could snatch for the struggle. "An American Tragedy," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Street Scene" put her in the front line. Now she is playing a society girl—something the public doesn't expect of her—in "Jerry and Joan."

But what if they would quit giving her chances at big parts? Ah, my dears and again, ah!

Yet I would stake my bank account—both those dollars—on Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney.

Let's see who comes next. Madge Evans, Irene Dunne, Carole Lombard, Sally Eilers, Jean Harlow, Sidney Fox, Marian Marsh, Mae Clarke and Joan Blondell.

HERE'S a little tip on Madge. After the preview of "Lovers Courageous" I listened in on a private conversation, as all good tipsters do, and heard an elderly man say, "I just love that girl."

His son answered, "So do I, Dad. She's the kind I'd like to marry."

And the mother chimed in, "Well, I hope you stick to the idea of marrying a girl like Madge Evans, son."

When entire American families pull for an actress she's pretty sure to be star material. If Madge were just sweet, like Mary Brian, that wouldn't hold true. If she were just sophisticated, like Connie Bennett, she wouldn't be liked by everybody. But she's both and a darn good actress, to boot.

In addition she's pretty, wears clothes like a Swanson and keeps her own counsel like a Garbo.

Race *for* Stardom

She lives with her mother in a small apartment which comes nicely within her $500 weekly salary and studies hard. Madge is not as dynamic as Miriam or Sylvia, nor does she have the pathos of Helen Hayes, but that determined little chin of hers is pointing straight to a four figure salary.

It all depends upon the stories they give Irene Dunne. If she could have "Cimarrons" all the time she'd be a present-day Lillian Gish. Irene has charm, dramatic ability and a beautiful singing voice. But stories like "Consolation Marriage," which could be played by any woman with charm, will not lead her across the flag line.

IT'S strange about Carole Lombard. She's the Constance Bennett screen type in appearance and ability, and yet—here's a little secret—exhibitors, who are the boys who buy pictures for the theaters, are not wasting any time crying for Lombard pictures—yet.

Somehow she hasn't piqued the public curiosity to date. Now, Connie's reputation has been built by newspapers and magazines. She's been front page copy since she was old enough to say, "I won't," and I'll bet those were the first words Connie lisped. The Bennett hates newspaper reporters but these newspaper boys and girls have stirred the fires of the imagination of the people.

Carole has the same screen potentialities, but she's not front page copy. She loved Bill Powell, married him and has kept on loving him. She is not a spectacular person off-screen, although she looks as if she might have glamour. But glamour is largely dependent upon a fantastic background which Carole hasn't acquired—yet!

Sally Eilers is shrewd in business. While she was out of pictures for so long, she learned all the political tricks of the profession. She's had some grand parts recently—"Bad Girl," "Over the Hill," "Dance Team" and she has taken full advantage of every one. When other companies were making offers to her, she wisely remained with Fox where her only real feminine competition was an already well-established star, Janet Gaynor.

Jean Harlow will be a star if she uses her head for **something** besides a platinum rinse. Publicity has given her a good start and now she's learning to act. With Walter Huston in "The Beast of the City" she shows rare dramatic possibilities, but because she has become so well known by virtue of her figure and her platinum hair she wants to run before she learns to walk. She is all excited about herself and thinks she can finish the race in one big hurdle. It's seldom done in the picture business. If Jean will make the most of every small opportunity, she will get what she wants. Otherwise, she'll hit a rough spot on the race track and take a tumble.



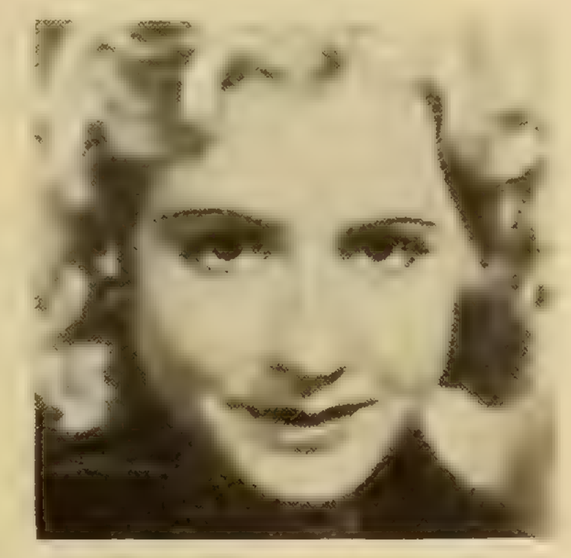
Carole needs to acquire glamour—then . . .



Sally has had some grand parts recently



Jean will be a star if she uses her head



Mae has dramatic stuff that makes stars

Sidney Fox is dramatic, over-emotional, potentially a fine actress. If they could only photograph her as she really is with that perfect complexion and figure—golly! what a figure!

Sidney is a bundle of high strung nerves and she has what race-track touts call a "running heart," but she has not learned self-control. "I won't do this and I will do that," are phrases always on the tip of her tongue. And the next day she realizes she has made a mistake. But if you've seen "Strictly Dishonorable" and "Nice Women" you know she's very much in the running.

MAE CLARKE has improved so much in the past year that you must give her a good spot. A year ago we might have said that her eyes were too close together; that she had a bad walk and no clothes sense. The trouble was that she had been an intimate friend of Barbara Stanwyck for years and everybody had said to her, "If you only had Barbara's fire."

Today, Mae has the fire and has learned how to dress. In "Frankenstein" she was beautiful; in "The Impatient Virgin" she is smart; in "Waterloo Bridge" she showed of what dramatic stuff she is made.

Joan Blondell's reputation hangs upon a wisecrack. Mr. and Mrs. Audience like her when she appears with Jimmy Cagney in those flip, gay little rôles. She was excellent in "The Greeks Had a Name for Them." That's Joan's style—that's the sort of person she, herself, is.

An ex-vaudeville trouper, the pet of whatever set she happens to be on—and just try to get ahead of Joan in a battle of wits. Joan is a type, but so is Lilyan Tashman, and her studio must realize that she should stick to that type. In "Union Depot," when she had a straight dramatic lead, she did not click so well.

Marian Marsh has had the Barrymore-leading woman break. She shows great promise. Only time and the breaks can determine in what place she'll finish. In "Under Eighteen," she was starred, but the mere gesture of putting a name above the title of the picture doesn't make a star. She is still waiting to be judged by you.

NOW let's look at a few in list number two. Wynne Gibson, Karen Morley, Frances Dee, Una Merkel, Arlene Judge, Genevieve Tobin, Dorothy Jordan, Anita Page, Leila Hyams, Helen Twelvetrees, Marian Nixon and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Little Wynne is going to get the leading rôle in "Clara Deane," her first big break. And here's another tip. The exhibitors are howling for her in spite of the fact that she has only had small parts. She's a vital little thing, who says what she thinks, does as she pleases and gives just that impression in pictures. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

Let's Shop With Adrienne

That Ames girl shows you some new fashion tricks



White with a color, a plain silk with a print—that's the smart combination in this sports dress of Adrienne's. Note the rough textured silk—it's new. Brown and white for the dotted yoke and trick belt. All white shoes are in again



Now it's two-tone coats! Isn't this the best looking one you've seen? The sleeves with those trick elbow puffs are brown—the coat is white wool in diagonal weave. Note the straight line. This type of collar is new, too

Little-girl bibs for sophisticated grown-ups—that's a new fashion whim which Adrienne Ames endorses here. Her bib is red, white and blue plaid—her dress a navy blue silk. A nice blue hat with its red trim and tilted brim, Adrienne

Two Royal Princesses of Greece

"Pond's keeps one's skin lovely"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA

"I always use Pond's"

SAYS H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARINA (*left*) *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH (*right*) *are lovely royal exiles—charming young favorites of exclusive Paris society . . . their beautifully cared for skin is as smooth and as exquisitely fine of texture as their perfectly matched Cartier pearls.*

Your complexion can be as beautiful as that of any royal princess—if you follow Pond's easy Method of home care.

"Truly the best and easiest Method," says Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of Greece... Her sister, H.R.H. Princess Marina, says, "The Two Creams, the Cleansing Tissues and the Skin Freshener keep one's skin lovely!"

Four simple steps assure these four essentials of skin care . . . Cleansing . . . Lubricating . . . Stimulating . . . Protecting:

1—Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt up to the surface . . . Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, which are *softer*, more absorbent. *Get the new 25¢ box—half again as many Tissues!*

2—Pat briskly with stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores.

3—Always before you powder, smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4—At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.



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Tune in on Pond's Friday 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.



BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how—

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars *must* keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

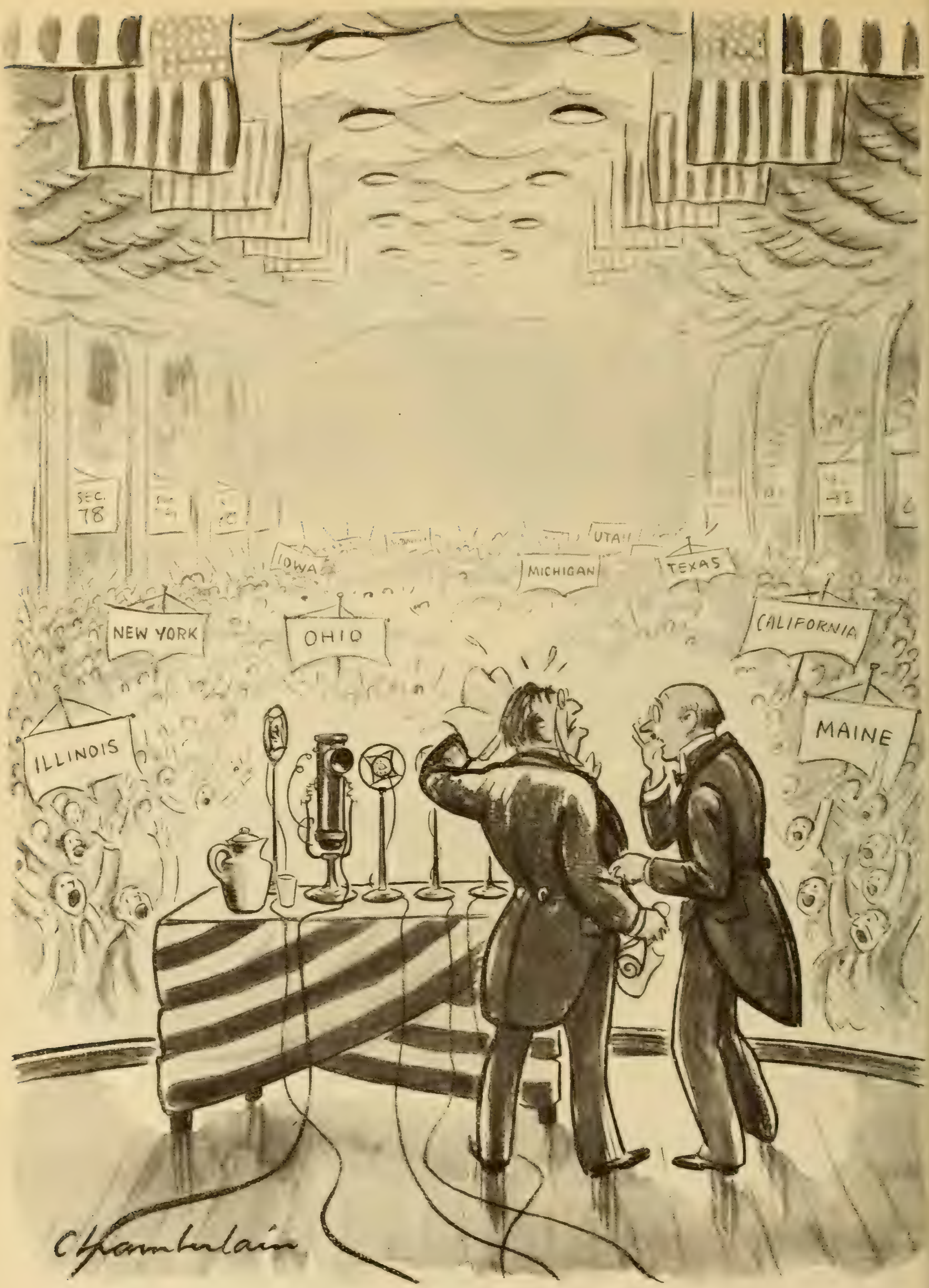
In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for *your* skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.



NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she *looks*. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap—10¢



"You'll have to make that speech over, Senator, something went wrong with the news reel microphone"



by Results

not Price, *this* Tooth Paste *won its way into the homes of the Wealthy*

Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera. Or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

Note the wonderful brilliance and luster that Listerine Tooth Paste imparts to your teeth. Special polishing agents, superfine in texture, produce this effect. Yet never once do they mar precious enamel.



Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, it was with the pledge to ourselves that it would be exceptional in quality. That it would be equal if not superior to dentifrices costing much more. We have made no claims for it except that it will cleanse teeth swiftly, thoroughly, and safely.

More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the large tube **25** *cents*

ASK THE ANSWER MAN

BANG! BANG! James Cagney shoots and shoves his way to the top of this month's mail bag. Ever since he went into pictures in June, 1930, he has been on the receiving end of much praise for each new performance. And now he is sitting on top, one of Warners' best box-office bets.

Jimmie was born on the lower East Side of New York City, at 8th Street and Avenue D, on July 17, 1904. He is 5 feet, 8 inches tall; weighs about 145 pounds and has greenish-brown eyes and a mop of red hair. He went through grammar school and began high school, but had to go to work when the family needed money.

He wrapped bundles in a New York department store, then tried vaudeville and musical comedy and finally landed in talkies. He now has a long-term contract and a bright future. His latest release is "Taxi," which broke box-office records everywhere it played. His next will be "The Crowd Roars." This will be followed by "Winner Takes All," a story of the prize-fight ring. Jimmie is married to Frances Vernon, who was a dancer before she became Mrs. Cagney.

DOROTHY DEASE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—You guessed right, Dot. The Harry Barris who appeared in "The Spirit of Notre Dame" is the same chap who writes popular little ditties in his spare time. Harry is a native of New York City, where he sounded his first "a" on November 24, 1905. He is 5 feet, 7 inches tall; weighs 125 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He was married to Loyce Whiteman November 22, 1931. Harry recently signed a contract with Educational Pictures, so you'll be seeing him.

CONNIE OF SOUTH AMBOY, N. J.—Glad you like the old Answer Man's page. Jimmie Dunn first saw light on November 2, 1905; Loretta Young on January 6, 1913; Anita Page on August 4, 1910 and Mitzi Green on October 22, 1920. Minna Gombell celebrates her birthday on May 28, but you'll have to guess how long that has been going on, cause she won't tell me. Ruth Hall was the girl in the bookstore scene in "Local Boy Makes Good." She hails from Jacksonville, Fla., and her real name is Ruth Hall Ibanez. She is the great niece of Vicente Blasco Ibanez, author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Her next will be "Heart of New York."

CORINNE CLARK, JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Yes, Eric Linden is still single. Eric was born in New York, September 15, 1909. He is 5 feet, 9 inches; weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair, brown eyes. Entered pictures in 1931. His next will be "The Crowd Roars."

E. MCD., VANCOUVER, B. C.—The lad you liked so well in the rôle of *Dr. Claudet* in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was Robert Young. Robert is a native of Chicago, Ill., is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. You will see him soon again in "The Wet Parade." Greta Garbo's next picture will be "Grand Hotel." Haven't space here to answer your long list of questions. Send stamped return envelope the next time.

E. M. FRASER, BOSTON, MASS.—Norma Shearer's next picture will be Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," taken from the stage play that ran five hours each performance. Clark Gable will be her leading man.

NANCY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.—Let me straighten out that puzzle for you. Eleanor Hunt played the rôle of *Sally* and Marian Marsh played the rôle of *Harriett Underwood* in the picture "Whoopee." At that time Marian was using the name of Marilyn Morgan for screen purposes, her real name being Violet Krauth. When she was signed by Warners to play in "Svengali," they changed her name to Marian Marsh.

DOROTHY KUESTERS, MOTLEY, N. J.—John Breeden is a San Francisco lad. He was born there on May 3, 1904. Is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray-green eyes. John appeared on the stage in Germany, Austria and the U.S.A. before signing for the talkies in 1929. He has appeared on the screen in "The Shannons of Broadway," "The Beloved Bachelor," and "The False Madonna." His next will be "Dancers in the Dark." He was married to Kathryn Kilbourne in December, 1929, and has a daughter, Joan, born in October, 1931. Ruth Taylor's little son was christened Henry, and Shirley Mason's daughter Sheila.

CHERIE, PARIS, FRANCE.—So you think that our American stars cannot stay married to one person for more than a couple of years! Here's where I prove that you are wrong. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen recently celebrated their fifth anniversary. Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque will celebrate their fifth anniversary in June and Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg will celebrate their fifth this September. Frances Ring has been Mrs. Thomas Meighan since 1910. The Joe E. Browns were married in 1915; the Jack Holts in 1916; the Warner Baxters in 1917; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks in 1920; the Edward G. Robinsons in 1925 and Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe in 1925. Now what do you think?

RUTH BENTEL, JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—Cyril Maude was the old grandfather in "Grumpy." Lon Chaney had no part in that picture.

C. E. W., TOLEDO, OHIO.—In "The Dawn Patrol" Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did not play brothers. They were just pals and fellow aviators. William Janney was the chap who played the rôle of Doug's kid brother. The cast of this picture was entirely made up of men.

A. BAROVERO, CORINO, ITALY.—Sorry to disappoint you, but Ann Harding did not do the talking in the Italian version of "East Lynne." Voices of Italian players were dubbed in to take the place of the voices of Ann, Clive Brook and Conrad Nagel. Lots of funny tricks done in talkies, eh?

JANET SPARKMAN, COATESVILLE, PENNA.—Joe E. Brown was born in Holgate, Ohio, on July 28, 1892. He is 5 feet, 9½ inches tall; weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Entered pictures in January, 1928. Joe has been married since 1915. He has two sons and one daughter. His daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ann, who is just about eighteen months old, seems bent on taking the spotlight away from her daddy. Did you see that cute picture of her in last month's PHOTOPLAY? Joe's **latest** picture is "Fireman Save My Child."

ROBENA LARSON, BOISE, IDAHO.—Fredric March played both *Jekyll* and *Hyde* in the picture "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." No double was used. Clark Gable celebrated his birthday on February 1. He was 31 years old. His latest picture is "Polly of the Circus" with Marion Davies.

W. H. HEBLER, GLENDALE, L. I.—Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26, 1896. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 182 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Is married to Gizella Benes, whom he calls Daisy 'cause it's easier to pronounce. Paul was on the stage for fourteen years before he tried the movies. He entered pictures in Budapest, in 1918, and in America in 1927. His latest release is "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" with Ruth Chatterton. His next will be "Thunder Below", in which he plays opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

DOT, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Helen Chandler is a native of Charleston, S. C. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 102 pounds and has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. She is married to Cyril Hume, novelist. Reginald Denny hails from Richmond, Surrey, England, home town of Ronald Colman. Reggie is 41 years old, 6 feet tall, weighs 176 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Has been married twice, and has two children. A daughter by his first marriage and a son by his second.

M. C. R., PORTLAND, ORE.—The team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are busy on a new picture titled "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Mary Pickford and Eugene O'Brien did this for Paramount back in 1917.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Jimmie ("tough guy") Cagney was once an obscure dancer in musical comedy. And now he tops this month's mail bag!



The girl they talked about was charming, but—

A HOUSE PARTY—charming girls, Dorothy especially. And yet . . .

"Weren't you shocked at Dorothy?" they whispered . . . "I simply couldn't believe it! Why *does* she wear her underthings a second day? Everybody perspires a little—and it's so easy to offend."

HOW can she take such chances with *personal daintiness?* Every woman knows that underthings constantly absorb perspiration acids and odors. These become noticeable to others before you yourself are aware of them. Then those cruel whispered comments! Don't run the risk—put on fresh lingerie *each* day. It is actually *more* important than the daily bath.

Underthings absorb perspiration. Avoid offending . . .

Protect daintiness this way:

It is so easy to wear fresh things every day! For Lux is made to remove perspiration acids and odors completely, yet saves colors and fabrics, keeps them like new. And it takes only four minutes or less. Follow this dainty habit—Lux your underthings and stockings after *every* wearing. Of course, anything safe in water alone is just as safe in Lux.

1 *Wash this 4-minute way:* One tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies — stockings, too! Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, shake out.

2 *Never rub with cake soap* — it tends to streak colors, weaken fabrics.

3 *Avoid ordinary soaps* — cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which robs silk of its life, weakens, fades it. Lux has no harmful alkali.



LUX for underthings — *keeps them like new in spite of frequent washing*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 |

"WHAT'S the idea?" a friend asked a Hollywood newspaper writer recently. "You look all excited."

"Well, look at this paper," the reporter shouted in glee, "two brand new Hollywood weddings in one week. That means I'll have two swell divorces to write up in less than a year."

A HOLLYWOOD writer repeats Warner Baxter's story about the actor who called his wife on the phone.

"Hello, dear," he said, "I'm bringing two guests home to dinner. Is it okay?"

"Why yes, dear," replied the feminine voice at the other end of the wire.

The actor slammed down the phone. "Can you beat it?" he yelled. "Wrong number again."

AND, according to printed tales, another little blonde steps right up and shows a little of the same "business stupidity" Connie Bennett displayed with Warners and her $30,000 a week salary, income tax extra.

Now, it's Miriam Hopkins. When Miriam signed her contract it was to make pictures in New York. But when they decided Miss Hopkins should come to Hollywood, that little New York matter came up. It seems Miss Hopkins objected to going on "location." So, in order to soothe Miss Hopkins' irritation at being on location in Hollywood, the company, according to the story, very kindly pays the rent of her house, her gas and light bill and even her food.

And what a house it is. Even for "location." Miriam has rented Garbo's former home and every time she slings a party the guests form in line to view the huge bed in which Garbo slept.

And for this, they pay Miriam. Some gal.

MANY strange missives find their way to Hollywood but the one received by the publicity department of M-G-M studios, takes the biscuit.

"I am a writer for an Eastern newspaper," it said, "and would like to interview Greta Garbo. I have Monday and Thursday evenings free, from seven to nine. Please let me know which evening Miss Garbo can see me." And they're not over it yet.

A GROUP of people were discussing a rather unpopular character in Hollywood, the other day. Bob Montgomery was the only one who had a kind word for him.

"What's the matter with you?" a friend asked Bob. "Why even Jackie Cooper says what he thinks about people."

"Yes," Bob sighed, "if I had Jackie Cooper's standing in this business, I would too."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

They Have Never Seen A Movie And Never Will



THE blind eyes of a score of sightless children mirrored happiness when they became active participants in the filming of Radio Pictures' "Symphony of Six Million."

Students of the Braille School in Los Angeles, all have been sightless from birth. Their busy little fingers felt the strange newness of cameras and giant incandescent lights, and rested for a moment in the comforting hand of Irene Dunne.

The children were employed by Director Gregory La Cava for the clinic scenes of this poignant drama of the New York East Side, written by Fannie Hurst.

It was the first contact any of them had with motion pictures. A fantastic dream mirage became an actuality for them—a thing they could feel with those ever-questing fingers, carrying new and wonderful messages to their minds.

Their thirst for knowledge in this form of amusement forever denied them had its moments of poignancy for Miss Dunne and Ricardo Cortez, co-featured with her. Together with La Cava, they guided the children out of the eternal mystery of darkness and explained the romance and drama that lie in motion pictures.

The youngsters wanted to know how the cameras worked; why the cameras made slight clicking noises when everything was supposed to be quiet; how sound was recorded. Difficult questions, asked earnestly, while their vacant eyes focused, unblinking, into the great lamps as though warmth and cheer came from that source.

The children were natural actors and actresses, completely devoid of affectation.



"I like it"

I *hope* I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in *this* respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I *won't* be frightened into things! I like what I *like*. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, *refreshing* flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all *any* toothpaste can do is *clean* teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know *why* I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!



25¢

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

THIS, according to a Hollywood writer, is the true story of a carpet.

It seems that all the writers of a certain major studio, were housed on the second floor of a building that had no carpets.

And the high powered writers, ranging in salary up to $25,000, listened to footsteps beginning at one end of the bare hall and ending at the other, until they were ready for a hospital with nerves.

Plea after plea was sent into the front office for a carpet.

Any kind of carpet.

But no attention was paid and the heavy footsteps went on.

A month ago, the first floor was turned over to the drafting department, who occasionally looked upward as the footsteps sounded overhead.

Finally, the foreman noticed them and sent in a complaint to the front office.

Immediately a roll of carpet was rushed to the second floor and the amazed and thoroughly awed writers came out to look and marvel and then tiptoed back to their nooks.

A FLASH of time in Hollywood—and yet it is a matter of years—

The opening of "Union Depot." Crowds—lights—excitement—

Mary and Doug enter the theater. A ripple of applause from the milling fans—just a ripple.

A thunder of cheers—that rattles the playhouse. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

And not so long ago, for Mary and Doug, a thunder of cheers—

YOUNG, beautiful Marian Marsh sat just in front of Mary and Doug, at the première.

At intermission time, when Marian arose, Mary's eyes followed her eagerly—a bit sadly.

"She's so pretty," those **near** her heard Mary murmur. "So young and so pretty! So pretty!"

There was wistfulness in Mary's voice. It deeply touched those who heard it—and perhaps added them to her devotees!

HOT news note from Lunnon, England.

Over there Clark Gable and Greta Garbo are co-starred in a picture called "The Rise of Helga."

But don't fret, folks! We Amurrican fans aren't getting gypped. It's just our old friend, "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," retitled for the Englishers!

CLARK GABLE, the current holocaust and tornado, has one of the sanest, soundest outlooks on pictures and people that Hollywood has ever known.

His feet are on solid ground—not the quicksands of rapid success.

A writer sat in the Metro publicity office. Gable came in, chatted a minute, left, presumably. "What do you think of him?" a press-agent asked.

"Gable? A stuffed shirt!" answered the writer. She looked up to see Clark standing in the doorway, grinning broadly.

Didn't bother him. Not that boy! He has the grand, old-fashioned idea that it's box-office reports that tell the tale.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



"Never trust the public, Ed—less clothes or they'll think he's her husband"

"More searching than your mirror ...your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.



"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail . . . and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, *is* necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive . . . twice every day . . . faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price
10c





"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who KNOW."

Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Two More Little Beauty Tricks



June Clyde knows another good evening ruse for the laughing girl. Rouge the area of a dimple slightly heavier than the cheek and deepen color at the center. This emphasizes your dimple. A cream rouge is ideal for this purpose

By Carolyn Van Wyck



That gadget that Frances Dee displays is not a cigarette lighter but a highly concentrated powder perfume flask. It's a grand idea for your day or evening bag for it cannot break or spill. Sprinkle the powder over the skin and rub

THERE is much difference of opinion as to the beauty of the two Bennett sisters, Constance and Joan. But to my mind Joan is far the lovelier. Connie's corn-colored hair, brushed to the smoothness of a ribbon with a fringe of flat curls close to her head, is beautiful with a black velvet frock and a sight to stir masculine hearts.

But I prefer Joan's taffy hair against the whiteness of an ermine wrap. Constance's beauty is just a little too icy; about Joan there is a very warm and human quality.

HOLLYWOOD knows how to use its rouge. In place of obviously colored cheeks those girls get a radiance from their rouge that is really marvelous. Maybe they follow the advice of the studio make-up man who advised me, "Rouge your whole face." He really meant it. The point is that if we use rouge lightly and distribute it evenly, as a natural flush would be distributed, then we will look fresh and lovely and not merely rouged.

One safe rule to follow if we wish to confine our color is: rouge only the cushion of the cheek—not the full cheek. When you smile this cushion or full part of your cheek stands in high relief. Never rouge the hollows of the cheek unless you wish to create a gaunt effect.

HELEN TWELVETREES' hair is abundant and so naturally curly that it is often a nuisance.

In fact, she says it is so irrepressible that when she has to wear a special coiffure she must first use a lotion, such as neat little school boys or gigolos use, to straighten out her hair. Then she may put the wave or curl where she likes.

When she is working on a set, her hairdresser dare not smooth her hair with a brush, as this causes every strand to fly. Instead, she uses a comb.

This is a good idea if you have hair like Helen's.

In telling of her skin care, Miss Twelvetrees mentioned a lotion or astringent containing honey. Honey, either straight or in combination with other ingredients, is a marvelous astringent and especially advisable for oily skin or one with conspicuous pores.

After the use of cleansing cream and lotion, apply a little honey to chin, cheeks, nose and forehead. Pat lightly until the skin glows, then remove with water or lotion. A honey cream or lotion is just as effective.

Indeed, the ingredients of many well-known preparations read like a well-stocked pantry—eggs, honey, lettuce, almonds, or maybe you'd like yours with chocolate and marshmallow!

I THINK the cupids-bow mouth has been forgotten in Hollywood. If you will look at recent photographs of Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, Norma Shearer and a host of others, you will see that each has forsaken this old conception of beauty.

These stars rouge their lips along more natural lines, always accenting that under lip. It does something to faces: adds a life-like quality, a character and voluptuousness that many faces lack.

One thing we never see in Hollywood—the very thin lip.

ONE of the studio make-up men showed me what happens to our faces after a day's wear when we've been too busy to remove old make-up and apply new. Actually, we always look about ten shades darker and drabber, don't we? That look isn't entirely due to the day's dust and grime.

It's largely a matter of your powder mixing with the skin's natural oil and thereby darkening about one hundred per cent. Mix a little powder with any cream and notice the color.

The best way to avoid that dark-brown, five o'clock color is to choose a lighter tone in powder. Be sure the shade is related to your skin and use a little less generously, since the lighter powder is more apparent. Avoid using puffs that are clogged with old powder. Fresh absorbent cotton makes the best temporary puff there is, and it's easy to slip a fresh wad in your bag each morning.

Do these high-waisted styles, these shallow hats, make the most of your face and figure? If you're not quite satisfied with yourself. I have two friendly helps, a booklet on reducing and a leaflet on acne and blackheads. These, as well as advice on skin, hair, all beauty problems, are yours on request. Don't forget to enclose that self-addressed, stamped envelope! Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Dramatize Your Beauty

Like Hollywood's Stars *with* MAKE-UP *In Color Harmony for Your Type*



LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Eyeshadow

Glorify Complexion Colorings
Give Eyes New Loveliness
Add Allure to Your Lips

...with the Magic of Hollywood's Beauty Secret... Discover How!

By FLORENCE VONDELLE

TRAVEL to Hollywood with me... let's discover the make-up secrets of the stars. We'll go to Paramount in the heart of Hollywood ... then to M-G-M Studios, First National, Warner Bros. and R.K.O ... everywhere you'll find a make-up used that means make-up perfection in Hollywood; a make-up that's beauty insurance in every picture released—it's Max Factor's.

"What is this secret in Max Factor's Make-Up?" you'll ask. "It must be the magic wand of beauty, discovered at last." "Perhaps it is. Would you, yourself, like to 'listen in' and learn the secret of the screen stars? 'Yes'?... then let's go to Max Factor's Make-Up Studios, and ask Max Factor."

As you are ushered thru the luxurious Louis 14th salon, you thrill with the thought of the gorgeous stars who have preceded you... then in the make-up analysis studio you face a battery of lights, like on the motion picture sets... and myriad reflections from an array of full mirrors dazzle you for a moment. Quietly you're greeted by Max Factor... and you welcome his kindly, understanding smile. Now you know why stars place such confidence in his genius ... and you ask your questions unhesitatingly.

"The secret of beauty enhancement with make-up lies in color tones of the cosmetics and the color harmony of the make-up ensemble," remarks Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes, redheads and brownettes must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty.

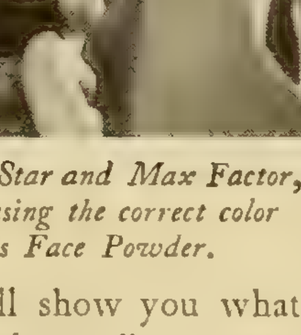
"Your every day make-up... powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, must blend with your complexion colorings. Look! I will show you what a miracle can be done with make-up."



JOAN BLONDELL, 1st National Star and Max Factor, Filmland's Wizard of Make-Up, using the correct color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder.

You look at your mirrored reflection, entranced ... enraptured with your new beauty, charm, allure... amazed at the transformation Max Factor had deftly effected with your own Society Make-Up color harmony ensemble. You understand now why only Max Factor's satisfies the stars.

You are now invited to share Hollywood's make-up secret. You personally are offered a priceless beauty gift by Hollywood's genius of make-up... Your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart ...and also copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." Just mail the coupon! Discover at last that make-up by Max Factor is magic!



Now! TEST... FREE

The Face Powder Used by Hollywood's Stars

MAIL THE COUPON

Beauty worth millions is insured with this final touch of make-up perfection ...for 96% of Hollywood's stars personally use and prefer Max Factor's Face Powder... *because* it is perfect in color tones, texture, adherence... *because* it is foolproof against blazing studio lights, sunlight or searching camera lens... *because* of a new, secret color harmony principle, it creates a gorgeous satin-smooth, velvety make-up impossible to gain with ordinary face powders. No uneven, spotty, chalky, talc-y, and off-color effects which often mar beauty. No other face powder in the world is so magical in its caress of beauty.

COURTESY COUPON — **MINIATURE POWDER COMPACT ... FREE**

Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"*... also personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

1-4-44

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	*LIPS*
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*AGE*
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

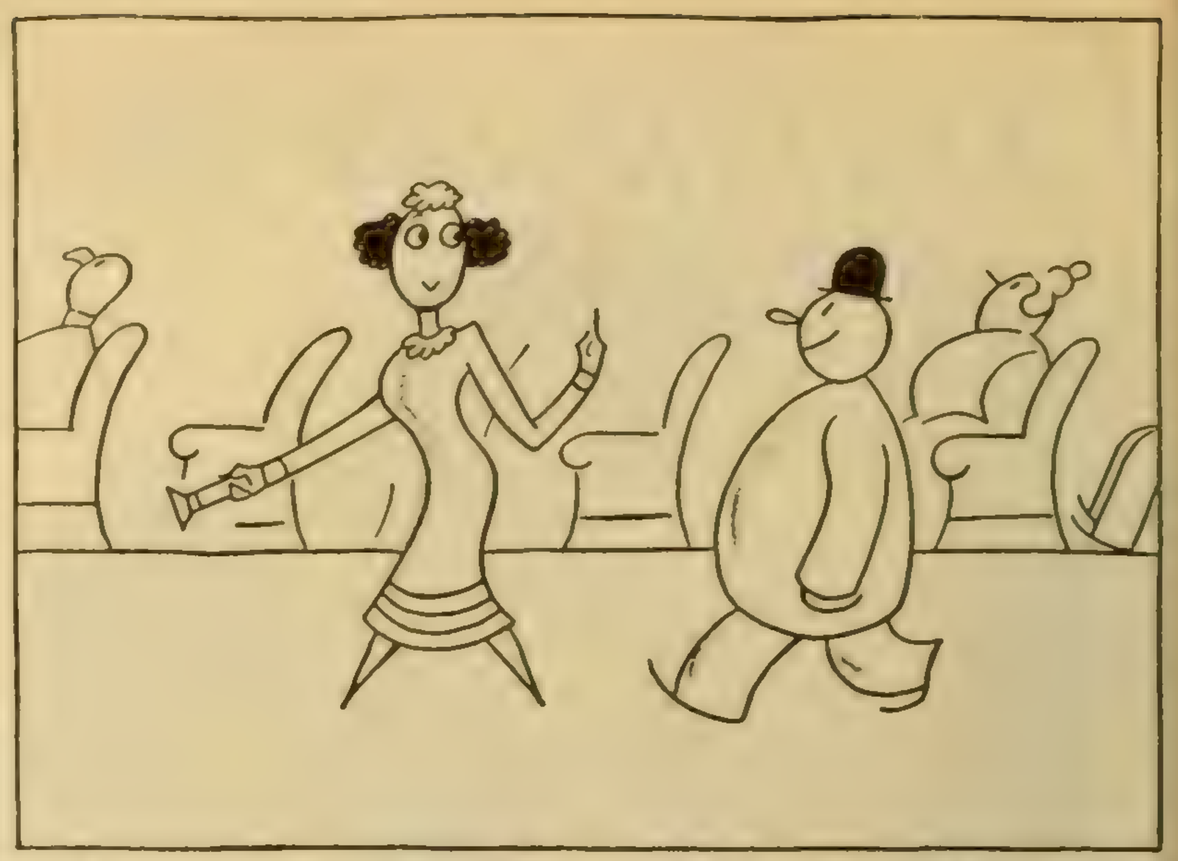
MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

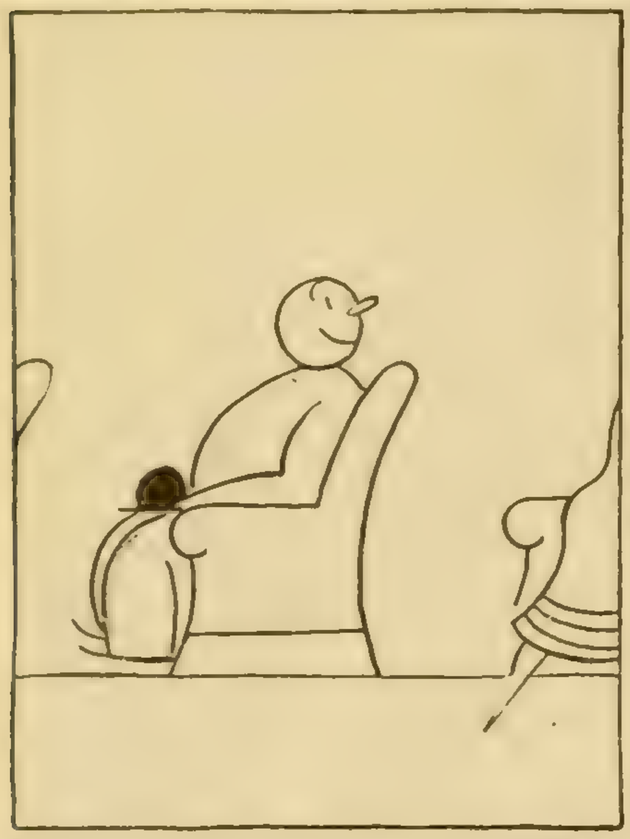
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

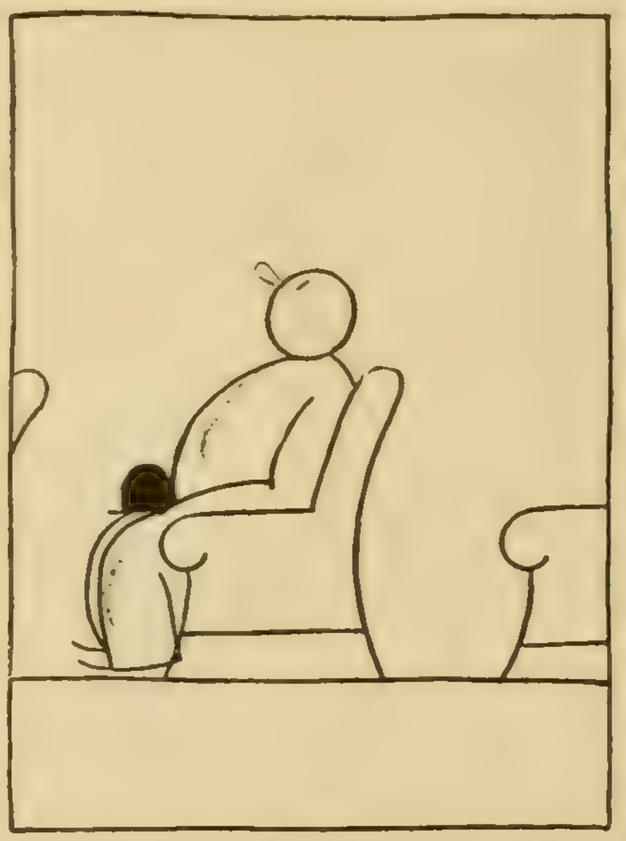
96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© 1931 Max Factor





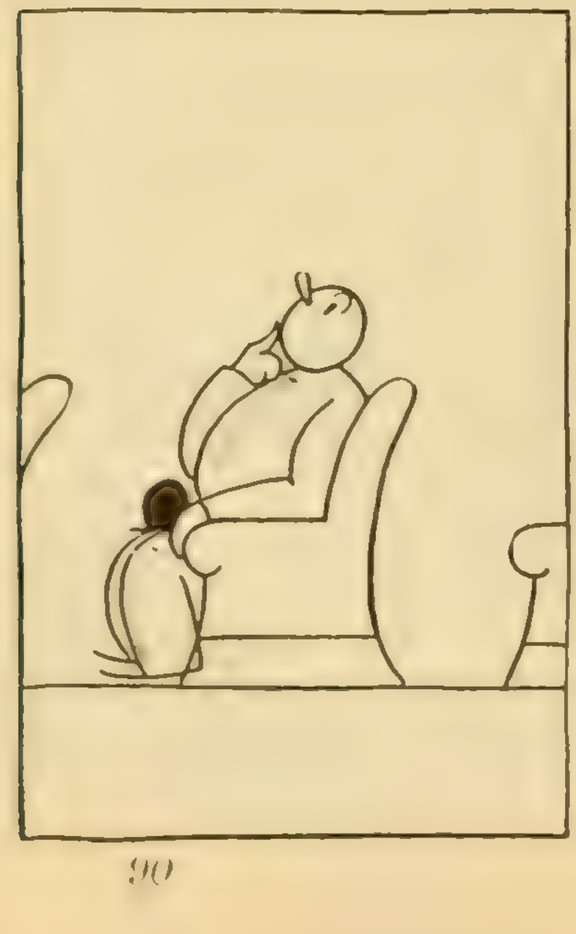


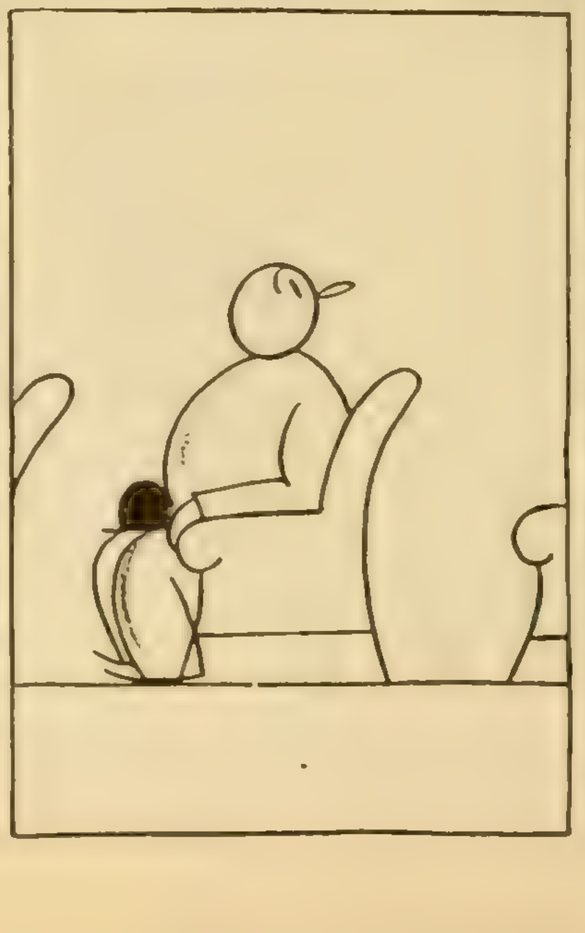


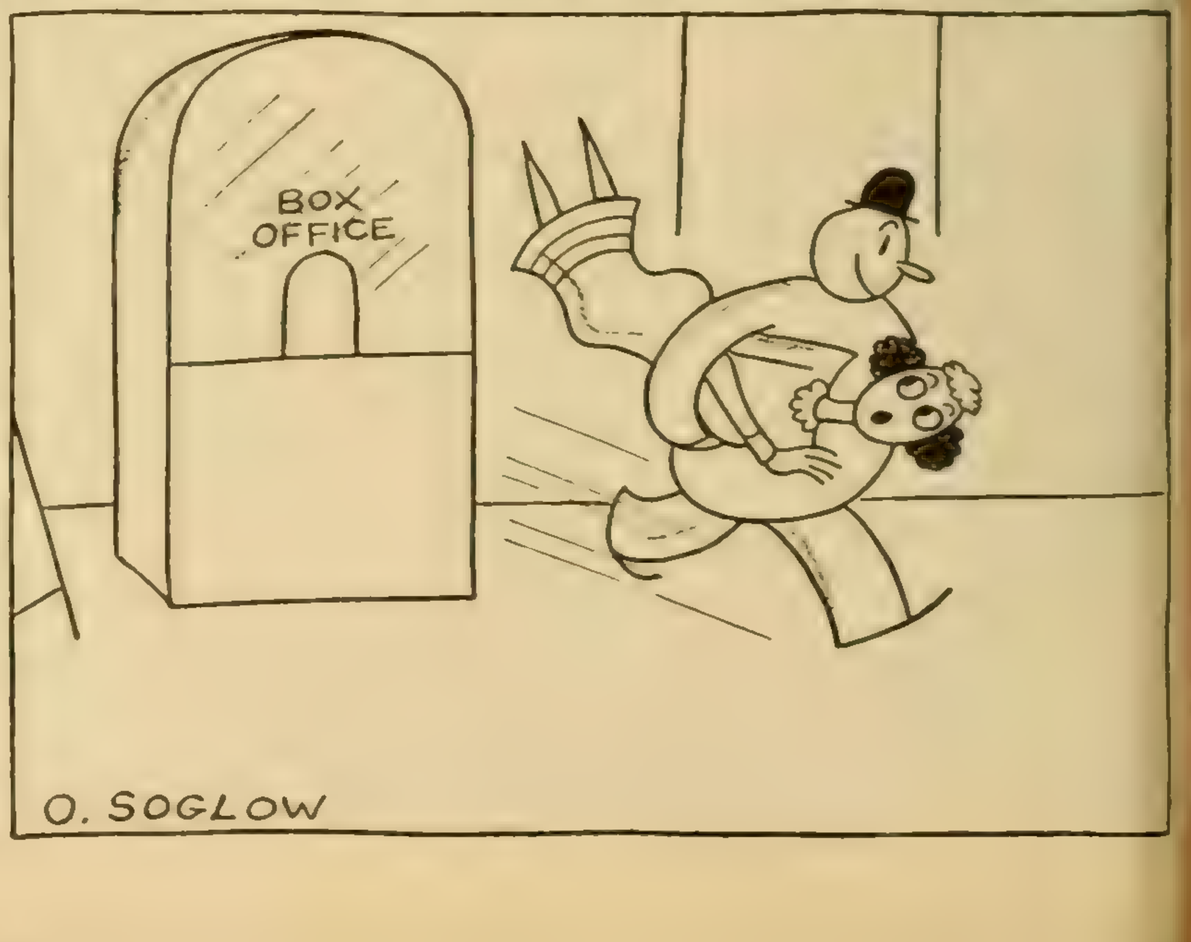












O. SOGLOW



HOLLYWOOD designers know the subtle power that lies in a costume. They know that a part has to be *dressed* as well as acted. The selection of materials is important.

To adorn the vibrant personality of Dolores Del Rio, in her new screen production, "Bird of Paradise", the costume designers of RKO-Radio Pictures chose Silks about whose quality there is never any question—the Silks woven by William Skinner & Sons, at their mills at Holyoke, Mass.

In speaking of the part played by materials, Gwen Wakeling, costume director for RKO, says:—"There is a great difference in fabrics, and no one knows it better than the costume designer. The richness and softness which I invariably find in Skinner weaves are of great assistance to me in arriving at smart effects on the screen."

To identify these Silks, *look for the name in the selvage.*

Skinner's

Silks



INEXPENSIVE
SATISFYING

NEITHER CAMERA NOR MICROPHONE *can wait. The results are immediate. That is, you "go over" or you don't. That's why stars of the film and air chew delicious* DOUBLE MINT *just before the big moment — At once tense lines and vocal chords* RELAX. *Try it yourself.* ●

M-58

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

DID Greta Garbo really do that high-class wiggle dance in "Mata Hari"—or did she have a double?

Thousands of people have asked that question—but why? Anyone can pick out the part done by the double. Just compare the—er—well, the rear view of the figure of the dancer with that of the star. And if you can't detect the difference—well, you're no true Garbomaniac, and are hereby read out of the lodge!

Garbo's reputation for glumness was eased by a recent crack she made on the "Grand Hotel" set.

"Just walk hurriedly through this crowd of people as though you wanted to get away," Director Goulding told her. "Want to rehearse it?"

"Oh no indeed" shrugged Greta. "I rehearsed it in New York all the time I was there!"

THERE'S a little tragedy in Garbo's life during the shooting of "Grand Hotel"! For the first time since "Flesh and the Devil"—years back—Alma, her famous colored maid, is not with her!

The girl's been seriously ill. And treatment? A queen's! She's been in a big private room at St. Vincent's Hospital, special nurses and all—as good accommodations as the star herself would have.

And on the big set Garbo starts to call Alma's name—remembers—and calls the substitute in a hesitating, even sad voice. For Greta remembers faithful, loving service!

ONE more charming little Garbo yarn, and we'll let you off. It illustrates, none better, the sweeter side of the Swedish star's nature.

Mary Carlisle plays a little bride in "Grand Hotel." Greta sent for her in costume, and Mary shivered like a leaf. Garbo shook her head.

"With your baby face you should have softer clothes," said the star. "Go to the wardrobe and tell them to put you in that coat with the fur collar."

Mary went, was dressed gorgeously, came back to the set, and sat in a far corner. She was afraid to go to the star for an opinion. But the mountain came to Mahomet. Greta came to Mary's corner.

"Better, much better!" said the great one. "I like you!" And she smiled kindly—and Mary will live happily for days on that bit of kindness from a great star who had the graciousness to think of the welfare of a minor actress!

AN actor was having still photographs made by a famous studio photographer. When they had finished the actor said:

"I want some special retouching on these. I even want the hairs removed from my arms. Every one."

The photographer turned and called to his assistant: "Please get some lavender paper to print this guy's pictures on!"

SAID Adolphe Menjou to a London newspaper reporter:

"Do you know, I dine out as little as possible. Silly, maybe, but I am trying to preserve that behind-the-scenes illusion about myself."

What ho, Adolphe? It isn't half so dangerous as not working steadily in pictures.

SOMEONE in the M-G-M dining room has a swell sense of the ridiculous. A "Jackie Cooper Special" sandwich merely consists of two tenderloin steaks on toast, a fried tomato, a fried onion in batter, French fried potatoes, and lettuce, while a "Wally Beery Special" is a wisp of watercress between knife-thin slices of toasted whole wheat bread.

POLA NEGRI and Albert Einstein, world famous scientist, met at Palm Springs. When Pola heard about the Einstein theory of the expanding universe, she is said to have remarked:

"How long has this been going on?"

And when Herr Professor was informed that Pola's salary ran into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, he looked at her for a long minute. Finally he cocked an eyebrow and said:

"So. And how long has this been going on?"

TODAY'S riddle—whose **pictures** make the most money for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Sh! We know your answer. You say "Garbo's" right away.

But you're wrong again. When all the box-office receipts are counted up, it is found that the net profits from Marie Dressler's films are the largest chalked up at that mighty studio.

The reason? Well, here's a guess. Garbo's sophisticated talkies do enormous business in the larger cities. But our hunch is that in the small-town and country theaters the sentimental, homely movies turned out by Ma Dressler simply clean up.

SOMEONE took the time to check the popularity of Garbo among box-office patrons and discovered that seven out of ten *women* were crazy about her while the men were less than fifty per cent as enthusiastic.

On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich had a higher percentage of admirers among men than does Garbo—and less among women.

THAT rascal, Sid Skolsky, columnist for the *New York Daily News*, whips over a fast one.

"In my Tintype of Lilyan Tashman I stated that she doesn't wear one single garment under her evening gown. She's making a personal appearance at the Paramount Theater this week, and changed gowns on the stage behind a screen. A stagehand just wired in to say that the statement in my Tintype was correct!"

As they say, Oops!

MARILYN MILLER is still going places with Don Alvarado—another of those film actors who seems to make no films. Mervyn Le Roy, although not divorced from Edna Murphy, is still seen with Ginger Rogers. Anita Page, WITHOUT papa and mamma for chaperons, is being escorted everywhere by her faithful doctor friend. Little Joan Marsh and one of the current heart-thumpers go about together.

Ricardo Cortez seems to look with favor on a certain beautiful brunette. Maureen O'Sullivan and Hardie Albright are sweethearting. Dorothy Burgess is still smiling upon Director Clarence Brown.

QUICK, SAFE SUDS without hot water



This is the way to wash your woollies

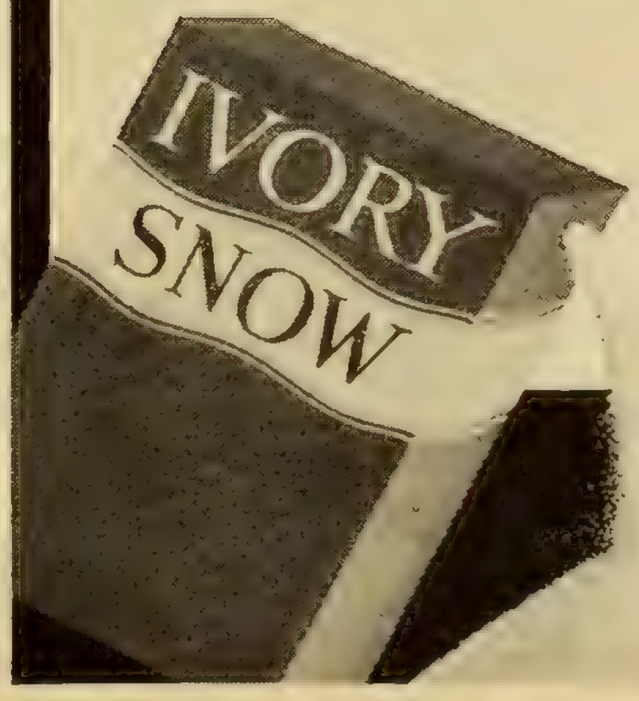
Ivory Snow is pure—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow *is* Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with the tepid water wools require. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just swirl and squeeze them through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clingy flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing *all* fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15¢!

MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES SAY SO!



"Ideal soap for woolens," say leading woolen manufacturers, such as the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, to mention only a few! **"Perfect for silks,"** say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truhu.

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99 44/100% PURE

Men Will Love
The Fragrance of
FEU FOLLET
on you



And
You Will
Love FEU FOLLET
On Yourself —

It's so light and gay—suggesting "folly" —a subtle challenge for attention. Spray *Feu Follet* on your skin, on your clothes, your bag, your lingerie—an aura of invisible beauty surrounds you.

Feu Follet (FLAME OF FOLLY) is the newest Roger & Gallet creation. In smart bottles, from $1. to $6. Also, in the softest, purest face powder, in toilet water, talcum or sachet — and in the famous round cakes of Roger & Gallet soap. At best stores everywhere.

FREE — *A copy of "Fashions in Fragrance" telling how the Parisian élégante is using* Feu Follet. *Address Roger & Gallet, Dept. J, 1071 Sixth Avenue, New York.*

ROGER &
GALLET
PARIS



DANIEL CUPID has shot off another quiver full of red-hot arrows in Hollywood. He has hit, right amidships—

Lowell Sherman's busted heart is fast mending, since Helene Costello walked out on him. He caught sight of beautiful Ethelind Terry—and since that moment life has no longer stretched before him bleak, dreary—and girlless!

Loretta Young, whatever the reason, has formed the habit of dropping into the Brown Derby Restaurant for a spot of dinner with Herb Somborn (Mr. Gloria Swanson No. 2). Meanwhile her ex, Grant Withers, is making personal appearances around New York, and having one swell time with Peggy Joyce.

AND if that card, Jack Oakie, hasn't switched girl-friends again! Used to be Mary Brian, for a steady—now it's a pretty brunette named Helen Collins, niece of Austin Parker, ex-Miriam Hopkins.

And Dorothy Jordan seems to have made up her mind.

Looks as if the lucky youngster is Donald Dillaway, now that Howard Hughes and Billie Dove seem to have kissed and made up. We're wrong.

They've busted again.

What a job, keeping track of Hollywood's love-birds.

LINDA WATKINS won't have to pay any legal bills from now on. No sir, she married a lawyer, Gabriel Hess, and says she's through with pictures for quits.

Some folks were surprised and some just nodded an "I told you so" when Colleen Moore and Alfred Scott, a broker, were married in Florida early, early one morning. Colleen had known Al for a long time. In fact, right after she got her divorce from John McCormick they were reported engaged.

AS for babies—lawsy!

Four assistant storks have been assigned to the picture colony, just to help along with Hollywood's latest fad—nay, mania!

If you haven't a youngster, aren't expecting a youngster, or don't even hope to have one—well, my dear, you're just not in the swim, that's all!



And wouldn't his father be proud of this lad who wants to make a name for himself and not trade on another's reputation! When Creighton Chaney first applied for work at the studios they wanted him to change his name to Lon Chaney, Jr., but the boy said, "Nix, Dad wouldn't have liked that." So Creighton it stays and he's got a nice new contract with Radio Pictures

It probably began with the pride and joy of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. Then came Esther Ralston Webb's little girl, Alice Day's son, and Bebe and Ben's daughter. Of course, Gorgeous Gloria Swanson and young Michael Farmer are expecting a European stork this spring.

And now listen!

Dorothy Mackaill—Madcap Dottie, of all people!—and Husband Neil Miller proudly announce the hope, with good reason, of a son and heir or heiress.

THERE'S a surprise connected with the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello baby, expected in June.

Everyone thought Jack would practically demand a son. He has two daughters—one by Blanche Oelrich and one by Dolo, little Dolores Ethel, two years old this month. There has not yet been a son to carry on the great Barrymore name and acting tradition.

And that, in the theater, is priceless, particularly among such a tribe as the Barrymores.

And what does Jack say? Namely, that he's crazy about little girls, and wouldn't mind another!

He'd rather like little Dolo to have a sister.

And that, to old Uncle Cal, is the shock of the season!

ANOTHER great day for Hollywood. Doug—papa Doug—has sailed away for the South Seas.

Doug has another travelogue on the fire, and all picturedom is agog.

On a bleak, rainy afternoon *The Invader* slipped out of San Pedro, the Los Angeles harbor, for the open sea.

Old William (Bill to most of us) Farnum joined at the last minute.

Raoul Walsh, great director, was broken hearted because contract trouble held him up at the pier.

Eddie Sutherland, the director, had his toofies fixed rapidly so he could be a member of the party.

And at the dock—well, Mary Pickford stood. As the steamer became a wisp of smoke on the horizon, she waved, and waved, and waved.

WELL, Ruth Chatterton is busy at Warners—as busy as a couple of hives of bees. "The First Lady of the Screen"— as we and a couple of million others once dubbed her—is at work on her new lot!

In her first picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," she has no less than twenty-one changes of costume. Greer, the famous designer, made them, and it meant a few odd pennies for Greer.

Incidentally, Ruth ordered seventeen new dresses for herself at the same time. And did the designer cash in!

And as for the Hollywood gossip—they DO say that Ruth and husband Ralph Forbes are on the outs.

And Why?

Here's the way such stuff starts. Warners rebuilt Colleen Moore's bungalow for Chatterton. It's a sweet place—one might even say a ducky place.

And Ruth is spending most of her time there, day and night, while "The Rich Are Always With Us" is being made.

Which accounts for the reason that the Chatterton-Forbes separation rumors are now rife.

A swell Girl turned into a Crank and back to a laughing Angel



THIS happened to her. It may happen to you and me! Her skin lost its clear radiance, and languished in dark and sullen dullness. So did her spirit. She became a crank!

No wonder—her whole system was being steadily contaminated by impurities! Both her mind and body were depressed.

She never had realized that internal cleanliness is essential to health. Her cleanliness, *externally*, was exquisite. But she had neglected *internal* cleanliness.

At length, on the advice of her physician, she began to use Sal Hepatica. Her skin freed itself of sallowness and blemishes. Its new peach-blossom fairness echoed her childhood years. And she was again the laughing angel she had been before.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with an equivalent saline benefit. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one week. See how much better you feel, how much fresher and younger you look!



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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-42,
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The other half of beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

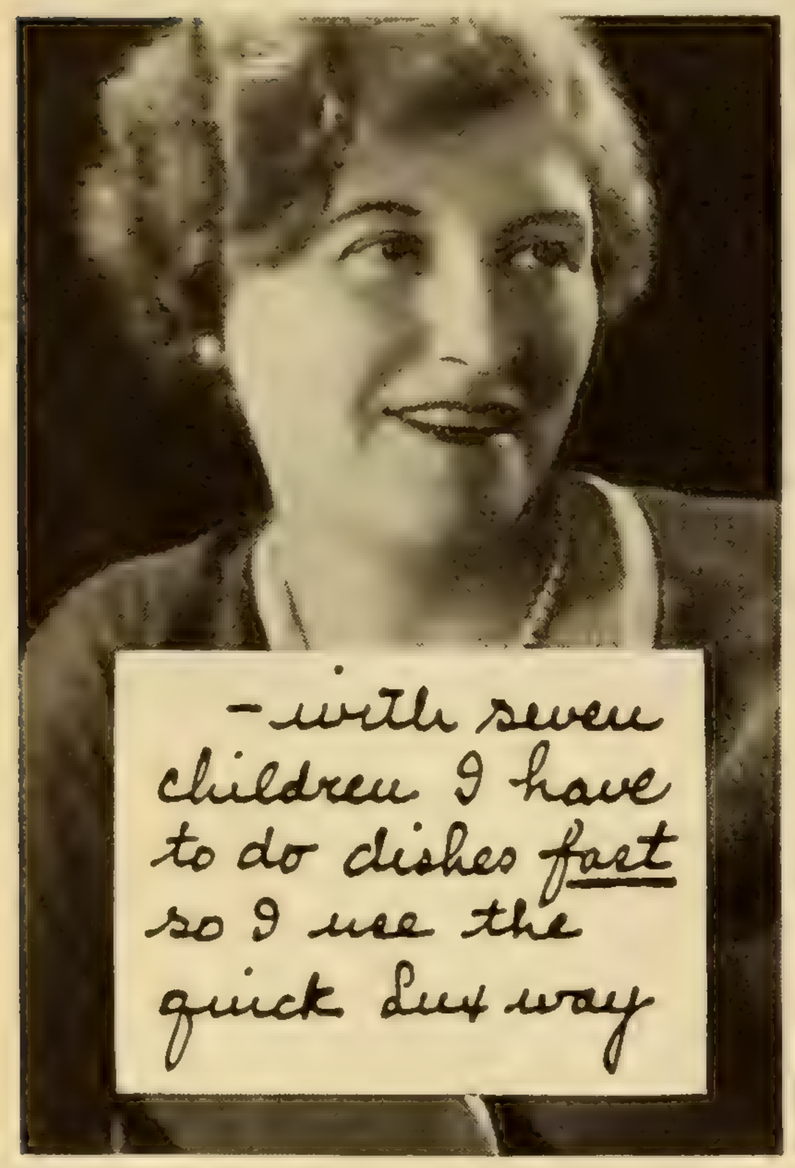
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"Bob says my hands are as pretty as they were on my wedding day, two years ago. My dishpan 'beauty treatment' with Lux keeps them soft as silk and creamy white."

Charlotte Halloran

Mrs. Robert Halloran, Los Angeles, Cal.



"Lux saves me time, saves me work. Those tiny Lux diamonds dissolve like a flash. In lukewarm water, too. Leave even greasy dishes sparkling in no time at all. And the big box of Lux does my family's dishes for a whole month."

Margaret E. Dobbins

Mrs. James Dobbins, Long Island City, N. Y.



LUX
for dishes
Lovely hands for less than 1¢ a day

A FEW months ago when PHOTOPLAY announced that Gloria Swanson was going to have another baby, we received hundreds of letters asking how we knew. PHOTOPLAY was the first to make the announcement.

And now Gloria in London has told interviewers that it's true. She has always said that she wanted another baby as a companion to her own little Gloria and the small boy she adopted.

IT seems to me we're always telling you about the marvelous friendships that exist between certain of the screen stars. And sometimes we get sort of tired of it. There are some lusty first-class hates in Hollywood if anybody should ask you.

Connie Bennett and Lilyan Tashman. Both have been called "the best dressed woman on the screen."

Tallulah **Bankhead** and Marlene Dietrich. When these two were in New York each put on the high manners with the other.

Dietrich confided that she "couldn't bear Miss Bankhead," while Tallulah heaped the old coals of fire by announcing, "Dietrich is just too marvelous!"

Lupe Velez and Ina Claire. The reason for that one's easy to guess. The answer is—Jack Gilbert.

HERE all you young blades who want to be devils with women, take a tip from Hollywood's favorite beau—young Joel McCrea. Joel has escorted Gloria Swanson, Dot Mackaill, Constance Bennett and most of the other high powered queens to all the best places. Before Joan Crawford married Doug he used to sit on the sink in Joan's kitchen and eat green onions with her. Husbands trust him with their wives.

Big stars simply must have him for their leading man.

The secret of his success? Indifference, my good man, indifference.

Joel doesn't chase after them. When they like him he likes them. As simple as that—or is it?

THAT Jimmy Durante—is there no end to his smart cracks?

Not long ago he was having a vacation in a mountain resort when the studio phoned him that he was needed at once to begin work on a new picture, and in order to get to Hollywood on time he would have to drive for sixteen hours without stopping.

"Now say," flipped Durante, "you wouldn't ask Garbo to do that, would you?"

THAT lad Phil Holmes is one of the strangest boys in Hollywood.

Maybe you've noticed that dazed look he gets in some of his pictures.

Maybe you've noticed that occasionally he is like a man walking in his sleep. Well, in a way he is walking in his sleep. He's tired—dead dog tired.

He has worked in pictures for two solid years without a vacation and with sometimes just two days and sometimes just two minutes between pictures.

If you have ever ached with fatigue you will understand why Phil Holmes sometimes appears dazed.

True enough Dick Arlen has worked as hard as Phil and has made as many pictures—but there is a difference in these two young men. They work differently.

Phil acts purely emotionally. He gives all of himself to his rôles.

He cannot detach himself from his screen characters.

He is as sensitive as a poet.

THAT sprightly trade daily, *The Hollywood Reporter*, vouches for the fact that the other night Billy Haines was entertaining in his new apartment with his new butler serving.

When it came time for the coffee the new servant asked the guests, "Will you have large cups or D. T.'s?"

AND in case anybody's interested in white canaries Billy Haines has one.

WILLIAM POWELL has taken a right about face! Supposed to be among the most difficult to handle at Paramount, he is making himself the most affable at First National.

If anyone had told a Paramount executive that Bill would consent to be master of ceremonies, or make a public appearance for them—he'd have had apoplexy.

But when Zanuck asked Bill to officiate at the opening of one of their local theaters, he said he'd be scared to death, but he'd do his best!

And he takes still pictures by the hour without the least remonstrance.

And doesn't tell the directors what to do with his pictures!

ONE year ago Harold Lloyd Jr. arrived in this world weighing just two pounds and fourteen ounces. For days he lay in a hospital incubator with an even chance of living.

Well, that same little Harold Jr. has just celebrated his first birthday, a fat chubby person, thirty-two inches tall and, according to his dad, eats like a truck driver. Little "Bud" as he's been nicknamed, shared his one candle, pink frosted cake, with Peggy and Gloria Lloyd, his two sisters.

PEOPLE are always wondering how Joan Crawford keeps that beautiful figure.

"Must starve herself to death!" they say.

It isn't so.

Joan eats modestly enough, but a starvation diet is no part of her life.

But listen!

She's a bicycle fiend! Every day, when able, she wheels through the Brentwood hills, and a horde of little girls cycle with her, for company.

Does that answer the question of slim hips—and those superb legs?

Meadows! My bicycle.

SPENCER TRACY came limping across the Fox lot the other day.

The entire studio kept attaching various reasons to Spence's limp.

Finally he met Frank Borzage.

"What really did happen, Spence?" Borzage asked.

"Well, if you must know," Tracy replied, "I tripped over the wolf when I came out the door this morning."

LOIS MORAN is scoring a tremendous stage hit in "Of Thee I Sing," the current musical comedy smash on Broadway, with George Gershwin music.



Keystone

The world's fastest traveling cross-country bride. Married to Rudy Vallee less than a year, Fay Webb has made three trips from New York to California to see mama and papa. And every time she steps on the train both she and Rudy croon the same ditty, "This doesn't mean a divorce. It's just because Fay's health is too bad to stand New York winters"

Lois looks lovely, acts nicely, dances beautifully and sings in a very small, very sweet voice. People like her. But that's only half the story.

Behind the successful figure of Lois stands Mrs. Gladys Moran—guard and guide and friend, and creator of Lois' career. No more marvelous figure of a stage mother ever lived—not even the amazing mother of Elsie Janis.

She is short, blue eyed, smiling, patient. She signed all Lois' picture contracts. She invested some of daughter's savings in a smart Beverly Hills sport shop. She studied the stock market—and when it broke and collapsed, was ready to sell short. Wall Street brokers respect Mother Moran as a smart trader.

Lois Moran today is very rich, almost a millionaire—thanks to the smart, smiling Mrs. Gladys Moran. And when her stage run is over, it's dollars to sinkers that she will go back to Hollywood and big dramatic parts. Mother will see to that. "Mother knows best!"

WALTER WINCHELL tells a pretty cute story about the time that Bolton Mallory took his wife, Nancy Carroll, back to Omaha to see the home folks. Seems that



Look Enchanting...This Spring

IN SPRINGTIME, you are inspired to look your loveliest! Romance is in the very air! So dismiss every flaw or blemish from your face—and transform your complexion to entrancing loveliness in a few short weeks...under the guidance of Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the world's foremost authority on beauty care.

Helena Rubinstein has devoted a lifetime to beauty—as a science—analyzing millions of faces—and creating "specialized" creams and lotions for every facial need.

For the busy young woman who cannot devote more than a few moments daily to her looks, Mme. Rubinstein recommends her Pasteurized Face Cream—for a quick daily "renovation" of the face. Exquisitely rich, plastic, concentrated—this cream molds over the tissues and deep into the pores. It absorbs hidden impurities—revitalizes important skin glands—lends youthful glamour to the face. Fine lines are molded out of existence. Blemishes soon disappear. The skin is left soft, protected ...satin-smooth! This unique cream comes in three distinctive blends. For normal skin — PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM. For oily, sallow skin—PASTEURIZED BLEACHING CREAM. For dry skin —PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM "SPECIAL". Each in a generous jar at one dollar.

•

FOR BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, OILY SKIN —Valaze Beauty Grains. Corrects oiliness, refines skin, dissolves blackheads—1.00

TO CLEAR AND BEAUTIFY—use Valaze Skin Clearing Cream (Beautifying Skinfood) youthifies—clears away sallowness, freckles—1.00

TO TONE AND BRACE—Valaze Skin Toning Lotion (Normal and Oily)—or "Special" for Dry Skin. Closes pores, refines texture, corrects fine lines—1.25

"PERSONALITY MAKE-UP"

WEATHERPROOF BEAUTY POWDER—1.50—in the new "transparent" Porcelain Natural or Ivory Rachel. ROUGE (en creme or compact) —1.00—in the alluring new Red Coral—and the entrancing Red Raspberry and Red Geranium. NEW AUTOMATIC LIPSTICK—dazzling—indelible!—1.00. WATER LILY LIPSTICK —1.25. PERSIAN EYEBLACK (Mascara)—1.00. EYELASH GROWER AND DARKENER — 1.00.

Secure these creations from Authorized Helena Rubinstein Representatives among the better department and drug stores—or, if unobtainable, communicate with

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Please send me without charge full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin.

TEXTURE OF SKIN: ☐ DRY ☐ MEDIUM ☐ OILY

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☐ DROOPING CHIN ☐ OILY NOSE ☐ PIMPLES, ACNE ☐ ROUGH ELBOWS ☐ THIN LASHES

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For Sparkle and Smiles Like Dorothy Mackaill's



wear these shoes that put you AT EASE

GIRLS! Women! Put your feet at ease on the wonderful natural arch bridge of Natural Bridge Shoes . . . and your whole system will tune itself to the gay tempo of youth! You'll never know the enervating drain of arch strain when you give your *natural* arch this constant, *normal* support.

Standing, sitting, walking, these shoes are a joy. Good to look at, they fit your foot in action as becomingly as in repose. See your dealer today and start smiling in Natural Bridge Shoes. Natural Bridge Shoemakers, Lynchburg, Va.



The Modette
$5

The Cardy
$6

Natural Bridge Shoes
Good to the FOOT...Good to the EYE
Good to the POCKETBOOK...
..$5 and $6

AAAA to EEE
Combination Lasts
Assuring Perfect Fit

everybody kept calling up and wanting to talk to the star.

At about the twenty-fifth call Mallory had taken for Nancy someone said, "Is this the Imperial Garage?"

"No," bellowed Bolton, "but don't hang up. I want to talk to somebody."

HEDDA HOPPER has decided that playing the Hollywood social game gets her just exactly nowhere on the screen. The trouble is that when you make friends with a director you can't argue with him.

Hedda wanted the rôle that Irene Rich played in "Five and Ten." She went to her friend, Director Bob Leonard, and begged for the part.

"But you don't look like a small-town merchant's wife," he said.

Hedda was born in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, and spent most of her life in Altoona. She is really a small-town girl but she didn't say so because she figured that Bob was a pal and she couldn't tell a pal he was wrong.

So Hedda has decided to give up the drawing room for the vaudeville dressing room.

"Social contacts are a lot of bunk," Hedda thinks.

She's going to have a flyer in vaudeville and try to get back her professional standing that way.

WELL, well, but George Brent (Warner Bros.' new hope for the Gable throne!) is surely getting initiated to movie life with a vengeance.

He's been playing opposite Ruth Chatterton and Barbara Stanwyck at the same time—running from one set to the other.

In his excitement to do two parts well and at the same time, he got a bit upset on the "So Big"-Stanwyck set the other morning and backed right up against the salamander. That is the stove with which they heat stages.

His trousers, the seat, if you **please,** caught fire.

And for a moment it looked as if two ladies were going to be out a leading man.

They put the fire out. It burned right through, but that was only a small part of the worry.

George was able to go on—but the pants. It was a brand new suit made especially for the picture.

They shot other scenes until they could duplicate them.

WHAT? Our own Ronald Colman arrested? And in war-torn Shanghai, of all places.

Ronald, it seems, went out for a quiet stroll along the streets of Shanghai where he's visiting, when things were **happening,** only to be seized by local police and dragged to headquarters.

Ronald didn't know it, of course, but he was violating an emergency order forbidding civilians to be on the streets between ten P. M. and four A. M.

After warning Ronald not to commit the same offense again, they let him go.

COMICAL signs are eternal, and common, yet we can't resist retailing the one seen on a Hollywood theater.

It says—

"Two Kinds of Women—

"Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes."

Write your own ticket. It's funny or it isn't—as you choose!



International

"I'm through with men!" said Helene Costello with a defiant look at the cameraman, who packed up his little graflex and fled right after this picture was snapped. "Oh, pooh!" answered sister Dolores Costello (Mrs. Jack) Barrymore. "Some day you'll find a man as nice as my Jack and you'll forget all that." But Helene, following her separation from Lowell Sherman, sailed away for France and England. Dolores and Jack, you know, are expecting another little Barrymore

INSIDE stuff!

Although Bebe Daniels still has one more picture on her contract at First National, it's fifty to one she'll never make it.

The studio has been trying to buy up her contract and we understand they'll let it lapse if she doesn't take the offer.

A HOLLYWOOD wit tells this one. Sam Mintz, part author of "Skippy," met an independent producer on the street soon after the release of that picture.

"Sam," the producer said very confidentially, "I want you to write 'Skippy' for me."

"Why, it's been done," Mintz replied.

"I know, I know," the producer said impatiently, "but not with a girl it hasn't been done."

PEGGY SHANNON, that red-haired beauty, was tabbed by Paramount as Clara Bow's successor. So was Sylvia Sidney, but Sylvia disappeared into dramatic rôles, leaving the hotsy-totsy parts to Peggy. But what happened to her? Where has she gone, and why?

She says it's bad rôles—that Paramount gave her inconsequential parts in silly pictures, such as mere bits in "The Road to Reno" and "Touchdown." She may say that Sylvia Sidney got all the breaks, and she got none, except bad ones.

Paramount says something else. The company claims that Peggy was hard to handle—that she ranted and squawked too much about her parts—openly accused executives of playing favorites.

AND the result? Peggy Shannon, with a great chance, was "sold down the river." That is, she was loaned to other companies whenever possible. Tiffany borrowed her for "Hotel Continental."

And then came a magnificent break—the sort that could only happen in filmland!

Fox began a still hunt for personalities. Peggy wanted her release from Paramount and got it. Fox gave her a test. It was great! Now she has another chance with the Fox crowd—a grand one. If she gets good stories, able direction, and doesn't run around with a chip on her shoulder—maybe we'll hear more, and much, of Peggy Shannon, the lovely redhead who had a great opportunity—and muffed it!

THE winter brought a flu epidemic to California. So bad that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer established gargling machines on every set and in every office. Every actor and actress was requested to use the gargle to stop the spread of the disease.

All except Garbo! Not a soul said a word about it to her. And she did not have influenza!

WELL, George Bancroft went temperamental again during the making of "The World and the Flesh."

In fact, he announced that Director John Cromwell was trying to take "the Bancroft out of Bancroft," and walked out of the picture.

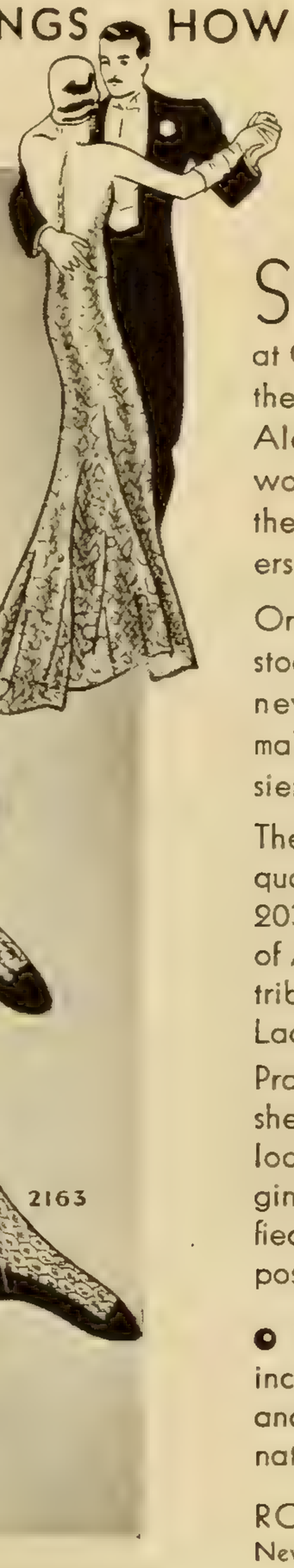
George, who has been a goody-goody since his last trouble with Paramount, went to a lawyer. But Paramount calmly chose Charles Bickford for the rôle—and George, when he heard that, just as calmly went back to work.

Temperament is out of date in Hollywood!



RARE OLD *Laces* SHED THE PRIMNESS OF LAVENDER TRADITIONS and SHOW STOCKINGS HOW TO BE SWANK





SPECIMENS of Point de Gaze copied from the treasures of a Flemish lady at Ghent. Appliques on net sketched at the Youghal convent in Ireland. Real Alençon Point procured from the needleworkers at Bayeux, France . . . such are the sources exploited by Rollins designers in adapting lace to Rollins Hosiery.

Originators of the lace idea in fine silk stockings, Rollins continues to introduce new lace tops and all-over laces to make the Rollins collection of lace hosiery even more complete.

The latest excitement for Spring is a quartet of filmy filets—styles 2153, 2163, 2033 and 2243—simulating the patterns of Argentella Point. Each a worthy contribution to the Rollins Renaissance of Lace.

Practical, too, despite their laciness and sheerness. Because the lacy stitches are looped and lockstitched to resist snagging. And the genuine Runstop, identified as a dainty red line at the hem is positive protection against garter runs.

● NEW SPRING COLORS by Rollins including Vanity, Sandwhite, Tendresse and Sunbeige are accurately coordinated with the colors of Spring fabrics.

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ROLLINS LACES
Style 2153..1.95 Style 2243..1.95
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Style 2183..1.95 Style 2073..1.65
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ROLLINS LACE TOP CHIFFONS
Featured in five popular-priced groups
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Rollins Runstop Hosiery



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Here's a beauty-bargain: the LUXOR SPECIAL a whole beauty-treatment for 50¢

Regular 75c value



WE EXTEND the privilege of the "Luxor Special" again! The combination package containing a full-size 50c box of Luxor face-powder . . . and a free cake of our 25c Cold Cream Facial Soap . . . all for 50c!

When you first pat on the Luxor face-powder, you just notice its fine texture, its delicate fragrance. But after a moment you find with delight that all your skin seems to be transformed . . . that it's smooth as satin, soft, and radiantly fresh. That's because this "powder that is pure" is sifted to marvelous fineness through layers of silk.

Ask your dealer for the "Luxor Special." Remember—a full box of the powder, and a free cake of our bland, mild complexion-soap. A whole beauty-treatment—the cost, 50c! And ask for it soon—the supply of "Specials" is necessarily limited.

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I enclose ten cents for a generous sample of the face-powder. Check ___Rachel, ___Flesh, ___White.

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HOLLYWOOD'S gossips call George O'Brien "The boy who always falls in love with his leading woman."

And Conchita Montenegro, who played opposite him in "The Gay Caballero," was no exception.

Everyone thought this was True Love—for ever and ever and ever. But George set out on a trip to China, and Conchita hopped a plane for New York and a stage show.

And Hollywood's **romantic** souls sighed a deep sigh. Always disappointed.

"Just another one of those things!" they said, and went back to their knitting, or their cocktail shaking.

AND here's another Barrymore story somebody remembers.

When John, Ethel and Lionel were little kids they came to the theater during rehearsal to visit their father. Unable to leave at lunch time he gave each of the children fifty cents for their lunch. And Barrymore like, they went to Delmonicos, the most expensive place in town.

In vain they searched the menu for something that could be bought for fifty cents. At last a waiter tottered by carrying a huge tray of French pastries. "How much are those," John asked. "Fifty cents, sir," the waiter replied. "Fine," John said, "bring on three trays. This is the place to come," John said with his mouth full of pastry.

And a half hour later their father was quickly summoned to the restaurant. They had consumed exactly thirty dollars worth of pastry among them, never dreaming their fifty cents didn't buy the tray full.

WELL, Wally Beery is a real daddy now and no mistake! The Beerys recently adopted a baby girl.

A visitor happened out to Wally's house the other day and there was Wally folding and pinning a diaper on the baby!

And, "Look," Wally said to his speechless friend, "the proper way to do this is to fold it square and pin it on the side."

And there you have movies' favorite bad man!

JOAN BENNETT has been one of the busiest girls in Hollywood recently.

In the first place, every one in town has been



And may all your children be acrobats—which in this case, Tom, isn't the old trouper's curse. Here is the first picture of Tom Mix and his new bride, taken after their marriage in Mexicali. She was Mabel Ward, a famous aerialist in Tom's circus—you know her, hanging on with one arm at the top of the big tent. Now she says she's going to hang onto Tom—and PHOTOPLAY wishes them both a ten-gallon hat full of happiness

anxious to see that unusual star sapphire which Gene Markey gave her for an engagement ring. It's almost navy blue, set with small pearls.

Any one with even a speaking acquaintance has tried to see her on one excuse or another.

Then, there was that business of joining a church before she got married. Taking the vows of her new husband's religion.

And on top of that, being made honorary colonel of the 347th Field Artillery—the red tape of going through signing of papers, both federal and state; being fitted for a uniform; arranging to attend the military dinner in her honor. And, just incidentally, getting ready for her wedding!

In between, Joan went to a party.

Another guest remarked; "Goodness, but Joan is snooty. She won't talk to anyone but her own little clique."

A member of that "clique" answered, "If you had as much on your mind, you'd be preoccupied, too."

Both were right, judging from Joan's record.

A NEW Gable yarn!

Some one remarked on the gray hair Clark wears for his rôle of the doctor in "Strange Interlude."

"Swell wig, Clark," the friend said.

"Wig," Clark growled, "that's no wig. I saw myself in 'Polly of the Circus' last night and my hair turned white overnight."

AFTER making New York, Los Angeles and various other cities sit up and take notice of her extraordinary **talent** in the concert field, Doris Kenyon is back in Hollywood, and starting "Young America" for Fox. It looked for a time as if Doris was to be lost to pictures.

Newspaper reports were wildly enthusiastic over her concert work, which combines much of the artistry of Yvette Gilbert and Raquel Meller. She has never been more beautiful than now, and her concert triumphs should add considerable poise and depth to her future screen work.

THAT exciting new book, "The Life of Jackie Cooper," by his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper, will soon be on the book stands.

Even though Jackie's a mere child, he's had enough excitement and trouble packed into his life to satisfy many adults.

Cold hotel rooms, draughty stage wings, miserable boarding houses, long uncomfortable train rides, were the fate of a lonely little Jackie while accompanying his mother on her vaudeville tours.

All these and more Mrs. Cooper tells in her book. And what a difference just a few years and a stroke of luck can bring!

There isn't a child more feted, more famous than the same little fellow who, just a few years ago, trudged his weary way through mud and slush to wait for "Mummy" in theater wings.

AND from now on the Greta will be dropped and it will appear on billboards and theater marquees as just plain "Garbo."

UPON their recent trip to New York, June Collyer and Stuart Erwin stayed with June's parents in their Park Avenue apartment.

Somebody asked Dad where the children were stopping. He chuckled, "Both these children are Scotch. Where do you suppose they are stopping?"

Marlboro—America's finest Cigarette

In response to [illegible] request, Philip Morris announces a Third Contest

MARLBOR[illegible]ES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

F[illegible] contestants; and, maybe, a million friends [illegible] joyed the natural association between handwriting and America's finest cigarette.



Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

$500 in Cash

(150 Prizes)

NO cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro—America's Finest Cigarette.

150 PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE $100*

SECOND PRIZE $75*

THIRD PRIZE $50*

FOURTH PRIZE $25*

5th to 19th PRIZES $10*

20th to 39th PRIZES $5*

40th to 150th PRIZES

A Special Library Package 100 Marlboro Ivory Tips

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE — Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris, Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

* **DOUBLE PRIZES** to Marlboro smokers. Anyone is eligible to win any prize. Believing, nevertheless, the cultured good taste which awakens an instinctive preference for Marlboros will reveal itself in the handwriting of Marlboro smokers, we offer in each and every case to double the prize when, as, and if, the winning answer is written on, or accompanied by, the front wrapper from a package of Marlboros.

Marlboro—Plain or Ivory Tipped. Successful cigarette of successful men. And smart women. Don't delay your try at double prizes. Send your distinguished handwriting to Philip Morris & Company, 119-C Fifth Avenue, New York City

MARLBORO

Always fresh . . — *Mild as May* — *. . Wrapped in heavy foil*

PLAIN OR IVORY TIPPED

What is the doctor's opinion of your laxative?

You wouldn't dare take medicine from a bottle without a label. Yet so many people dose themselves with wrong laxatives, regularly, without knowing what their action is.

There are many laxatives—some not good for you—some inviting after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring.

Your doctor will tell you that more important than mere results is *how* a laxative works.

Follow the Doctor's advice

Ask the doctor about the laxative you are taking. You will find that the medical profession has a definite code of standards for a laxative.

A laxative, says the doctor, should be safe, and gentle in its action. It shouldn't gripe. It shouldn't be absorbed by the system. It shouldn't disturb digestion.

A laxative should not overstimulate the intestines—thus weakening the natural functions. It shouldn't be habit-forming.

Here's one laxative that checks on every point the doctor looks for—it's Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts as Nature acts

Ex-Lax is safe, effective—pleasant. It tastes like chocolate. Yet it contains that scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—in just the right quality, the right proportion, the right dose.

Gently, yet thoroughly, Ex-Lax stimulates the bowels to normal, healthful action. It doesn't "whip" the intestines—it stimulates them! It simply helps Nature to help you.

Take Ex-Lax tonight! Results will delight you. Ex-Lax is ideal for children as well as for grown-ups.

At all drug stores in 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

—the safe laxative that tastes like chocolate

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. A 42

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name

Address

.....

HE had been friendly with her before Hollywood flattered him into forgetting her and his other pals. He remembered her when Hollywood, after a short and merry whirl, forgot him along with hundreds of other potential male stars.

Then he met her on Hollywood Boulevard and to her astonishment fairly gushed over her. The gushing led to a rushing: "Do you know, I need five hundred dollars as nobody ever needed five hundred dollars," he said.

She smiled.

"Really? Well, let me know where you get the five hundred dollars. I could use it myself. Toodle-oo."

She hasn't seen him since.

ACCORDING to *Variety* Spencer Tracy, who is a father, has been taking little Dickie Moore to lunch a lot during the making of "Disorderly Conduct," and, knowing what kids should eat, always ordered a vegetable plate for Dickie.

But finally the kid got to refusing the lunch dates.

Tracy asked what was the trouble. "Well, you see," Dickie replied, "I gotta eat spinach at home."

ZASU PITTS—the greatest and most famous unstarred actress in Hollywood's history — is divorcing Tom Gallery.

Who's he? An ex-actor, a fight promoter, etc.

And she?

The mightiest picture saver and stealer in film history.

And this brings to mind the fact that Barbara La Marr's son, whom ZaSu adopted at the time of Bab's death, is now nine years old. And so is ZaSu's own daughter.

Never mind, ZaSu!

The time will come when filmland will erect a monument to you, sweetest of mothers, kindest of friends.

Photoplay's $500.00 Treasure Hunt

Read the rules carefully before hunting words

1. Thirty-three cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First Prize	$200.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	50.00
Thirty Prizes of $5.00 Each	150.00

2. In this issue PHOTOPLAY Magazine has designated throughout the editorial pages in **blackface** type sixty words. When fifty of these words are assembled they tell a little tale of picture people. $500.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correct story from these fifty assembled words.

3. Solutions are to be written on one side of the paper only. The full name and correct address of the contestant should be written or typewritten on the same sheet of paper as the solution.

4. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to participate in this Treasure Hunt. You do not have to buy a single issue. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, from which the words can be copied, may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

6. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant. Neatness in submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes.

7. The April issue contest will close at Midnight, May 5. All solutions received to the moment of Midnight, May 5, will be considered. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. The prize winners will be announced in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, which goes on sale on or about June 15. No solutions will be returned.

8. All solutions are to be sent to TREASURE HUNT EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

YESSIR, Garbo wears her own mink coat—the one in which she wrapped herself when she was avoiding New York reporters—in "Grand Hotel." It's the first time she has worn any of her own togs in a picture.

JACK HOLT, who usually plays rough and ready characters and hard ridin' cow punchers on the screen, is one of the old Virginney Holts, suh, and is proud of it. What's more his Colonial house is furnished throughout in genuine antiques.

As a matter of fact, Jack is a complete paradox. A man's man, a cow boy, a one time civil engineer and once an engineer on a New York subway, he is one of the most sartorially perfect gents in Hollywood and is a beautiful dancer. And he loves to dance and play the gallant in smart drawing rooms. Yet for all his love of nice clothes (and he's as **handsome** a figure as you'll want to see in full dress) he hates a shirt and, in the daytime, invariably wears a sweater instead of a shirt, with a silk scarf around his neck.

AND still they come, these foreign beauties. Out at Universal is Tala Birell, a Viennese. And now none other than Sari Maritza, Charlie Chaplin's object of feverish excitement in Europe. Sari, in spite of the name, is an English girl, sanely and sensibly named Patricia Nathan. But you know these movies. They must be different.

KAREN MORLEY has her own little idea of mystery—not copied from Garbo, either.

She wants to have dark hair in one picture, blonde in the next, bobbed in another; long



Lovely Sally Blane, featured in Columbia Pictures, smiles approval of Princess Pat almond base face powder.



What happened to Barry Norton? Once a promising silent film player, once one of the most romantic figures in Hollywood with an elaborate apartment and swanky cars, later a most creditable actor in Marlene Dietrich's "Dishonored," he suddenly dropped from view and nobody knew what had become of him. Six months later he bobbed up again. Barry had thumbed his nose at films and run away to the South Seas where he went native and wore a pith helmet like this

Once to

every woman . . .

THE STORY OF FACE POWDER IS NEW

Always to Every Woman her discovery means "Twice the Beauty from Powder"

by Patricia Gordon

Would you want face powder to give you utterly new beauty . . . to impart smooth, aristocratic skin texture hitherto unknown . . . to cling the entire day . . . to be fascinatingly mysterious as to lustrous, pearly hues and subtlety of shades? Why not? It is a matter for your own decision.

Once to every woman the story of Princess Pat powder is *new*. She learns that of *all* powders *only* Princess Pat has a base of soft, caressing, precious almond. She learns that *usual* face powders (likely the one she uses) have a base of *starch*.

Almond Base Completely Alters Face Powder

The very "feel" of Princess Pat powder discloses its unequalled *softness*. There is none of the dusty dryness of starch base. One word comes instantly to mind to describe Princess Pat almond base powder—the word "velvety." It is a lovely sensation just to apply Princess Pat powder—a feeling that the skin is being made silken—a knowledge that no harsh, drawn effect will vex sensitive skin. And with continued use, you find that the almond base improves your skin, preventing coarse pores.

The Famous "Invisible Beauty" of Princess Pat

Almond base imparts to Princess Pat powder a mystical quality of translucence. Your skin is given utmost beauty without appearance of having been powdered. This is the lovely effect every woman desires—perfect illusion. It is the magic of beauty "*invisibly produced*,"—for which Princess Pat powder is famous. So many powders are obvious, chalky, instantly to be detected. But with Princess Pat, your mirror says "beauty," not "powder."

New, Fashionable Shades

All the usual powder shades are made by Princess Pat, though created in richer hues, through the exclusive secret of *prismatic blending*. But more than this, Princess Pat gives you certain *exclusive* shades, setting the new *powder fashions*. The famous *Olde Ivory*, for example—adorable for fair skins; Princess Pat *Ochre*—loveliest of shades for medium complexions; *Tan*—of marvelous beauty for dark, gypsy types.

Try Face Powder of Almond Base

You have used starch base powders—one or many. Unless you have used Princess Pat, you have never tried powder of *almond base;* for almond, *instead* of starch is an *exclusive Princess Pat* secret.



Once to every woman . . . *comes the first knowledge of Princess Pat powder—giving "twice the beauty." To know, to try, to fall in love with Princess Pat powder is the experience of millions of women seeking wondrous new beauty.*

Princess Pat

LONDON CHICAGO

FREE PRINCESS PAT, Dept. A-2064
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.

☐ Flesh ☐ Olde Ivory (Naturelle) ☐ White
☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve ☐ Tan

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

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COLDS
hang on!



do this right now!

Go straight to the nearest drug store. Ask for Mentholatum. Use it right now—for quick, sure relief. Put a little in each nostril to clear your head. Rub it into throat and chest to prevent or break up congestion.





Your Form
Beautifully Developed

IS FASHION'S DECREE—*a full, rounded form of feminine grace and charm.* If you are flat-chested and unattractive, investigate the National Developer. Sold for sixteen years—praised by hundreds. Write for booklet, "BEAUTY CURVES DEVELOPED," sent FREE—no obligation.

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in the following, etc. And she doesn't want the public to know what her own hair really is. She's forever trying on wigs, to prove just how many different types she can be.

Well, too bad, Karen, it won't work. We're going to spoil your secret right now. You're an ash blonde; you wear a Garbo bob and your hair is naturally curly.

Incidentally, she's determined that her rôles shall be as varied as her head-dresses. She literally begged to play the nagging wife of Bill Haines in "Are You Listening?" This is a rôle without one ounce of sympathy, and when every other woman player on the lot was shunning it, Karen asked for it—with Madge Evans, as the "other woman," getting all the breaks.

"I don't want sympathy. I want parts!"

IF you imagine the movies don't go in for details, listen to this one!

In a certain scene in "The Man Who Played God," George Arliss raises a violin high above his head and bringing it down with a bang, smashes it on a table.

The scene was shot no less than a half dozen times, and each time it was reshot, production was held up while a man rushed in and tuned up the next violin so that when it was smashed, *the strings would vibrate in tune!* Tie that!

EDGAR WALLACE'S death came as a terrific shock to Hollywood. And, yet, Hollywood took a bit of an ironic view. No one could come here and *live* who wrote three original stories in less than two months and had them accepted. Radio will produce them as rapidly as possible.

In addition to this, he completed two complete novels and wrote a daily column for an English syndicate.

It just couldn't be done in a city where it usually takes six months to whip one story into shape.

Incidentally, following Hollywood's custom of keeping engagements at any cost caused his death. He had a severe cold. He was entertaining Hollywood celebrities at the Embassy's Saturday night party. They urged him to cancel. Hollywood doesn't cancel. Mr. Wallace—trying to do in Rome what Romans do—went to the party. He was taken home very ill. Three days later he died of pneumonia.

THAT little Virginia Cherrill—remember her when she was Chaplin's leading woman in "City Lights"?—has broken right into the big social register book and has gone high, high society. She's been doing all the places with William Rhinelander Stewart (and you've got to give all three names when you're mentioning these society swells). Stewart went to sea with Vincent Astor, on the Astor yacht. He went to the South Seas.

Then he got lonesome for Virginia and wired her asking her to be his bride—or at least that's what they do say.

Virginia packed up and sailed for the South Seas and maybe by the time you read this they'll be married and maybe the ceremony will be performed on the Astor yacht. And if ever Virginia goes back to Hollywood can't she look down her nose at Connie Bennett!

"AND it's the cutest baby in town," or anyhow that's what her mother thinks. The mother is Bessie Love. The father William Hawks.

The baby weighed seven and one-fourth pounds. And was named Patricia.

Can You Keep Within Your Budget?

MANY people are finding it difficult to make "ends" meet these days—but there is a way that you can increase your earnings so that you can buy the little "extras" that you want.

PHOTOPLAY is looking for energetic subscription representatives everywhere. The work does not require special training—it is pleasant and the earnings are large, depending upon the time devoted.

Some of the features that will help you sell PHOTOPLAY are:

Truthful reviews of current pictures.

Stories about your favorite stars.

"Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood."

The general beauty of its rotogravure and duotone color sections.

Foremost among the features exclusive in PHOTOPLAY are the Hollywood fashions by Seymour—and now "THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP" in which Miss Van Wyck tells the beauty secrets of the stars and how to improve one's beauty and personal charms.

PHOTOPLAY will help you in every possible manner.

Send the coupon below.

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Desk B4, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Please tell me, without obligation on my part, how I may earn this extra money.

Name

Address

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State

DID you ever wonder what has become of Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky—that pair of lovebirds who once shone in the film heavens, and then disappeared?

They're the busiest couple in Hollywood right now. They are preparing themselves for the stage—and, eventually, the screen. Seems funny, but it's true!

"We're not ready, and we know it," say these two veteran troupers, going to school again. So they are studying voice with Kayser, a famous expert on speech, and Vilma is practicing music with Caruso's old teacher. In the meantime, both have refused stage and screen offers—one from London.

Vilma's accent is still thick—and that is one of the things she is working on. And you'll hear from this fine pair again, and probably enjoy their work more than ever!

HOLLYWOOD has been taken for another ride via the hoax route. This time a couple of bright newspaper boys played the joke that still has the film colony snickering.

It happened at the opening of "Mata Hari." Hundreds of **important** stars had arrived, been photographed, autographed books and spoken sweetly into the microphone.

At last an imported car drew up to the curb. Nobody recognized it as Rudy Valentino's old machine which is now owned by a rental garage. From the car stepped—guess who?

Well, he looked exactly like Albert (Relativity) Einstein. He spoke not a single word, autographed not a single book. When Sid Grauman rushed up to him he turned haughtily away. One star twittered to another, "Should I speak to him now or try to get to him later?"

And everybody wondered how the two newspaper men had become chummy enough with him to have him at an opening.

The next day the story was told. Professor Einstein's impersonator (although nobody had said he was the star gazer) was a local tailor named Goldberg—all dressed up in a rented Tuxedo. He is a dead ringer for Einstein.

AT the opening of "Hell Divers" a woman rushed up to Clark Gable and held out a jeweled evening purse, asking him to autograph the flap. The bag was obviously of great value so Clark said, "But haven't you a piece of paper, madam?"

She insisted upon his writing on the purse.

Clark turned to the woman's husband. The husband smiled. "Go ahead. You'll spoil her entire evening if you don't sign it."

JETTA GOUDAL won her case against Cecil DeMille in the Supreme Court, and it looks as if Mr. DeMille is going to have to pay that $34,531.23. The court finds Jetta not unduly temperamental.

QUICK! What do you think?

Joan Crawford carries large gray silk hankies, with a picture of Marlene Dietrich worked in one corner.

And there's friendship, and a swell idea for you girls. You're welcome!

Use the ballot on page 118 to cast your vote for the Best Picture of 1931



DRY-HAIRED GIRLS

study this micro-diagram

Dry, fly-away hair—wispy, harsh. How unkempt it looks in a close-up!

Now look at the micro-diagram. That long spear is a hair magnified many times. The little plume-like sacs attached to it are oil-glands. Over 900 of these glands in each square inch of scalp must be *normally active* to keep your hair soft and lovely.

When these glands are sub-normal and your scalp becomes tight, the hair does not get enough oil to lubricate it. Thorough cleansing and massage are needed, but be careful to wash your hair with a shampoo *made for dry hair*. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo *is* made especially for dry hair. It is enriched with glycerine and other soothing ingredients to soften the hair and restore its silken gloss.

Shampoo *regularly* with Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo—every week or ten days, if need be. Make each cleansing a scientific home *treatment* to revive the natural beauty of your hair.

FOR OILY HAIR... Packer also makes a shampoo especially for *oily* hair. This is Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo. It is mildly astringent. Frequent use tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands and keep your hair fluffy and fine.

FREE: 32-page illustrated book, "The Care of the Hair." For your copy, write PACKER, Dept. 16-D, 101 West 31st Street, New York.





PACKER'S

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
FOR DRY HAIR

PINE TAR SHAMPOO
FOR OILY HAIR



Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE *New* NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF *Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the NEW Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the NEW Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

For 10c and coupon below we will send special Purse Size for trial

The NEW *Maybelline*
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Clip —FOR PURSE SIZE 12-4

MAYBELLINE CO.,
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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

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*Town*_____ *State*_____

TALK about a show-woman! We'll hand Marie Dressler a palm-leaf after hearing this one! Why not?

Marie was returning from one of her trips to Europe. Reporters and photographers were at the boat to meet her. They shot dozens of pictures and were finished when one of the boys said, "Well, what about some leg-art, Miss Dressler?"

He was kidding, but Marie saw her chance. "Certainly, boys. Certainly."

Up went her foot on the rail; up went her skirts to the knee. Marie wasn't letting any of the younger Hollywood gals get ahead of her. She never does.

OVER at M-G-M studios there's a man employed on the "Grand Hotel" set, just to see that the clocks and time pieces are correctly set.

JANET GAYNOR'S home—and at work!

Little Janet, as winsome and sweet as ever, after a long visit to the old world.

Here's the lowest of low down.

Janet hated England. They spoke our language—but it was dark and foggy every blessed day she was there.

But in the south—ah, another story. Janet spent a lot of time in Italy, and she loved it, for Italy is the nome of sunshine, and softness, and sweetness, and sunshine means Hollywood—and home!

Mother Gaynor was with her, and so was Husband Lydell Peck.

In spite of the nasty cracks the press has carried about those two—they're happy, and much in love.

THERE seems to be no more talk, these days, of Marlene (Legs) Dietrich being a carbon copy of Garbo.

Yet they certainly do wear the same sort of duds!

Dietrich goes to lunch in the Paramount commissary wearing a small blue beret, wide sailor pants and an odd little jacket. That's a Garbo get-up, and no mistake.

On rainy days, she goes in for a Leopard coat with a big collar, a tiny tam, and high Russian boots—and no umbrella.

But after all, what has that to do with her pictures—her screen appeal?

Nobody can deny that Marlene is one of the most **glamorous** women ever to come to the American screen. And as far as most of us are concerned, she can wear anything she likes.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—baggy pants, limber cane, woe-begone face—may never be seen on the screen again!

At least, that's what his advance agent, back from Charlie's side in Switzerland, says.

It seems that the great clown, well over forty, wants to throw away the makeup and devote himself exclusively to directing.

IT was no surprise when John Barrymore signed a five-year contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—where brother Lionel has risen to a fame which equals, if not surpasses, John's.

John signed for "Arsene Lupin" and "Grand Hotel" by the picture but his new arrangement is a week-by-week one. No, he doesn't get as much money as he did at Warners. Warners payed him $175,000 a picture, plus $50,000 cash against a certain percentage of the profits. Metro pays him, we understand, a flat $150,000 for "Arsene Lupin," and a little less for "Grand Hotel" with its huge cast—the most costly in the history of pictures. It is nice to know that the new Barrymore baby won't come into the world hampered by financial worries!

BRAMWELL FLETCHER and Gwen McCormack seem headed for wedding bells at this writing. Bramwell is the stage actor, you know, recently recruited to pictures and Gwen's the daughter of John McCormack, the Irish tenor. Oh, she's done a few bits but doesn't seem to have actress ambitions!

IF you think that the movies are growing old and blasé and fed-up—listen to this story, which is so superbly what the world believes of Hollywood that if it appeared as fiction, no none would credit it for an instant!

In St. Louis was a James Force, who was an insurance broker. But selling insurance did not satisfy him. He had, and has, the heart of an actor. He believes that he can do the sort of thing that made Lon Chaney famous. But he not only believes—he acted!

So Mr. Force gave up his insurance business, and sold his many friends on his acting ability. He sold them so well that a group of his fellow businessmen underwrote him for three years, promising him $250 a month upkeep, until he made good in pictures. And he's coming to Hollywood under this arrange-

PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITES

PHOTOPLAY'S readers are constantly asking for new photographs of their favorite motion picture stars, and we are pleased to announce that PHOTOPLAY has just received new pictures of the following ten players:

Constance Bennett	Robert Montgomery
James Dunn	Joan Crawford
Fredric March	Clark Gable
Norma Shearer	Marlene Dietrich
Greta Garbo	Miriam Hopkins

We are sure you will be pleased to have these pictures to add to your collection. These prints, 8 by 10 inches, can be obtained for twenty-five cents each, by addressing PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Or you can obtain any four of these pictures Free by using the coupon on page 130.

ment. If, and when, he makes good, he is to pay his backers their principal, and some interest, for a period of ten years.

What a salesman!

EVERYTIME Mrs. Jean Hersholt hears hubby Jean creeping carefully up the stairs with a bulky package under his coat she knows he's bought another first edition.

His library is already insured for $41,000 and he's always bringing home a new volume he's just picked up at "such a bargain, dear, that I couldn't pass it up."

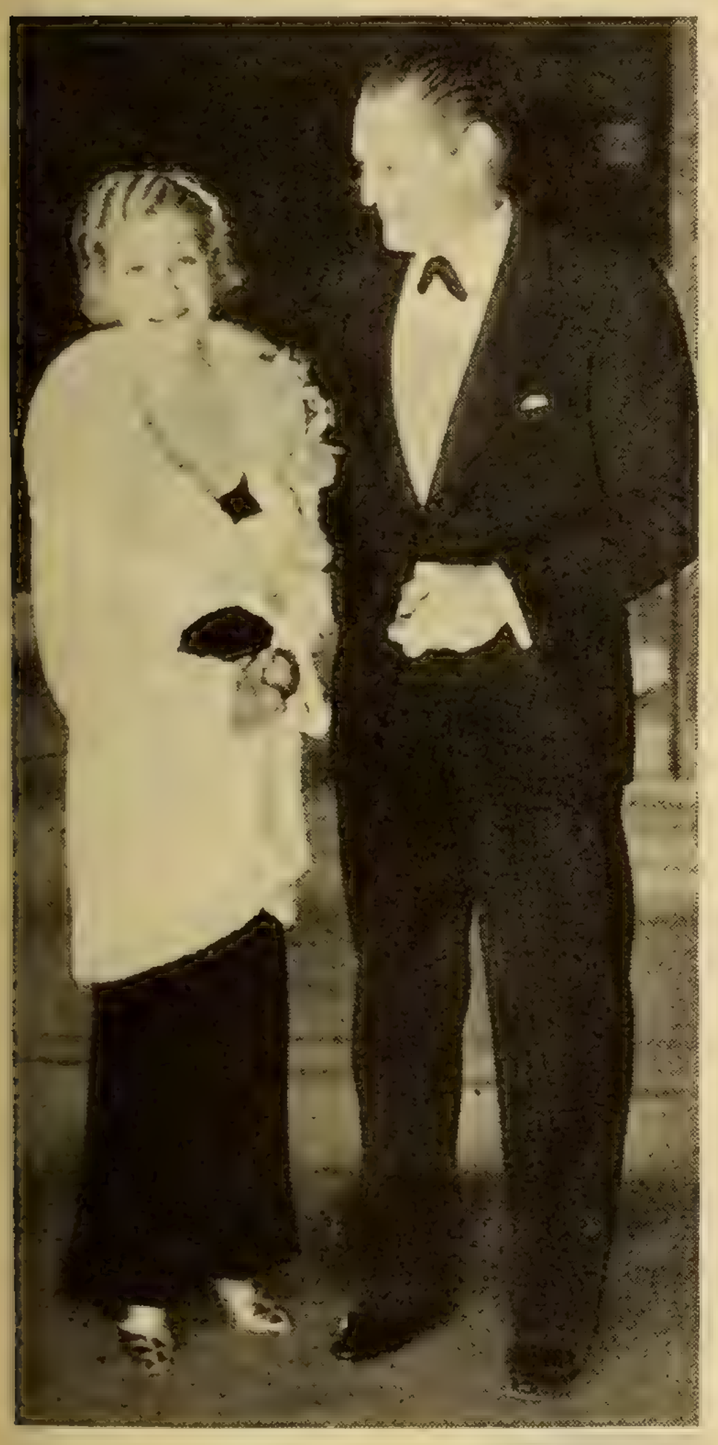
EIGHTEEN months ago there were thirty-five contract players at Warner Brothers. On the day this is written (of course, they may sign more tomorrow) there are five remaining:

George Arliss, Joe E. Brown, James Cagney, Joan Blondell and Marian Marsh.

P.S. We were right! The next day they signed Bette Davis.

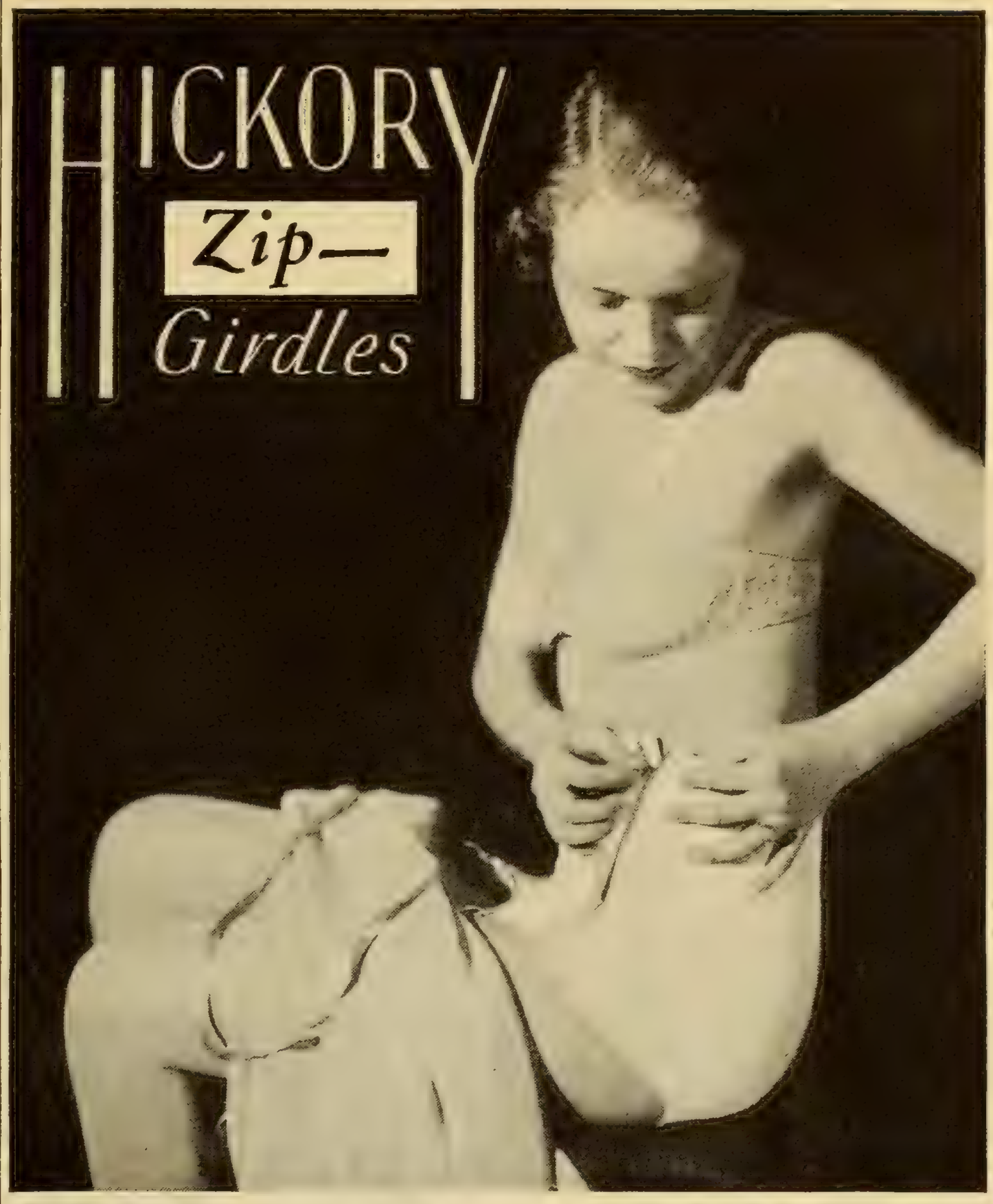
Incidentally, have you ever noticed how closely Marian Marsh resembles Dolores Costello, and Bette Davis in some shots is almost a twin for Constance Bennett? We understand that when Warner executives saw Bette's tests, they said, "Another Bennett!"

Always hunting for duplicates of the headliners. And how seldom duplicates get further than the first line trenches!



Wide World

"Smile your best smile, my dear," says Lionel Barrymore as he and his wife are stopped by the cameraman at the "Mata Hari" opening. Lionel cops all the scenes on the set but when he's out in society he gives the breaks to the little woman. She knows how to take them, too, for she used to be Irene Fenwick, a grand stage star. She's content, now, to be just Mrs. Lionel Barrymore—and they're crazy about each other



Of Course, You Can Have An Attractive Graceful Figure!

Zip—

AND IT'S ON OR OFF



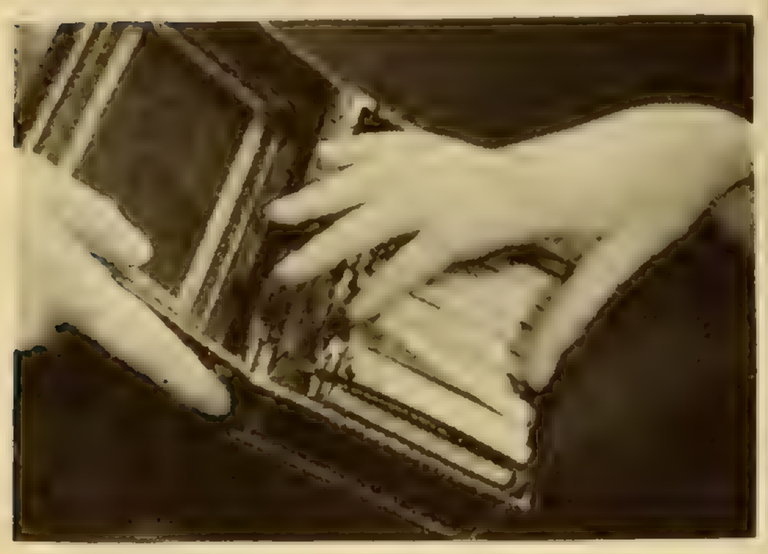


And it's really quite simple and inexpensive. Just go to your favorite Notions Department. See for yourself why the latest girdle creations by Hickory are so decidedly popular. Extremely fine fabrics—stylishly correct models—superb tailoring—four Genuine Hickory "run-proof" Garters.

Above all, be sure to see the new Zip Girdle by Hickory. "Zip...it's on—or off." Just the most comfortable, convenient arrangement imaginable. No bumpy hooks and eyes—no bulging— to mar the graceful smoothness of your lovely frocks. $1.50, $2, $2.50, depending upon width.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK

YOU NEED MORE THAN A MANICURE FOR beautiful hands . . .



this 37 second treatment keeps skin soft and smooth

Your manicure may be perfect, your nails sparkling, yet the entire effect ruined because your hands are red or roughened by weather, harsh water or work.

Chamberlain's Lotion offers you a quick, easy way to keep your hands—and arms, too—always lovely, smooth and white. This clear liquid penetrates the pores and dries so quickly (*average drying time only 37 seconds*) that no bothersome massage is necessary. It is not sticky or greasy and has a delightful orange blossom fragrance.

Apply a few drops after your hands and arms have been in water or exposed to weather, and always as the finishing touch to your toilette. Chamberlain's Lotion also makes an excellent powder base and is a delightful astringent.

Sold at drug stores and toiletries departments, 50c and $1.

Chamberlain's LOTION
"The Invisible Glove"



To prove to yourself how quickly Chamberlain's Lotion beautifies hands and arms, send coupon and 10c for purse size flaconette, a two weeks' supply

Chamberlain Laboratories
Dept. 35
Des Moines, Iowa

Enclosed is 10c. Please send me the purse size flacon of Chamberlain's Lotion.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

KAY FRANCIS has stolen many a scene. She began, disastrously enough, at the age of four when her mother, an actress, had just finished a heavy death bed scene on the stage.

Little Kay toddled out from the wings to the foot lights.

"She isn't really dead," Kay assured an amazed audience. "She's my mother and she's only play acting."

RECENTLY in a Los Angeles paper there appeared a headline as follows: "Stars Will Be Subject of Lecture," and the Auditorium was packed with people who hoped to hear all about their favorite movie star, and who had not taken the trouble to read further and learn that the lecture concerned the astral system.

WHEN you saw "Tonight or Never," Gloria Swanson's picture, maybe you wondered who played the off-stage honeymoon couple (heard but not seen), that got Gloria all hot and bothered in the picture.

They were two well-known players and we shouldn't be telling because it's supposed to be a secret.

But we just can't keep those things.

They were Joan Blondell and David Manners.

Here's how it happened.

Director Mervyn LeRoy used to hear Joan kidding the boys on the set by saying, "Kiss me," in such dulcet and seductive tones that the lads flocked around in droves. So when the lines came up in "Tonight or Never," he asked Joan and David Manners to play off-stage noises.

They did—without pay, just for the laugh.

DRESSED in a brand new football suit, Jackie Cooper gave one punt too many and landed in a heap, on his ear. "Listen, Jackie," Marie Dressler warned, "when you feel yourself tumbling again, don't try to break your fall with your hands. Place both arms over your face and let go. Remember, Jackie, a broken arm in this business isn't half as bad as a broken face. Always remember that."

BELIEVE it or not! We don't. But here's the story they're telling:

When Paul Lukas made personal appearances at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Paramount theater, he was stopped one evening as he pushed past the doorman.

"It's all right for you to let me in," he told the doorman.

"Why, who are you?" thundered that official.

"Paul Lukas," was the answer.

"Oh, is that so!" came the retort. "Well, we have enough palookas around here now. So, scram!"

WHEN Edward G. Robinson was in London, recently, throngs mobbed him every time he appeared in public.

He was most flattered at this display by the supposedly reticent and indifferent English, until he discovered the attention was not be-





Folks, meet Betty Boop (right). You'll be seeing a lot of her because she is the new animated cartoon character who is trying to cut in on Mickey Mouse's popularity. Does she look familiar to you? Now look at little boop-a-dooper Helen Kane. Helen was the cartoonist's inspiration for Betty, the first time a real life character has been used for the popular jumping comics

cause he was Robinson of pictures but supposed to be a double of Al Capone of Chicago. They wanted to get even a second-hand peep at the gangster.

In all credit to Robinson, he tells it on himself.

HATE to pin another on long-suffering Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, but a Hollywood columnist has one too good to miss.

Howard Dietz, author of the tremendous revue hit, "The Band Wagon," was getting congratulations from Sam.

"Glad you've got such a success in that swell show, 'The Band-Box,'" said Goldwyn.

Dietz was not to be licked. "I think that picture of yours, 'Arrowroot,' is great, too!" he answered.

INA CLAIRE, away over in London, arises to say, according to English newspapers, "My marriage to John Gilbert was one of those things one does in a hurry and regrets afterwards. I must wait six months more for my final decree so I am not open to proposals just now."

HARRISON CARROLL, Hollywood's irrepressible columnist, tells this one.

Two men happened to meet at the bar during one of those big parties.

"Your face is familiar," said one. "Haven't I seen you here before?"

"More than likely," was the smooth reply. "This is my home and I frequently entertain."

TALK about movie salaries. Chicken feed, mere chicken feed compared to those stars who go vaudevilling. And to go on a vaudeville tour is the swankiest thing to do these days. Yesterday, the stars who had slipped and were headed downward were the only ones who "hit the road." But not any more. The bigger and better stars are treading the boards like good fellows today, and no wonder. Listen to this.

Tom Mix and Tony got $10,000 a week. Mae Murray gets $1000 a day. Not a week, if you please, but one twenty-four-hour day. Anna May Wong is gadding about to the tune of $3500 per gad, every week. Victor McLaglen and Charles Judels each earn $6000 every week. Jackie Cooper has been promised $7000 and Lupe Velez $6000. Jack Dempsey is preparing to grab off $7500 a week and the former Mrs. Dempsey (Estelle Taylor) received $2500 a week for twelve long weeks, and as soon as she recovers from an automobile accident, will go bye bye again.

Louise Fazenda is promised $3000 per and Edmund Lowe and Warner Baxter will grab off $5000 every Saturday night.

A staff of writers is maintained by a prominent theatrical agency in Hollywood to write material for all the outgoing stars of pictures.

Occasionally the production companies agree to pay half the salaries but not always.

Find some of the $500 in Photoplay's Treasure Hunt. See the rules on page 102



SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.* **Costs only a few cents to use.**

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

How nice and how good for your skin...



BATHASWEET

TRY IT FREE

Mere bathing is old-fashioned. Why waste time with just an ordinary bath, when you can make the daily tubbing not only a sensuous delight but also a giver of that body-beauty which modern clothes and manners demand.

Add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet —so little a thing—and see the difference! In the first-place, it makes the water fragrant as a flower garden. But that is not its chief delight, for it also gives the water a satiny smoothness. You can actually feel this strange quality with your finger-tips—indeed with your whole body, which seems to be caressed by the water.

More important still — Bathasweet makes the water *soft*, so that it cleanses quite differently than when only soap and water are used. The impurities that lie deep in the pores are *dissolved;* and they *stay* dissolved. The best evidence of this is that there is no sticky "ring" around the tub when Bathasweet is used. You step out of your bath immaculately cleansed. As a consequence, skin imperfections disappear, and the whole body takes on a new loveliness.

25c, 50c, $1, $1.50, at drug or department stores.

FREE A can sent free, anywhere in U. S. if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P-D, 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

THE prize joke on Hollywood has just been revealed.

A little over a year ago, in New York, Pat O'Brien's telephone buzzed at 3 o'clock in the morning.

"California calling," the operator informed the sleepy O'Brien.

A little bewildered that any one should be calling from California, Pat held on.

"This is Howard Hughes speaking," a voice said, "will you come to Hollywood to play 'Hildy Johnson' in 'The Front Page'?"

"Why, why sure," Pat replied.

"How much salary do you want?" Hughes asked.

O'Brien was stumped. He hadn't the slightest idea of what he was expected to answer. So Mr. Hughes kindly consented to hold the wire open for one hour while Pat decided.

O'BRIEN hastily dressed, rushed to the Lamb's Club to ask for advice, but no one was about.

So hurrying back to the phone, they decided that Mr. O'Brien should confer with Mr. Hughes' agent in New York, later that morning.

And then Pat suddenly remembered he was under contract to play in the stage play "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" just going into rehearsals.

So, to the puzzled astonishment of Mr. O'Brien, Hughes very kindly bought out his contract.

A WEEK later Pat O'Brien arrived in Hollywood and discovered that everyone, including Hughes, believed he had played "Hildy Johnson" on the New York stage, and all the telephoning and contract buying was made clear.

Pat, who was merely a member of the stage play "The Front Page," kept his secret for a week. Finally he had to tell. And twelve gentlemen proceeded to swoon all over Hollywood.

But just the same Pat got the rôle and made it hum.

But Howard Hughes didn't smile for weeks after that boner.

AND all rumors to the contrary, Marlene Dietrich will visit her native Germany only after she completes three more pictures for Paramount.

So that means another year in Hollywood for Marlene.

But Garbo?

It won't be long now. Garbo's contract comes to an end very shortly.

"So what?" as Jimmy Durante says.

And Hollywood and the world holds its breath.

ACCORDING to *Varicty*, Leslie Howard, the important young English actor who walked out on Hollywood's movie moguls and left them dangling their sacks of gold, has a swell definition of the word that has puzzled Hollywood into many a nervous breakdown. "Box Office" is the word. What is "Box Office"?

"I may not know box-office," Howard stated, "that terrific bugaboo to which Hollywood constantly refers, and of which it knows, I suspect, as little as I do—but I do know what constitutes a good play, a good performance and a sincere projection of a dramatic idea that will hold interest.

"If there's a better definition of box-office than that—and if it's up to my standards—I'm willing to listen to it."

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In twelve issues of Photoplay hundreds of unusual pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

Brief reviews of current pictures with full casts of stars playing.

The *truth* and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

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Of course there isn't a better one. But Hollywood's definition seems to be,

"If a picture makes money, it's box-office. If it doesn't, it's art."

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heyburn are Hollywood's latest romancers. He's Fox's hope for a second Clark Gable, you know—the one who looks like him from "all angles."

It's a hot romance, believe us. The pretty, dynamic blonde and the Gablish, virile newcomer.

ACCORDING to someone who had worked on "The Blue Angel" in Germany, the reason Marlene Dietrich got the leading rôle was because she learned to speak English more quickly than any other applicant.

And there you see, Little Cyril, it was brains and not a pair of legs that sent Marlene starwards. But the legs were no handicap.

WHEN Anita Page was playing with Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen," Marian deliberately turned Anita's face to the camera and gave her the scene. Anita thanked her sincerely. Marian replied: "I never kid myself when some one is better than I."

And that makes Marian Strange Case 4-A in the scene-stealing community of Hollywood. But give her time, we add with a cynical pull at our moustache. She's young in the business yet.

Photos for You

New photos of:

Constance Bennett
James Dunn
Fredric March
Norma Shearer
Greta Garbo
Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Marlene Dietrich
Miriam Hopkins

Can be obtained for your collection at twenty-five cents each from Photoplay Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

You can obtain any four of these pictures Free by using the coupon on page 130.



This New ALKALINE Way

To Relieve Sour Stomach, Headaches and Colds

IT is the mother's duty to keep constantly on guard against the forces that endanger the health of any member of the family. When serious illness occurs, she calls in the family physician for expert assistance. But for the common complaints such as Colds, Sore Throat, Headaches, Digestive Troubles and muscular aches and pains—the wise mother now depends on ALKA-SELTZER Tablets for prompt and pleasant relief.

It's the new "Alkaline Way" you have heard so much about, to relieve the pain and discomfort and at the same time remove the cause of the trouble.

Modern mothers know, when one of the family suffers with any of these common ailments, usually the real cause of the trouble is TOO MUCH ACID in the system. We are all fond of rich foods, good times, late hours—but it is these indulgences which cause EXCESS ACIDITY. Then the "Alkaline Reserve" is lowered, we become an easy victim of Colds, Headaches, Stomach disorders and other common ills.

That's the time to use ALKA-SELTZER Tablets to alkalize your system. They help restore the normal alkaline content of the body. Dissolve a tablet in water—it makes a bubbling glassful of the Alkaline Citrates your body needs to relieve pain and correct the excess acid condition that causes the trouble.



ACCEPT THIS TRIAL OFFER

We make it easy for you to try ALKA-SELTZER because we want everybody to know how wonderful this new "Alkaline Way" is to get relief from colds, sore throat, headaches, sour stomach, indigestion and other everyday ailments. Fill out the coupon NOW—take it to any drug store and the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package for only 10 cents.

Every mother should use the coupon and try this new "Alkaline Way" to keep the family healthy. And it is nice to know when you take a sparkling drink of ALKA-SELTZER that it contains no harmful drugs. Let every member of the family use it to build up their "Alkaline Reserve"—then they will be less apt to catch cold or be troubled with headaches, stomach disturbance and other common complaints.

[52]



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Large Size $1.00
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This coupon saves 15c

Take this coupon to any Drug Store and as a Special Introductory Offer the druggist will give you a regular 25 cent package of ALKA-SELTZER tablets for only 10 cts.

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DRUGGIST: Mail this coupon to us signed by the customer and we will replace each package you give out on this Special Offer.

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Clothes saved!



Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor repulsive to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The one sure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes, 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

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Your toes, whatever work you do, are just as important, because the pain of a corn cuts your efficiency in half.

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BALTIMORE, MD.



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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago



Gladys Brockwell

HERE'S a laugh in an interview with Richard Bennett. Accompanying it was a picture of Dynamo Dick with his two daughters, and we did not even mention their names! But the chubby one with dark bobbed hair, who wasn't a day over four when that picture was taken, is unmistakably Joan, and the girl with long curls and glasses must be Barbara. What of Constance? Papa Bennett did not even speak of her.

How could he know that fifteen years later the pages of PHOTOPLAY were to be decorated with her pictures; that she was to be the Marquise de la Falaise; that her salary was to be you know how much?

Fifth Avenue's most exclusive shops displayed clothes with a strong Babylonian influence and we pointed out that D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" inspired the vogue. Said we, "The screen is a genuine style creator," which was, undoubtedly, the first time the phrase had been used. Fifteen years ago the movies influenced styles. They're still doing it.

The tragic note was a **brilliant** little yarn about Gladys Brockwell, one of the most alluring "vamps"—they were vamps in those days. Not so many years ago, just after a screen comeback, she was killed in an automobile accident.

Ethel Clayton was the girl on the cover and gallery pictures included Lenore Ulric, Dustin Farnum, Ora Carew, Frank Mayo, Emmy Wehlen, Leo White, Alice Joyce and Gail Kane.

Pictures reviewed: Norma Talmadge in "Panthea," William Desmond in "The Iced Bullet," Charlie Chaplin in "Easy Street," Irene Castle in "Patria," and Marie Dressler in "Tillie Wakes Up."

We made this comment:

"If someone will write a scenario for Marie Dressler using just a little bit of her capacity for pathos, and leaning to occasional serious moments, she will create a female David Warfield." Were we right?

Cal York item: Mary Pickford is to do "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

10 Years Ago



Nazimova

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting woman of ten years ago about whom we wrote at length was Nazimova. Even in those days of sweet, sweeter and sweetest heroines Naz — as we fondly called her — had that rare thing, glamour. She was already wary of interviewers—like Garbo. But the present day glamour girls could find a couple of lessons in the fate of Nazimova. She ruined herself professionally because she tried to pick her own stories, act in them, supervise the building of sets and help with direction. Ruth Chatterton, take a look at your amazing contract and be worried!

Grandly we rallied to the defense of the film beauties and declared the lassies had brains, proving this with psychological tests given by an eminent examiner. Colleen Moore passed with flying colors, as did Helen Ferguson. But Patsy Ruth Miller, who was just a sixteen-year-old "find," got the best mark of all.

One of the loveliest stories ever written about a newly wedded pair was printed. How idyllically happy they were—Bill Hart and Winifred Westover! Now Bill is alone on his ranch and Winifred, after her comeback in "Lummox," is almost forgotten on the screen. Close friends say that Hart still loves her.

If you don't believe everything runs in cycles, glance at this item: "Drastic salary reductions have been announced in almost every Hollywood studio within the past week. The cuts range from ten to twenty per cent."

Dorothy Gish was the girl on the cover and the gallery pictures included: Elsie Ferguson, Anita Loos, Maryon Aye, Conrad Nagel, May McAvoy, Norma Talmadge and Madge Bellamy.

Cal York items: The day after the news of Valentino's divorce decree leaked out to a palpitating world, Famous Players-Lasky stock jumped two points. . . . Lila Lee is the latest little lady to achieve the honor of having her name linked with Charlie Chaplin's.

5 Years Ago



Greta Garbo

RHETORICALLY, we asked in headlines, "What's the matter with Greta Garbo?" The ensuing years have answered us through hundreds of throats—"She's all right!" Five years ago we told how Garbo was harassing her studio by making them wonder if she would remain in Hollywood or return to Sweden. She begged, it seems, for sweet girl rôles instead of the sirens she had been playing. Today she is again worrying the studio. Will she sign or will she return to Sweden?

Five years ago she signed because she got a bigger salary. Maybe she will do the same thing again for the same reason. Does that make you feel better?

Here is an amazing story in PHOTOPLAY by no less a person than H. L. Mencken, called "The Low Down on Hollywood," in which he said: "Hollywood seemed to me to be one of the most respectable towns in America." And again, "The wildest night I encountered was at Aimee McPherson's tabernacle. I saw no wildness among the movie folk."

And in another story we wondered if Gary Cooper and Clara Bow were really engaged or not.

What different paths these two have taken—Gary, the ranch boy, who has been away exploring in Egypt, and Clara, the city girl, married to a ranchman, Rex Bell, and quite content, thank you.

Lois Wilson graced the cover while the gallery pictures included: Blanche Sweet and her sweet old grandma; Charles Farrell, Gilda Gray, Victor McLaglen, Evelyn Brent and Vilma Banky.

Cal York items: Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen are married. . . . Lois Wilson's first few weeks of freedom from her Paramount contract were spent learning the "Black Bottom." . . . James Kirkwood and his wife, Lila Lee, will appear together in a stage play in Los Angeles.

Caught With The Goods

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Sherman—who knows a thing or two himself—were working together in "General Crack," the two gazed at each other like a couple of fighting cocks. Notice, in "Arsene Lupin," Jack's little trick of looking out of the corner of his eye, with an intense stare, his head turned ever so slightly.

The eyes are often the scene stealer's blackjack, as witness Cliff Edwards with Charlotte Greenwood in "Stepping Out." During Greenwood's speeches, Ukulele Ike continually rolled his eyes. Presto—you watched him and not Charlotte.

GESTURES, of course, play a large part in this amazing business of thievery. Remember George Bancroft invariably reaching for a handkerchief during another's speech? Remember Jack Oakie with a slightly moving hand to his face most of the time? And then there's Wally Beery who once stole a scene when he was forced to play his back to the camera. He was wearing a dark suit and carrying light gloves. He folded his hands behind him, holding the gloves. The splash of white against the dark suit was an eye-catcher.

Wally has another famous and favorite trick. He will not read a line twice in the same way. Players never know just what he is going to say next and they are, therefore, so intent upon catching Wally's lines that they are unable to resort to any tricks themselves. He never does the same piece of business twice. He moves one way during a rehearsal and exactly opposite during the shot, thereby neatly keeping other actors' attention upon him. He kept moving continually in the opposite direction with John Miljan in "Hell Divers."

But Wally had to fight for scenes with John, for that veteran has some good ones up his sleeve. You will notice that Miljan's voice is pitched several tones lower than that of the other players. By its very contrast, it draws instant attention. That quiet voice, compared with Wally Beery's rumble, stole several scenes in "Hell Divers."

HERE is a trick so simple that I wonder it isn't used more often. It is very good for the health—unless some actor gets mad. Watch Ruth Chatterton. You'll notice that when she finishes a speech and the other actor starts to talk, she holds her breath, a physical gesture which keeps your eye upon her rather than upon the person talking. As a rule when a person finishes speaking he exhales. It is a sign he has completed what he has to say and you will naturally turn to look at the one who must answer. But by holding her breath, not putting the period to her sentence, Ruth also holds her watchers. Try this the next time you're in a room full of people. You'll discover that eyes remain focused upon you because you give the impression that you have more to say.

Even Garbo has her tricks, but, like everything else about Garbo, they are far from obvious. For instance, it is her habit to ignore the mistakes of others. She will not take time out for corrections. She goes through a scene but twice and then leaves for her dressing-room. Hence, the rest of the cast are so busy trying to keep from making errors that they have little time for scene stealing. And maybe that accounts for the fact that Garbo's leading men, excellent actors when playing with other stars, are often not so good when they play with her. Certainly this was true of Bob **Montgomery** in "Inspiration."

Bob couldn't get in his gags effectively. It is the famous Montgomery smile that has taken many a scene from a fair lady. He invariably smiles during the scenes of the other actors—attracting the attention. He also treats other performers' scenes flippantly, which rattles

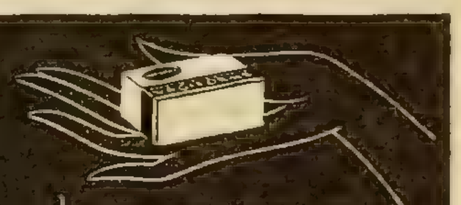


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Thousands of smart American girls know imported Po-Go Rouge—adore it for its hand-made, French-made perfection. *Here's news!*

Po-Go presents—a Permanent Lipstick! And what a lipstick! Unbelievably smooth—exquisite in quality—*never* looks greasy. It costs only 50c in an adorable modern case—in three smart Parisian shades.

Po-Go Lipstick is very new. *Nearly* all drug and department stores have it—but if yours hasn't, we'll serve you by mail. Tell us your type, or choose your shade from below; then enclose 50c to Guy T. Gibson, Inc., Importers, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dept.14

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Brique (light)
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Each a perfect shade: smooth, permanent.

Brique (naturelle)
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ZIP 50¢

DEPILATORY CREAM

Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. Sold Everywhere. GIANT TUBE 50c.

ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

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How To Obtain

A Better Looking Nose

Improve Your Personal Appearance



My free book tells you how I guarantee to improve the shape of your nose by remolding the cartilage and fleshy parts, quickly, safely, and painlessly, or refund your money. The very fine, precise adjustments which only my new patented Model 25 Nose Shaper possesses, make results satisfactory and lasting. Worn night or day. Over 100,000 users. Send for free book to

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Dept. 281, Binghamton, N. Y.

certain actors, particularly when they are trying to be dramatic.

Adolphe Menjou's shrug is a famous scene stealing trick. He uses it while others are playing and he also turns his eyes toward the camera while others are speaking. He calls attention to himself.

SAM HARDY, on the other hand, uses his size to attract your eye. He is six feet, three and a half, but he can look even larger by holding his head back and gazing down upon the other players. He seems to tower above them. You noticed this, perhaps, particularly in the scenes with little Roland Young, in "The Affairs of Annabelle."

Eddie Horton gets the spotlight by seizing the center of a group, thereby forcing other players to act toward him even when they are speaking to someone else in the scene. Remember the church episode in Norma Shearer's "Divorcee"? He did it there.

It is, for the most part, other members of the cast and not the **stars** who steal scenes. The star is usually played toward the camera. That is why subordinate players must fight. They said Joan Crawford saw to it that her face was always photographed at its best in "Possessed," while Clark Gable was allowed to show only his profile and back.

This was not Joan's idea. It was purely directorial. For Joan was the one who fought to get Gable for that picture.

The producers felt that he was able to play only the tough gangster of "A Free Soul." Joan saw him as the suave drawing-room type. Finally, she persuaded the studio to give him a test for "Possessed."

Having made such a fight to secure him for a leading man, she did not deliberately steal scenes from him.

Evelyn Brent was likewise accused of scene stealing in "The Mad Parade." During her sequence with June Clyde, Evelyn was supposed to appear hard and cold, giving June the audience sympathy. Instead she wept every time the scene was shot, but it was because Evelyn felt this the right reaction for the character she played and, not being able to convince the director, she took matters in her own hands—or rather her eyes—and used the trick.

They say that Anita Page pretends that she does not hear the director's orders and goes on playing in her own way while the rest of the cast follow. Retakes are so expensive that this gets by.

But the greatest of all screen battles was waged between Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe while they were making their famous *Sergeant Quirt* and *Captain Flagg* series. Here were two fine troupers, with equal parts, fighting for screen supremacy.

Lowe and McLaglen have become synonyms for "backing up." In the legitimate theater it is called "up-staging."

It's a simple trick. The actor who wants to be most in the spotlight takes a step upward away from the camera or the audience. This means that the other person, in speaking to him, must turn his head away from the camera.

EDDIE LOWE and Vic McLaglen would start a scene before the camera and back up on each other until they ended it somewhere in the vicinity of China.

And every step of the way they tried to outmug and out-grin each other.

And did you notice those genial rivals, Eddie Lowe and Warner Baxter, try to pick scenes out of each other's pockets in "The Cisco Kid"?

What a couple of adepts at grand larceny they are!

But the strange part about it is that an actor may steal the scene from under the nose of his best friend.

And it's all forgotten when quitting time comes. It's all part of the game. Every actor knows it.

And, as a rule, it makes for better performances when every man, woman and child in a cast is up and at 'em.

30 Girls in a Race for Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

Karen Morley does her best work in "Arsene Lupin," with John and Lionel Barrymore, in spite of the fact that she was an amateur against the two most finished actors in Hollywood. There are moments when the comparison is bad, but at times she is great. Karen knows how to keep her mouth shut about her personal affairs.

She has that quiet but determined push of truly secretive women. But so far she lacks the radiance of glamour.

IF they turn Una Merkel into a *comedienne* with love interest—watch her nose out a lot of the others. Her Gish-like beauty seems to call for Gish-like rôles, but her cute Southern drawl, the tantalizing twinkle in her eyes and the determined set of her really beautiful shoulders spell comedy. She has a sense of humor off the screen that the old camera catches and I'll lay any wager—a couple of pineapples and a banana, let's say—that if they give her the right pictures the kid will finish in the pay class.

After "Are These Our Children?" Arlene Judge should go far and director husband Wesley Ruggles will see that the studio does right by the little gal.

Frances Dee is a question mark. She is one of the prettiest and most brilliant girls in Hollywood but, as someone who has seen all her pictures, said:

"She's a bit cold. She may change ice to fire. Otherwise she'll be just a good leading woman."

Genevieve Tobin is a master at the technique of acting and very much like Ruth Chatterton. It is true, however, that she has been called high-hat by Hollywood because she does not understand the light *comaraderie* of the studios and cannot remember to speak to electricians.

But her slogan is, "The top or nothing." She wants to be the biggest of them all. A few more rôles like she has in "One Hour with You" will help, anyhow.

Dorothy Jordan will always have a place because of her sweet beauty and her human understanding, but she hasn't the infinite variety necessary for stardom, whereas Anita Page should have been a star following her hit in "Broadway Melody." Anita has received an enormous amount of publicity and her fan mail rivals Clark Gable's, but she has made a lot of mistakes on her lot by talking too much about parts for which she is tested before they are officially given to her.

LEILA HYAMS, too, is still in the race. She remains a competent leading woman and may, some day, break out with a rip-snorting good rôle that will give her a chance to nose out another racer.

Helen Twelvetrees, a fine actress and very beautiful, is technically a star but not really one in the opinion of the public, until she does something worthy of her talents.

A few months ago Marian Nixon would not have been considered but it looks now as if she will, like Sally Eilers, make a comeback. She's playing opposite Charlie Farrell in "After Tomorrow" and Director Frank Borzage

says she has many of the same qualities that Janet Gaynor has.

Maureen O'Sullivan is another who seemed to be left at the post until she did such a good job in "Tarzan." Now she may prove herself and swing into the lead.

Peggy Shannon, Constance Cummings, Greta Nissen, Myrna Loy, Barbara Weeks, Mona Maris—they're all in the running **and** no one can tell.

MYRNA LOY must overcome being typed as a vamp. Constance Cummings has done many fine pictures.

She's Columbia's high hope, but whether or not they can create a star out of such a regular girl remains to be seen.

So place your bets, folks. We pick the favorites, but the favorites don't always win. Some of those way off there down the track might take a fresh spurt and finish 'way ahead.

And—who knows?—they may run a dark horse!



When your hostess says, "Don't dress," and you are in a quandary to know just what would be right—wear a simple crepe frock like this one of Mae Clarke's. It's cherry red crepe and Seymour says that covered shoulder line with the criss-crossing of the fabric is very clever, not to say smart. Sandals to match the dress are well chosen by Mae

Thousands of women once threatened with gray



Have gained youthful color by this method

GRAY HAIR?

Would you know the secret of lovely color treasured by millions of women? A simple way, entirely SAFE . . . Coupon brings you FREE OFFER.

Today youth calls...but the whole effect of an enviable complexion and ideal figure is lost if hair is streaked—faded—gray. And how unnecessary this is! With Mary T. Goldman's famous way to young-looking hair, you can easily and safely bring lustrous color to every gray strand.

No Experience Required

Successful results are easy to obtain. Simply combing clear, colorless liquid through the hair imparts lovely, lustrous color—color with a sheen and naturalness rivaling Nature's own.

Entirely Safe to Use

This method is SAFE, time-tested and approved. It contains no aniline derivative. No "skin test" is required. Leading medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp.

Nothing Artificial Looking

Mary T. Goldman's gives rich, even lustre. Any color hair can be had: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Your hair stays soft and fluffy—as easy to curl or wave as ever. Nothing to rub off on hat linings, linens or garments. Shampooing will not affect the color in the least.

Sold at Drug and Department Stores Everywhere

You will find Mary T. Goldman's practically everywhere that aids to beauty are sold. Every bottle carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Just ask for "Mary T. Goldman's". Get a bottle today—but insist on the genuine.

FREE TEST

Or, if you prefer, test it free first. We send Complete Test Package. You snip off a lock of hair and make test on this. See results this way before you use. Just mail the coupon.



MARY T. GOLDMAN

OVER TEN MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

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Street.....

City.....State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE



AN EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

•

that actually is

WATERPROOF

THERE IS one mascara that's *really* waterproof. The new Liquid Winx. Perspiration can't mar its flattering effect. Even a good cry at the theatre won't make Winx smudge or run.

It's easy to apply, too. It doesn't smart or burn. And instantly your lashes appear long and dark, soft and smooth. Your eyes take on a new brilliance—a new sparkle!

Beauty editors of the foremost magazines have voiced their enthusiasm over Winx in no uncertain terms . . . Now we invite you to try it. Just send 10¢ for the Vanity Size—enough for a month's use.

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243 West 17th Street, New York
I enclose 10¢ for Liquid Winx, Vanity Size.
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*Name*_____
*Address*_____

HEADACHE?

Instead of dangerous heart depressants take safe, mild and purely vegetable **NATURE'S REMEDY** and get rid of the bowel poisons that cause the trouble. Nothing like **NR** for biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Acts pleasantly. Never gripes.

At druggists—only 25c.
Make the test tonight.

FREE Write for sample of **NR** and **TUMS**
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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
Quick! Relief!
LARGE ROLLS ARE 10¢
EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS 10¢
ACID INDIGESTION

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

THE GAY CABALLERO—Fox

GEORGE O'BRIEN rides and rescues, as usual, in a border-line community, where law is unknown. He shares honors with Victor McLaglen, while Conchita Montenegro is the feminine attraction. An actor named Weldon Heyburn registers big in a small part and his dynamic personality will remind you of Lawrence Tibbett. The film, itself, is just average.

DRAGNET PATROL—All-Star

THE least said about this one the better. It's a banal ballad in celluloid about an ex-sailor who runs rum and generally amuck between two women. One he marries. It would really be kinder not to mention the cast. So we'll just cough politely behind a discreetly raised hand and pretend it was two other Hawaiians.

NICE WOMEN—Universal

BEAUTIFUL daughter offered on marriage block to save impoverished and selfish family—but little sister gets the man; **such** is the trite plot which surprisingly turns out to be entertaining by dint of skilful acting. You may be swayed by the tender romance of Frances Dee and Russell Gleason, Jr.—but it's Sidney Fox who gets the breaks when she finally lands millionaire Alan Mowbray.

FINAL EDITION—Columbia

HERE'S a newspaper story that packs a real punch. Political intrigue, the murder of the police commissioner, and a smart girl reporter out to prove to the city editor that she's a real newspaperwoman, are the ingredients for the fast moving story. Pat O'Brien, as the hard-boiled editor, and Mae Clarke, as the reporter, and love interest do excellent work. Decidedly worth seeing.

A FOOL'S ADVICE—Frank Fay Prod.

FRANK (Master of Ceremonies) FAY, whose agility in turning a neat phrase amused Broadway for years, returns to the screen not only as star, but also producer. This time he plays to the sticks. Smart boy! There're more Oshkoshes than Broadways. As the beloved yokel who unwittingly uncovers a crooked political plot, Fay gives an appealing performance. Ruth Hall and George Meeker furnish the romantic interest.

THE ROAD TO LIFE—Amkino

YOU may or may not think that this first Russian talkie (with English titles superimposed) is art, but we'll wager you'll be highly entertained by the actual story of how the Soviet government turned the wild children of Moscow—all hopeless little bandits left parentless by the revolution—into able citizens! Hi there, comrade! It is really a fine spectacle and one you shouldn't miss.

MURDER AT DAWN—Big Four Prod.

THIS is supposed to be a grizzly tale in line with the current vogue for horror pictures. Faces at windows, falling bodies, weird happenings—in fact all the props with none of the chills. Through it all run Jack Mulhall and Josephine Dunn, far more confused than you and not nearly as amused. Marjorie Beebe is a bright spot.

STEADY COMPANY—Universal

JUNE CLYDE and Norman Foster are again teamed in a nice comedy drama, which recounts the romance of a circumspect working girl and an ambitious truck driver. There are some fine moments, and ZaSu Pitts gets a laugh whether she speaks or merely moves those long, expressive hands. Fun for the whole family.

WITHOUT HONOR—Supreme

THIS is regular old home week and you'll recognize a lot of one time favorites. There's Harry Carey, starring in a *Robin Hood* sort of rôle, and there's Mae Busch as well. Mae, where have you been all these years? Gibson Gowland, who was once a great character actor, comes back for a brief moment. This is a Western with a fair amount of thrills.

THE MENACE—Columbia

ARDENT mystery fans will find this amusing enough. It's all pretty artificial, but the action is fast and includes murders, stealings and jail-breaks. Certainly there is the detective from Scotland Yard (he's your old friend H. B. Warner) and there are also the two inevitable young sweethearts.

TEXAS GUN FIGHTER—Tiffany Prod.

DESPITE hammering hoofs and quick gun play, this Western moves at too slow a pace to be entertaining. There's nothing new about the plot—Ken Maynard is an outlaw who goes noble on account of a gal he saves. There are the man hunting posses and the other outlaw band. Sheila Mannors is the reason for all the shooting.

AIR EAGLES—All-Star

THE best thing about this film is that two old favorites return to the silver screen. Matty Kemp and Lloyd Hughes are the lads. Kemp's work is excellent. By glancing at the title, you can guess what type picture it is, but so many big aviation pictures have been made that this suffers somewhat by comparison.

SHOP ANGEL—Premier Attractions

FOR once little Marion Shilling gets a good acting part and—goody for you, Marion—makes the most of it. Her prettiness, which sometimes reminds you of Billie Dove's, is set in a nice frame of good-looking men—Anthony Bushell, Walter Byron and Holmes Herbert. If you're very, very romantic you'll like this.

CROSS-EXAMINATION—Supreme

THE suspense of this dramatic production is sustained at a high pitch. The attorneys, H. B. Warner and Edmund Breese, have the big scenes, but the boy, accused of his father's murder, is made utterly real by Don Dillaway. Excellent entertainment.

THE MONSTER WALKS—Action Pictures

ROBERT ELLIS has turned his experience as actor and director to good advantage, and dashed off another horror picture that will give you those old creeps. A nice cast, headed by Vera Reynolds and Rex Lease, is helped by the "creepy" house, a huge ape and a corpse. Bu-r-r-r—are you scared?

THE SADDLE BUSTER—RKO-Pathe

ANOTHER swift-moving Western with smiling Tom Keene lassoing all the honors and, would you believe it?—there is not a shot fired nor a single person killed. It's a great evening for the kids.

SALLY OF THE SUBWAY—Action Pictures

DON'T be misled by the title. This is not a Pollyanna yarn. It's a crook story—and very high class crooks at that. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Revier do nicely enough in this little picture which will provide you with an amusing evening. **The** photography is swell.

ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES—Sol Lesser

AUTHOR Zane Grey's fishing expedition in the South Seas becomes tiresome only because it runs into five reels and repeats much that has already been shown in other pictures. However, there are exciting moments, particularly when Mr. Grey loses one sword fish only to catch a better one.

THE DRIFTER—All-Star

"PIERRE, he go back to de beek woots, an' fin' dees ol' cabeen—she ees feel wit' memories. But Life, she ees gran', my fren', n'est-pas? Ah-h-h!" William Farnum, an actor of wide dramatic scope, is miscast here as a French-Canadian kibitzer who goes about spreading two sunshines where only one grew before. Noah Beery, Charles Sellon, Phyllis Barrington, and Bruce Warren are all a-clutter about nothing at all.



This decided improvement in a nose is the result of an accident, but Carolyn Van Wyck doesn't advise other girls to go to the unpremeditated extreme Judith Wood went to. Judith got her face pretty badly cut up when an automobile smashed into her car. Doctors thought the injuries would be permanent, but when bandages were removed after the operation Judith had a new nose. The original—at the left—wasn't so bad, but the new one is better

Now—FEWER COLDS.. LESS SEVERE COLDS



Mothers everywhere have welcomed and adopted the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds." In millions of homes, it is reducing the number, severity and duration of colds.

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE VICK PLAN:

1.—BEFORE *a Cold Starts*

At that first scratchy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first "sniffle"—Nature's warning of a cold coming on—use the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops promptly. Also, at the slightest stuffiness following exposure to anything that usually causes a cold. Vicks Drops are based on a new idea of *preventing* colds—of stopping many colds before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2.—AFTER *a Cold Starts*

If you have neglected precautions—or a cold slips by them—don't neglect the cold. Follow the Vick 24-hour treatment as directed: Use the family's standby—Vicks VapoRub—at bedtime, for its double attack on the cold all night long. Follow with Vicks Nose Drops for ease and comfort during the day. (If there is a cough, try the new Vicks Cough Drop—actually medicated with Vicks VapoRub.)

TRIAL OFFER BY YOUR DRUGGIST

You have Vicks VapoRub. Now get the new Vicks Nose Drops and use with VapoRub as directed in the Vick Plan—to reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist is authorized to refund your money.

Use Together

VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS

VICKS VAPORUB (Now in Stainless Form if You Prefer)



Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 1064 Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
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Do you lack the womanly charm of a rounded, shapely figure? Do you want to fill out ugly hollows, lift sagging lines and add inches of firm, youthful tissue? I have shown thousands of women how to increase their measurements and add extra fullness where needed.

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Yes! *in the next 30 days!* A few minutes a day works wonders. See your form fill out to the shapely, *feminine* silhouette now all the vogue.

New Easy Method

It is *so* easy! Simply apply my wonderful MIRACLE CREAM and follow my special developing instructions.

SPECIAL OFFER Now

Send only $1.00 for large container of Miracle Cream and instructions, together with Free Book.

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My new illustrated Book that tells how to develop a beautiful form.



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Subscribe to Photoplay. Use convenient subscription blank provided on page 110 this issue.

Vote for the *Best* Picture of the Year

YOU who read PHOTOPLAY and are interested in encouraging better and better pictures have your annual opportunity—and in a way, duty—to encourage the producers who are making an effort to give you fine pictures, big human themes, and direction of the highest quality.

Each year PHOTOPLAY awards a Gold Medal for the best picture shown in the previous year.

But you readers of PHOTOPLAY select the winner. Your ballots tell the final story.

You have never failed to make the perfect choice, as you may see by turning to the contents page in this issue, where the best pictures of the past eleven years are named.

PHOTOPLAY furnishes the Gold Medal of Honor—the Nobel prize of the cinema, made of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights. It is two and one-half inches in diameter, designed by Tiffany and Company, New York. But your votes are the last word. You really award the Medal, which is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any motion picture company.

EACH year we ask that in selecting the best picture you forget personalities and consider the film as a whole, from a standpoint of story, direction, acting, theme, motivation and spirit.

The ballot printed below is for your convenience. Use it.

Also you will find a list of fifty outstanding films released in 1931, but that does not mean you are limited to one of these. You may choose any 1931 picture that you think worthy of this highest of all awards.

And send in your votes as early as possible.

May the most worthy picture win! May you again be able to take just pride in your selection! Everyone, whether he be a subscriber to **Photoplay** or not, is welcome to cast a vote.

List of Fifty Pictures Released in 1931

Alexander Hamilton
American Tragedy, An
Are These Our Children?
Bad Girl
Blue Angel, The
Champ, The
Cimarron
City Lights
City Streets
Criminal Code, The
Daddy Long Legs
Devil to Pay, The
Devotion
Dirigible
Dishonored
East Lynne
Five Star Final
Free Soul, A
Front Page, The
Guardsman, The
Huckleberry Finn
Illicit
Inspiration
Millionaire, The
Miracle Woman, The
Mother's Millions (also titled "The She Wolf")
Night Nurse
Paid
Platinum Blonde
Politics
Public Enemy, The
Rango
Secret Six, The
Seed
Sin of Madelon Claudet, The
Sin Takes a Holiday
Skippy
Smart Money
Smiling Lieutenant, The
Spirit of Notre Dame, The
Star Witness, The
Strangers May Kiss
Street Scene
Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise
Tabu
Tol'able David
Trader Horn
Transatlantic
Two Hearts in Waltz Time
Waterloo Bridge

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1931.

NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Send in This Ballot

Now! Girls! Here's Pep For You!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

lot of letters from fat girls saying that they have a birthday coming up and want something different to eat. So, for a special occasion like a birthday or an anniversary (if the two don't come in the same month), here's a special diet—but remember this is for just *one* **day** and it's only because I'm feeling big-hearted.

Breakfast

One small glass grapefruit juice
Small portion of sponge cake with sliced peaches, strawberries, pineapple or whatever fruit you desire over it. And *one* teaspoonful of *thin* coffee cream
Coffee without cream or sugar

Luncheon

A nice big salad of fresh fruits

Dinner

Six blue point oysters (no cocktail sauce, just a little horseradish and lemon)
Roman lettuce salad, mineral oil dressing and sliced onions
Asparagus
Broccoli
Beef a la Strogonoff (this the big surprise and here's how it's made—this recipe is for one person)
Small veal steak cut up in small cubes
One small potato cut up the same size as the meat cubes
One sour pickle (cut up)
Two sliced pickled beets in cubes
One bunch of small green onions, sliced
One clove of garlic, cut up
Put this all together in a pan in which a very little butter has been allowed to melt. Add celery, salt and paprika and enough water to keep it simmering over a slow fire until done.
When it is done turn off the fire and add a big tablespoon of thin coffee cream.
And, oh boy, is this good! But how you'll have to starve the next day to make up for it!
For dessert you can have pineapple ice and a demi-tasse of coffee. But remember a birthday comes but once a year.
Now don't tell anybody that Sylvia isn't good to you. I'm too darned good and I know it. It's those letters—they made me feel swell, but next month I'm going to light into you plenty and tell you things about yourself and ways to improve yourself that you didn't think I knew!

April Birthdays

April 1—Wallace Beery, Mary Miles Minter
April 6—Walter Huston
April 7—Gavin Gordon
April 8—Yola D'Avril, Mary Pickford
April 9—Thomas Meighan, Carmel Myers
April 10—George Arliss, Tim McCoy, Nick Stuart
April 12—Virginia Cherrill
April 13—Tully Marshall
April 16—Charles Chaplin, Fifi Dorsay
April 19—Constance Talmadge
April 20—Harold Lloyd
April 24—Marceline Day
April 26—Dorothy Sebastian
April 28—Lionel Barrymore
April 30—David Manners



SISTERS!... it's her Mother!

THEY'RE GREAT FRIENDS, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hair dyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye as do so-called "clear white restorers," Notox gently penetrates the hair and colors it inside the shaft where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, fine and lustrous. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color!

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. *Resent a substitute*—a like product does not exist. Buy it at smart shops everywhere.

• *Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Dept. P-4, Inecto, Inc., 33 West 46th Street, New York.*

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**

Colors hair inside where nature does

LOSES 24 POUNDS OF FAT IN 31 DAYS

SAFE EASY



SANE QUICK

Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

Thousands upon thousands of fashionable women are increasingly placing their faith in a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts every morning before breakfast to safely lose excess fat and give them a beguilingly slender, trim figure—glorious health, new energy, strength and great body activity.

Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. in 31 days. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Send for this **FREE**

VACATION GUIDE



. . . to all the WEST. Beautifully illustrated. Describes the principal Western vacation regions and National Parks. Chock-full of suggestions that will help you find just the vacation you're looking for.

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., Room 265
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me a copy of "Western Wonderlands" (no obligation).

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Grade in school (if student).....

Short Subjects *of the* Month



Chic Sale is just all worn out from readin' that great big mail order catalogue. And after you've seen him in "The Hurry Call" (reviewed below), you'll be all worn out from laughing at his funny antics. One of his best films

THE HURRY CALL
RKO-Pathe

This is a rip-roaring good comedy, by cracky, with that fine old fellow Chic Sale at his comedy best. It's fast and snappy and full of laughs. And recounts the adventures of Chic in a horse trading deal. Great stuff! And you should not miss it.

MANHATTAN MEDLEY
Fox Movietone

New York at a glance — or a couple of glances. The camera whirls from the subway to the Empire State Building, from the lower East Side to Park Avenue and back again, picking out, on its way, intimate shots of folks unawares. It is perfectly grand entertainment.

TORCHY TURNS TIIE TRICK
Educational-Torchy

There have been funnier Torchy episodes than this—but Ray Cooke is always good for a few laughs and Dorothy Dix is a cute trick. This time *Torchy* gets mixed up with foreign nobility in order to get an important steel contract signed.

SHAKE A LEG
Vitaphone

All the tried and true slap-stick tricks are shown in this one about the butler and the chauffeur who masquerade as gentlemen. It's the answer to all you folks who wonder what becomes of old jokes.

ZANZIBAR
Fox Movietone

Well, just take a look at that Sultan's palace and all those funny narrow little streets! This one has a swell opening scene carrying out the Arabian Nights idea and is one of the decidedly better "Magic Carpet" travelogues.

THE IMPERFECT LOVER
Vitaphone

If you're one of those people who like comedian Jack Haley no matter what he does, you'll probably enjoy this little yarn about a pale lad who wants to be a "what-a-man." But it could have been much faster and funnier.

KEEP LAUGHING
Educational-Mermaid

You'll be surprised to see an old friend in this mildly funny comedy—none other than Bryant Washburn. He is a prospective buyer for Addie McPhail's defunct night club. The best gag is a vat in the night club kitchen from which the chef draws "everything but the kitchen stove."

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS
Columbia

This is a sort of newsreel of the doings of Hollywood stars—but it's quite entertaining and intimate, particularly the scenes showing how an accident, during the making of a Buck Jones picture, actually occurred. There's a flash of Maurice Chevalier returning to Hollywood.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS
Universal

In the newest short of this entertaining series you're given all the inside stuff about how a frog's blood circulates, how Mexicans make candles and how a Japanese carved a statue of himself. Amusing if you're collecting odd bits of knowledge.

BY-WAYS OF FRANCE
Fox Movietone

The bootlegger is going to have a tough time selling you "real French wine" after you see this short. For here is wine in the making—and the grapes are pressed by peasants' feet. But the film, as a whole, is beautiful photographically and scenically.

CURIOSITIES
Columbia

A grand hodge-podge of weird and interesting shots ranging from the strange Winchester house which took twenty years to build and has 4,000 windows, to a canary that sings "Yankee Doodle." And a lot of other things are sandwiched in. You'll like this.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

GRETA VS. CONNIE

Constance Bennett high-hat? I don't see why people can say that when Garbo is around. Of all the high-hat people Garbo is the worst. Why doesn't she be nice, for a change, and be interviewed? Certainly giving ten minutes of her time to a group of reporters couldn't hurt her. Miss Garbo should remember that those people are only fulfilling their jobs and aren't any more interested in talking to her than she is in them.

ERNEST MOUNT, Albany, N. Y.

'RAY FOR POLA

As exciting and as flaming as the actress herself is Pola Negri's first talking picture "A Woman Commands." She speaks with an agreeable, throaty and strongly-accented voice; she sings her songs with an appeal that adds a touch of piquancy to a warmly wrought characterization; and she whistles astonishingly.

SAMELA KAY PANKHURST, Seattle, Wash.

MADGE AND BOB

In "Lovers Courageous" Madge Evans is the perfect **leading** lady for Robert Montgomery—less of a siren than Garbo, less mature than Norma Shearer. She is as gay and as youthful as he is. She reminds me of Dorothy Jordan but is more poised.

MARY GILBERTSON, Hartford, Conn.

COME ON, THEL!

I am a keen admirer of Thelma Todd and the revealing article about her in the February PHOTOPLAY will, I hope, focus deserved attention on this able star. Why the foreign importations when native ability of so high an order remains largely unrecognized?

A. R. BUSH, Westfield, N. J.

EARTH'S FOUR CORNERS

This is a bouquet from India. It ought to be withered, for it has traveled such a long way, but even dead flowers will revive and regain their one-time fragrance when laid at the feet of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—the world's most charming pair!

F. I. ELIAS, Calcutta, India

My uncle visited us recently and all the time he raved about hearing Titta Ruffo sing in the talkies. He called it the greatest thrill of his life and saw it three times.

GEORGE TORI, Paris, France

Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" is undoubtedly one of the best pictures I have seen for a long time but even though I do like low necked, tight fitting dresses as much as any girl, I believe that Norma would be far more attractive if she weren't so scantily dressed as she has been in her last few pictures.

ISABELLA DREW, Guatemala, C. A.

After hearing Ramon Novarro sing in "The Call of the Flesh" and some other talkies, I do not think it fair to his many admirers that he should be put in pictures where he does not sing. He is the only film star who has a perfect singing voice.

PO CHUN, Hong Kong, China

You have a marvelous new star in the making, I believe. Her name is Wynne Gibson and she appeared with William Powell and Carole Lombard in "Man of the World."

MRS. E. G. D. WRIGHT, Brazil, S. A.

I am an American woman married to an Englishman and I almost hate to go to the



Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts — but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized* —treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

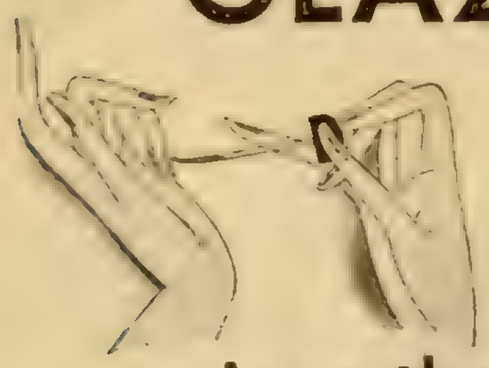
Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

GLAZO



gives the fascination that men admire

Your first Glazo manicure will win the admiration of every man who sees you. For Glazo gives your fingernails a perfection of beauty that no other polish, however expensive, can quite attain.

The famous Glazo twin package contains *both* Liquid Polish and Remover —Natural, Deep Shell, Flame or Colorless, 50c. Bottles have bakelite caps with brush attached. The marvelous new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, too, is only 50c. Get them today.

GLAZO

The Smart Manicure



CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF LAKE!



POKE the prow of an Old Town Boat out in a rippled lake. Let the point of it part a pretty furrow along the bee-line to your favorite bass-hole. She glides without a shiver . . . gets you there in a wink. For Old Town Boats are built to knife the water at a speedy clip . . . light, easy to handle . . . reinforced for powerful outboard motors. Sturdy and steady and trouble-free.

Whether water is choppy or glassy-smooth, an Old Town glides on an even keel . . . banks beautifully on the turns. Get a free catalog. See the many models for every use. Sporting boats. Big, fast, all-wood seaworthy types for family use. All kinds of canoes; rowboats; dinghies. Lower prices. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 324 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

talkies, for staring at me from the screen are Americans I never knew existed—people who talk a strange "language"; men with guns on their hips; women, half naked, who change their gentlemen friends as they change their gloves; wisecracking creatures, squabbling and bickering. All around are English people, who do not travel as extensively as Americans do, snickering and wondering what it is all about. I was asked at a dinner if it were true that such a state of affairs really existed.

MRS. FRED WOOSTER, London, England

I was glad to hear that Joan **Crawford** has returned to her natural hair coloring.

PATRICIA WHALLIN, Adelaide, So. Australia

To judge by American movies the U. S. A. must be about the most uncivilized country in the world today. The people appear to have no morals and treat the marriage vow as one made to be broken. Although you have prohibition, the people seem to defy the law and drink like fish. The newspaper reporters are the last word. They'd spend their lives in jail over here if they used the same tactics with our citizens.

PHYLLIS HANNA, Belfast, Ireland

All my life I have been the victim of an inferiority complex. I sought the friendly darkness of the cinema. I became an inveterate film fan. From the films I learned to put on a brave front. I forced myself to have companions and laughed the loudest when the joke was against me. Today I have a new personality and I owe it all to the films.

JAMES MORAN, Paisley, Scotland

Life would have been very dull for me, while I was traveling in out-of-the-way places, had it not been for the fact that I could find a movie theater to go to.

S. MENDES, East Bermuda

CAN GAYNOR ACT?

What I can't understand is why people are always raving over Janet Gaynor. It is true that she is a sweet little thing—but as for being an actress, why, she can't hold a candle to Sally Eilers and a lot of others. We want real acting, these days, and not just a sticky smile and a little piping voice.

MAY ANDREWS, St. Louis, Mo.

ODD SHOTS

I have read of the rise and fall of actors both good and bad, but time will not affect that truly great artist, John Barrymore.

MILES KILLMAR, Hancock, Mich.

Gene Raymond is by far the best looking blond actor on the screen and how about some producer waking up and giving Dorothy Jordan a chance to show her ability?

EDITH SIMPSON, Houston, Texas

As long as PHOTOPLAY continues its present policy of offering the best, I will continue to buy it—even at the risk of appearing foolishly extravagant, in these times of universal depression.

P. S. LIPPOLD, Baltimore, Md.

Now that Buddy Rogers has deserted the pictures, my only reason for attending the movies has vanished.

ELEANOR ANDREWS, Detroit, Mich.

What has happened to Richard Barthelmess? He is such a good actor but such a long time lapses between his pictures that one almost forgets. You can have your Clark Gable and your Robert Montgomery, but give me Dick Barthelmess.

ELEANOR ADAMA, Portland, Me.

Every picture in which Jean Harlow plays is better and better.

JOHN PUTTMAN, Green Bay, Wis.

Let's have more of Melvyn Douglas. He was great in "Tonight or Never." For once in her life Gloria Swanson had her picture stolen. Why not make him Garbo's leading man? They would be swell together.

MARTHA REEDER, Gallnup, Ill.

Richard Cromwell was fine in "Emma". And he thought he wasn't good looking enough to enter pictures! He makes some of them look like freaks. There's something written on his face. I think it's—stardom!

BILL MINTON, Dayton, Ohio

I think that Janet Gaynor and Jimmie Dunn would make a better team than Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

A. IWANAGA, San Francisco, Calif.

My PHOTOPLAY gets into the hands of five families and all enjoy the magazine as much as I do.

RICHARD W. CAIN, Little Falls, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY'S covers are the best of any of the other magazines and I cut out the faces and save them. I am going to make a screen of the faces when I have enough.

ELIZABETH SCHLAFERMAN,
Atlantic City, N. J.

When a new star gets too much publicity, his producers get careless and cast him in inferior rôles.

MRS. ALICE LINDQUIST, Evanston, Ill.

I have just read the article "Will Marlene Break the Spell" in the February PHOTOPLAY. Such gossip about changing her methods alarms me, because I consider "Morocco" the most nearly perfect of any talkie ever presented to the American public.

MRS. H. S. MORRIS, Philadelphia, Penna.

No star, no matter how pleasing, is big enough to carry a mediocre picture.

R. E. BUSH, Oakland, Calif.

If Hollywood would just meet Connie Bennett half way I'm sure they would find her most charming. Give her a chance! But please, Connie, don't let them think you are a snob.

MRS. PETRA RINGER, Los Angeles, Calif.

JOAN'S HUSBAND, DOUG

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. should stick to being just Joan Crawford's husband and not try to act. His father is a better actor than he is any day. Joan had better give young Doug a few lessons. How could anybody have imagined that he could have played a young ne'er-do-well in "Union Depot"? Once I actually heard him say "cawn't."

LESLIE MORTAN, Mobile, Ala.

CONNIE AGAIN

Much has been said about Constance Bennett's education, culture and "finish." But an article in PHOTOPLAY relates that she expressed her displeasure when the Marquis fumbled with the wedding ring during the ceremony and that she criticized her guests. Such deportment does not come under the head of culture and our best people are never rude and never so primitive as to indulge in violent outbursts of temper.

Just what is all this "hooey" about Miss Bennett's early training?

MRS. R. E. SOULES, Marietta, Ohio

DOMESTIC BLISS WANTED

I'd like to see these Hollywood stars make a go of their domestic lives. When we see a particularly good love scene on the screen it all seems so realistic until we remember that many Hollywood marriages go on the rocks every year. It disillusions us!

MARGRETTE FOLK, Phoenix, Ariz.

I Remember!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

young man does his stuff, almost unnoticed. Oh, that Ruth Chatterton! Ronald Colman.

1924. What a party *this* is! The small ballroom of the Carlton Hotel in Washington is packed with gay, handsome, well-dressed people. We're celebrating the opening of a new play—I think it's "The Garden of Eden," or something. I find myself at the bar, with a hot dog in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other. Next me is the leading woman—young, almost skinny, blue-eyed, with a mop of rebellious silver-blonde hair. "Lawd, I suah hope this goes to Nyew Yawk!" "Well, here's to a long run!" I say. We drift apart. The play flops dismally on Broadway. Miriam Hopkins.

1930. A hundred and fifty people cram a large apartment in Greenwich Village. We're joyfully hailing the huge success of brilliant Sam Jaffe in the hit drama, "Grand Hotel." It's just after the première, and we are all madly gay. What a racket! A short, stocky figure in impeccable dinner clothes enters the room. A mop of jet black hair above a round, gentle and smiling face. But the brown eyes



Mr. Bennett's little girl, Joan, is looking very imposing in this unusual white satin evening wrap which she wears in "Widow's Might." The coat is cut on form fitting lines to below the hips, where it flares out. That scarf collar of brown fur is clever because it opens up to form a jacket effect. Those wide cuffs of fox are dramatic, too

Beautiful Betty Compson

Shows How to *Keep* Young or *Get* Young

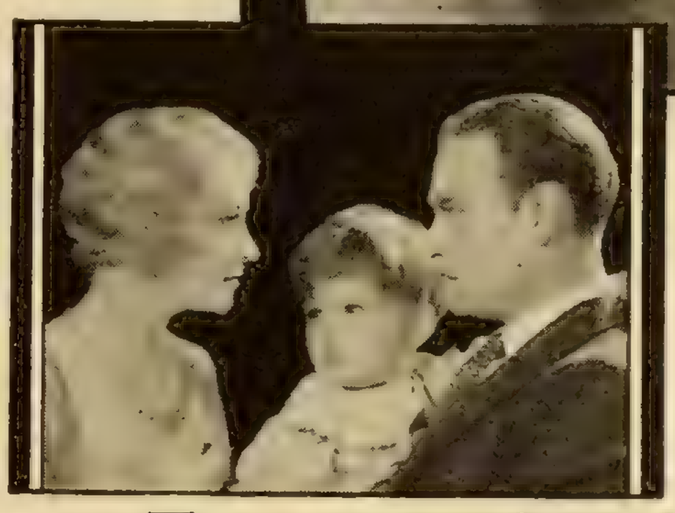
Amazing Beauty Secret Takes Hollywood by Storm



Betty Compson is one of the many Hollywood beauties who look as young today as they did 10 years ago. They credit their unfading youthful skin and the absence of lines and wrinkles to Sem-pray.

Miss Compson says:

"An actress who has discovered Sem-pray doesn't need to spend much time on beauty treatments. It takes only a minute or two to apply and the results are a soft, fresh skin. What more could the most elaborate beauty treatments do?"



Betty Compson, whose flawless, unlined skin brings admiration everywhere. She uses and recommends Sem-pray to those who wish to maintain or regain youth and beauty.

At left — Betty Compson, Conrad Nagel and Dickie Moore in a scene from Radio Picture "THREE WHO LOVED."

How Women Famous for Lovely Skin Looked Young and Pretty When Old

Try "Sem-pray" FREE

Sem-pray is different from any beautifying and youthifying cream you ever used. It cleanses, clears, softens, youthifies and beautifies the skin as no ordinary creams ever have.

Sem-pray ends erasable wrinkles, age-lines. Reduces large pores. Pimples, blackheads, and red spots go. This one cream does the work of several different creams, lotions and skin tonics, *and does it better.*

It is a wonderful secret over 100 years old, handed down from generation to generation in the family which still owns it.

Women of this family were noted for their flawless complexions, and for their youthful, unlined skin even when they were old. The secret of their unfading youth was closely guarded, although even in the olden days they made and sold the preparation to women who came to their town to get this youthifying and beautifying cream. Its fame had spread wide.

Only 3 people in the world know the secret. Sem-pray is made of rare Eastern youthifying and beautifying oils not found in other creams. The process is so intricate that it takes 3 months to make Sem-pray. Consequently chemists who wish to imitate the process are unable to do so. Women who wish to look lovelier and younger can obtain the benefits of these wonderful oils only in Sem-pray.

New Beauty Overnight Age-Lines, Wrinkles Go

Look 10 Years Younger

Fashionable women, famous actresses and screen stars were the first users of Sem-pray when the family began to sell it through the stores. Many older stars, who still play young girl parts, credit their new youth to Sem-pray.

Use Sem-pray before going out at night and skin looks lovelier instantly. It cleanses, stimulates and freshens the skin as nothing else can.

Use it at bedtime and the improved appearance of your skin by morning will astonish you.

Sem-pray gives the skin radiant, girlish color and soft, velvety texture. It quickly banishes erasable wrinkles and network of lines about eyes and mouth. Smooths out lines on neck.

Takes shine from oily skin. Freshens dry skin. Makes all skins normal, due to its stimulating and tonic effect.

The Only Beauty Aid You Need

Sem-pray also ends pimples, blackheads, roughness. Softens parchment-like or leathery skin. Reduces large pores. Tones skin tissues *without growing hair.* New beauty overnight. New youth quick.

It is the only beauty aid you need.

These wonderful Eastern youthifiers and beautifiers used in Sem-pray are compressed into dainty, rose-pink, almond-scented cake. In oval, push-up container, used easy as lipstick without touching with fingers. Use any time, anywhere. At home, in office or when traveling. Wonderful foundation cream, too. Blends rouge and powder perfectly. Prevents caking or spottiness. *Guaranteed safe, pure.* Large economical 60c size at drug and department stores.

FREE--Send Today



Mail coupon at once for 7-day package of Sem-pray Creme. Act quick and we will include introductory packages of Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. New beauty and youth await you. Get Sem-pray at once.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Mme. La Nore, Sem-pray Salons, Suite 1436-K, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Send 7-day trial package of Sem-pray Creme. Include introductory package of Sem-pray Rouge and Face Powder FREE. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

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INSTEAD of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing. That is why you should know about Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take. They gently regulate the liver and intestines, help nature clear the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of health.

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More than 20 years ago, Dr. Edwards first prepared this famous compound of vegetable ingredients for his patients. Because it is so mild and sure, it removes the cause of many headaches, blemishes, pimples, and that dull lifeless feeling.

You cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Improve your FIGURE!

Just Give Me 10 MINUTES a DAY



Are you dissatisfied with your figure? Are you flat chested or thin? Or is your form too full and embarrassing? **Creme Treatment No. 1** aids in filling out hollowness and developing round, graceful curves where needed. **Creme Treatment No. 2** helps to reduce surplus flesh and is used to develop a youthful figure. Fashion demands natural proportioned neck, chest, arms, legs and hips. Send name, address for **FREE** sample and directions. **Mention cream number desired.** Enclose 10c for mailing costs.



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Fashion's Newest Delightful Odor
"Greta Grea's Moonlight Hour"

Try this rare blend of flower scents, just a little more lasting, just a little better than any perfume you've ever used.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER 20¢

Sample this rare new odor. Send 20c (silver or stamps) for liberal trial bottle, sufficient for 60 days or more.

GRETA GREA, Dept. P, Times Building, NEW YORK, N. Y.

can snap. He's surrounded at once by friends. "Hello," he says, in the voice of a sensitive artist. "I wish you could hear the new piano records I got today! Beautiful!" Little Caesar. Edward G. Robinson.

1927. Why do we have to go to the theater on a hot night like this? They're putting on a big revival of the old shocker, "Within The Law," at the Cosmopolitan Theater, New York. Look—there's the veteran Robert Warwick! And Charlie Ray, of all people! And who's this dark-haired darling? Isn't she a peach? And what legs—probably the prettiest that ever twinkled back of the footlights! Thank goodness I'm a dramatic critic, and rate the third row on the aisle! We'll hear more from that baby-doll! The old play rattled on—how Mary Turner *does* suffer! Those legs! Claudette Colbert.

1919. Whoopee, and how! It's a big night at the Cleveland Opera House. A young ex-soldier has beggared himself to get a seat in Row A. The show is "The Night Boat"—some fun, after France. Look—Louise Groody, Hal Skelly, all that gay and famous crew of Dillingham stars! Snappy dances, pretty tunes. Laughs. The chorus flutters out, dressed in Scotch kilties. A tall, awkward, half bald Scotsman with a comical face leads the number. Sings the songs, dances for laughs. He ambles off. The crowd laughs and applauds. What's next? Ernest Torrence.

1925. It's a Shubert musical show, finishing a long road trek at Poli's in Washington. Oh boy—here come the big shots! Gallagher and Shean—"O Mr. Gallagher, O Mr. Gallagher!" It was stale cookies even then. A curvy, big-eyed girl comes on to foil for their ten-cent gags. She has a comic French accent, and not too many clothes—and that's all right with us, for she's a pippin for looks. Ho hum—just another pretty piece of driftwood on the tide of show business! Just a shapely helper for a couple of famous comics. Going no place, probably. Fifi Dorsay.

1922. Well, this is probably the best "Follies" yet! Some troupe! Ziegfeld's New Amsterdam Theater **is** at its best—packed with happy people to see the great girl show. The superb girls slither off, and a long, gangling figure ambles before the curtain. Wearing chaps—chawing on something. He twirls a rope, drawls inconsequential gags that leave me stiff and clammy. What the hell! Do your three minutes and get off! Bring back the girls! Let Gilda Gray start to shiver to "'Neath the South Sea Moon!" We crave action! Will Rogers.



LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT—The family picture of her secret passion is published in a movie magazine

Copyright 1932. New York Tribune, Inc. Courtesy New York Herald Tribune.

!!Tallulah!!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

of England. She's spent every cent just as she spends every ounce of the most tremendous vitality I have ever seen in a woman—not barring Lupe.

Tallulah and Lupe. If they should meet—whoops! But they won't. Hollywood would never be so cruel as to put them in the same room together.

One would have to leave. And **the** exit would not be voluntary.



Does this lovely young lady look familiar to you? No, she hasn't appeared in a picture yet but you have probably seen her photograph more often than Garbo's. Gwili Andre has been for three years the most sought after artists' model in New York. Her face has graced dozens of magazine covers and she has posed for hundreds of Parisian gown advertisements. Now, she's going to see how it feels to face a motion picture camera. Under contract to Radio Pictures, she is five feet, six and hails from Copenhagen. What! Another Norsewoman?



IN times like these, when everyone must make the most of every day, what man or woman can wisely stay at home to nurse muscles that ache and pain?

At the first sign of soreness, what you want is relief, and mighty quick! You want the benefits of the finest preparation that ever soothed an ailing muscle. That's why you want Absorbine Jr., because the very minute you rub it on you can tell by that glowing warmth that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

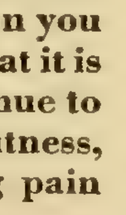
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Teachers' Course (2 weeks), begins Monday, June 20th
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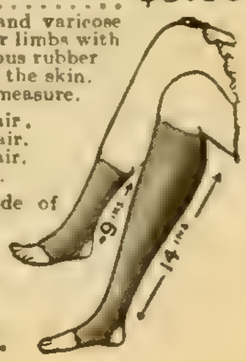
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HIP, WAIST and ABDOMINAL REDUCER for men and women: takes care of that ugly roll above corset. Send waist and abdominal measures. Laced at back. Price only..... **$3.50**

RELIEVE swelling and varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous rubber hose. Worn next to the skin. Send ankle and calf measure.

9 inch....**$5.00** pair.
14 inch....**$6.75** pair.
11 inch....**$3.75** pair.
(not covering foot).

All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored.



Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

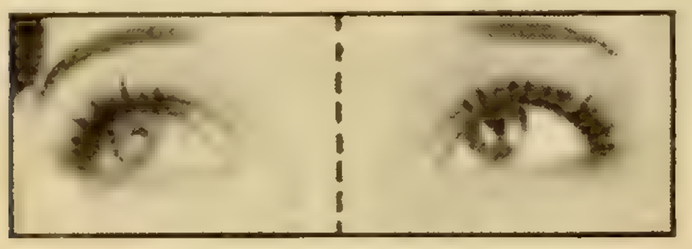
Dr. Jeanne P. H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.



Clear Eyes
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Clear, sparkling eyes compel more admiration than any other feature. And it's so very easy to have them! All you need do is adopt *Murine*, the time-tried eye clearer and brightener that's used by the loveliest screen and stage stars.

This famous lotion dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use it freely as it positively contains no belladonna and other harmful ingredients. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Buy your first bottle *today*!



MAKE THIS TEST! ***Drop Murine in one eye only then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes.***

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES





Compare these Drawings

Both the above drawings are the work of Art Nelson. (1) He made before Federal training. (2) He completed recently. Today he is making a good income in Art. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student."

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"Hollywood Is Wearing—"

by Seymour

RECENTLY, a very smart party was given at the Embassy Club. Minna Gombell was there in a red crepe creation, made with a trick crossing of the bodice very low at the back, where a huge buckle caught up the ends in bustle effect.

Joan Marsh was another who was "bustling" about. Her dress, also of bright red crepe, was draped up in back to form a bustle. Rhinestone clips trimmed both shoulder straps.

Red, incidentally, was the big color. And not a retiring red, either, but what used to be called "fire house red"!

BETTE DAVIS, who looks more like Connie Bennett every day, wore a dark blue crepe. It was closely fitted to the figure and cut round and low in back. Tiny twin shoulder straps were a new touch.

Everyone seems to be reviving those large hairpins of brilliants for evening. I see them tucked into the soft waves of the hair—and they are mighty attractive.

JOAN CRAWFORD appeared at a recent first night looking radiant in a snugly fitted black crepe gown which was quite unadorned. She wore very smart black sandals and a long ermine coat.

Of course, you know that buttons are very much in the style picture at the moment. Madge Evans is getting credit for launching a vogue for buttons which are monogrammed. Her initials, ME, caused quite a furor when worn on a smart costume recently—or should I say when *buttoned* on to a smart costume?

Adrian, the well-known Hollywood designer, says that Joan Crawford's severely tailored clothes have started a new trend toward simplicity—fussy furbelows are out.

PARIS is having heated arguments these days on daytime skirt lengths but **Hollywood** has serenely adjusted its skirt to a "nine inches from the floor" length and let it go at that. This is considerably longer than it has been. Evening clothes vary from instep to ankle length.

WHEN Kathryn Carver Menjou was in St. Moritz she appeared at a dinner party dressed in brown jersey trousers topped by a tuck-in blouse and a brown jacket piped in orange.

In Paris, Marise Beaujon, a stage favorite, appears in her new play wearing a jacket with only one sleeve. Remember when Gloria Swanson was considered bizarre because she tried this stunt in "What a Widow"?

ONE of Garbo's "Mata Hari" costumes has been copied by a dress manufacturer. It is changed slightly, of course, but you would know it immediately.

Joan Bennett wears twenty-two bangles on her arm in one scene of her new picture, "Widow's Might." Watch and count them!

LILYAN TASHMAN certainly had the fans agog with her personal appearances in the East. Needless to say, she knocked 'em cold with her clothes. She made a dramatic entrance in gold colored pyjamas, the legs of which formed a train. The back was cut very low and over one shoulder and down to the waist cascaded bright green flowers in exotic bloom. In her hand she carried a green chiffon handkerchief big enough to use as a luncheon cloth!

A SAPPHIRE evening gown topped by a red jacket is one of the current evening favorites. The sapphire shade is more dulled than that of former years.

Although Ruth Chatterton believes that too rigid adherence to a favorite color or colors is an obstacle to chic, she herself has three preferences—black, white and a lipstick red.

Unknown Hollywood I Know

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

nice; and the only difference between the line of demarcation in Hollywood and any other town is that the Hollywood line is blurred. They work and play side by side—these people. They are all a part of one small town. The film folk know what goes on, but they won't tell—except to one another.

There are hundreds and hundreds of charming, delightful people in the film capital whose lives are not and never will be touched by the fingers of scandal.

There are also scores who miss the unwanted publicity by a hair's breadth and sometimes do not miss it at all.

IT was not very long after I left the publicity department of M-G-M and joined the Hollywood staff of PHOTOPLAY, that pictures began to talk and I bow my head in shame as I remember a conversation I had with a director over a couple of cups of coffee in Henry's one day. We began to speak of this new device. "Are you for or against talking pictures?" the director asked me. And I blithely answered, "What do you mean, *for?* The thing is a fad, a novelty that can't last. The machine is imperfect—why, the voices of the actors sound as if they were coming from their hip pockets. You can't begin to do in talking pictures what could be done in silents. The voices split your eardrums and the actors lisp. All art is gone from the cinema. But there's no use taking the thing seriously when it is doomed before it begins."

That director is a nice guy. I see him often and he has never once said, "I told you so."

But that little device that I dismissed so perfunctorily was soon to throw the whole town into a panic. Old time extra boys and girls were out of jobs, chorus girls were thick as

Embassy soup, song writers arrived in Hollywood in schools, droves and herds. That one small, round instrument, the microphone, turned a fairly peaceful city into a mad, topsy-turvy world.

Great stars were brought from the stage—some remained, some returned.

There were voice doubling, secret mechanics. Great stars of the cinema were tossed aside to make room for the new arrivals. I can't begin to go into all the ramifications of the talkies.

The town was in a furor.

You know many of the tragedies and successes for which the talkies were responsible. One of the most amazing was the defeat of Nils Asther.

HERE was a lad from whom everything was expected. Before talkies it was said that he would wear Jack Gilbert's crown. (We did not know then that Gilbert's headgear would fall off when it hit against a microphone.) Nils was the big shot of the M-G-M lot, as great a sensation for a short space of time as Clark **Gable** is today.

Then came the talkies.

They thought accents wouldn't register (they have since discovered their mistake) and Nils was out.

Nils was one of the most interesting, one of the most amazing men in Hollywood.

I wrote his life story for PHOTOPLAY at the time when life stories were in vogue. He was riding the crest of that wave, which has made many a man seasick. I had known Nils for some time, rather casually, but I never quite got at him, even when I was doing the life story.

I saw him several times to get all the details of that fascinating yarn. I wrote the story, setting down the facts and trying to catch something of the Asther spirit. But I never really knew Nils Asther.

I watched him speak of his friends in Sweden, heard him tell about that fascinating place that he and a group of fellow artists bought off the coast of the peninsula, a virgin island where they lived without an electric light or a telephone or even a razor. I heard his voice grow low and throaty as he mentioned the place, in a hushed and reverent tone almost as a girl speaks of the spot that witnessed the first tryst with her lover.

What this island meant to Nils I shall never entirely know. But I do know that within the lad there were great fastnesses that I nor any other American (with the possible exception of his wife, Vivian Duncan) could penetrate.

Even when he was off-guard, even when he was speaking of the most intimate things—he held back either because he could not speak of these things or because he was afraid I would not understand.

Humorless as he is, he has in spite of this, a piquant flare for the unusual. The last evening we were together, when the life story was ended, we sat before a blazing fire in his living-room. We had just dined on a seven-course Swedish meal, had smoked his specially blended cigarettes and were, at the moment, commenting on the smoothness of the high-balls his house boy had mixed. Casually, I remarked that it would quite complete the cosy picture if the sound of rain were to be heard against the window panes.

NILS arose, excused himself politely, left the room for a few minutes and returned shortly.

Immediately, I heard the sound of water, not pattering gently but splashing against the windows in a torrent.

"Good Lord," I cried, "you're a swell host, Nils, and all that, but don't tell me you've got heavenly drag that can turn on the rain for you."

Nils laughed. Later I learned he had instructed his house boy to stand in the patio—and it was a chilly night—spraying the windows with the garden hose. What the boy thought when Nils made this unusual request I shall never know.

Now Nils is all set for a comeback, I'm glad to say.

THERE was another foreigner whose career might have been nipped by the talkies had not illness done it before the microphone. How shall I talk of her?

What words shall I use to describe one of the most enchanting, whimsical, delightful women who ever lived?

I know her so well and I love her so much that it is difficult for me to write of her without becoming maudlin and sentimental. But I can think of only one word for Renee Adoree. That word is "dear."

She is such a darling, such a sweet and lovely thing.

Our friendship started in the M-G-M days. And a pang of loneliness touches my heart when I think of the mad, crazy good times she and Dorothy Sebastian and I had together. Hundreds of pictures of complex little Renee crowd my mind.

I believe Renee Adoree to be the greatest actress of them all, an actress who should have, after "The Big Parade," scaled the topmost heights, but one who failed to do so because she either would not or could not play the political game the studios play.

She tossed away upon her friends the time and energy she should have given to her work. She was a creature of the most intense moods, which ran from gayety to devout religious moments.

I have written much about Renee, but what I have never told before is the courageous thing she did just before she went to the Arizona sanitarium.

She had been sick for months. She had tried to take care of herself, had tried to listen to the warnings that the doctors and Dorothy Sebastian and I gave her, but it was impossible for her to rest when she was at home.

When guests called, she felt it necessary to entertain them rather than be entertained by them.

Therefore, she became steadily worse, but in spite of this took a rôle in Ramon Novarro's "The Call of the Flesh." What it cost her to go through that picture, no one but her intimate friends ever knew. But she went on because she felt she must.

It climaxed in one of the most dramatic episodes that has ever been enacted off-screen in Hollywood.

One day she was so ill that a doctor was sent for. He came on the set and said to the director, "If you do not let me take this girl away at once, I shall not be responsible for her life." The director was a kindly, sympathetic man, but he knew that if Renee left at that moment he would have to re-film almost the entire picture at a terrific cost. Quickly, he ran over in his mind, Renee's remaining scenes, figuring out what ones could be done by a double, what ones could be cut out entirely and what ones were absolutely necessary.

At last he said, "If you let me have her for just one half hour I can finish."

"OKAY," said the doctor, "one half hour." He pulled out his watch, "but not a second longer."

Cameras were hurriedly moved up, microphones were quickly adjusted. Without a rehearsal, Renee went into a close-up. As she worked she became terribly ill, but she did not show it.

Her face played the emotions which the scene demanded.

Simultaneously, three things happened. The doctor shouted, "The half hour is up." The director shouted, "Cut—that finishes Renee's stuff."

And Renee, herself, keeled over on the floor in a faint.

She was carried off the set. It was the last work she has done, but she proved of what trouper's stuff she is made.



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Several weeks later she was taken to the Arizona sanitarium. I say she was taken—a nurse accompanied her, but Renee was on her feet. She weighed just eighty-seven pounds. Her clothes hung on her. The train pulled out at 11:15 at night. Five of her oldest and best friends were there to see her off. We all tried to be gay, but none of us had ever been so miserable.

As we saw that pale, small hand waving us goodbye, we all turned away from each other and as Howard Strickling and I walked back to the car I said, "Howard, we will never see Renee again."

We knew she had courage, but we thought it was an active courage. We knew she could do anything under stress of circumstances, but we did not believe that she had the stamina to remain for a year upon a hospital bed, to obey doctors' orders, to give up everything she had had.

THE first time I visited her in Arizona, the doctor told me he despaired of her when she first arrived. "She does not know the meaning of the word 'rest,'" he said. "I tell her to stay in bed, but if there is something across the room she wants, she gets up and gets it. However, I do believe we're coming along."

A few months later I went to see her again. I saw a different Renee—radiant, plumper by twenty or twenty-five pounds, beautiful and with a depth of character she had not had before.

You may think that her playing a scene when she was too ill to hold up her head was courageous. So it was. But infinitely more splendid is her remaining in the sanitarium for over a year.

That Renee, used to gayety, to self-indulgence, to doing exactly as she pleased, could give all that up and obey orders (she had never obeyed anyone before) proves that she's got the stuff of which great heroines are made. That's the biggest thing Renee has ever done.

AND here's the glorious sequel, the fine reward. In a few months she will leave the sanitarium. After another few months' rest she will be perfectly well and ready to resume the career that I know is awaiting her.

And now she has so much more to give to the screen.

Those long, dreary, disheartening months have shown her a new side of life. The sanitarium has changed Renee from a charming dear child into a fine vital woman. If Renee isn't given a chance to do a big comeback upon her release, then I'll know that all producers are fools.

What is the inside of this interviewing business? Why do stars talk so intimately to reporters? Next month I'm going to tell you how interviews are secured—although I shouldn't be giving away state secrets. I've some swell yarns about Lupe Velez, Alice White, Bill Powell, Gary Cooper, Mary Astor and others.

$750,000 and Danger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

But she's so trained it—with her technique—that, today, even the keen, dissecting eye of the camera seldom catches it.

TAKE the way Ruth arrived on the set that first morning. A call for eleven o'clock. The great Ruth Chatterton's first appearance in the new studio! Bette Davis was wondering whether Ruth would remember that they had met once at a social gathering. John Miljan was wondering just what he could say to show his appreciation of the opportunity she had given him for a sympathetic part in a picture. Director Al Green knew her only casually.

At exactly eleven—limousine, chauffeur, maid, and Ruth. The cast craned their necks. They went through the introductions. Ruth was marvelous. Said just the right thing at the right moment. The perfect drawing-room manner. So perfect that, in what seemed only a twinkling, everyone on that set was saying either verbally or mentally, "Yes, Miss Chatterton."

When he started his first scene the director said, "Is that all right, Miss Chatterton? Does it suit you?"

Ruth nodded. The perfect queen.

I repeat, I think Ruth was as nervous as the others. At least, she knocked over a glass of water, necessitating an entire re-setting of the table. But she made nothing of it. Such a little thing. A casual "I'm sorry." Again, the perfect poise—too perfect.

When Ruth first went into pictures she was a heart-broken woman. New York—the New York which had adored her for years—had almost forgotten her. She had been at the top. "Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out of the Kitchen." I will never forget them.

Today, I have been reading the interviews given by Ruth **Chatterton** during the past two years. To one writer she gave a definition of sophistication; to another, one of Hollywood; another, of acting. Clever, pat, definitions.

In 1929, she told our own Katherine Albert, "What you play on the stage or screen has nothing to do with the sort of person you, yourself, are. Great changes come into the lives of actresses and, if they're good actresses, these personal crises do not affect their performances."

I would like to write my friend Ruth a letter. If I did, I would say:

Ruth, what we do in life affects every part of us. If we love, we are inspired; if we hate we are poisoned! Jealousy taints our system as surely as does ptomaine. And you say that an actress' life has nothing to do with her performance? If you have really trained yourself to believe that—there is no reason for me to go further. You have given yourself your own warning.

But, just a moment! I don't believe it. I know you too well. Recently, you lost a valued friendship. All the emotions within you rose to torment. If you could only have made a picture at that moment! I'll lay a wager that your perfect enunciation, which has become just a little monotonous in its perfection, might have turned a little incoherent. A delightful, human incoherence. How the public would have adored it in you!

I SO hoped you'd show you were scared to death on the first shot of your picture! I'd so hoped Al Green would order you about—tell you what he wanted on the screen—instead of yessing you as though you were a De Mille of the grandeur days of the movies.

Your emotions in your early pictures did not betray technique. They seemed to come from the heart, not the mind. In those days you were not philosophizing about life. You were seeking a way to live it. And you were twice the actress that you are today.

It is not too late. You have technique as few have it. You have lived life as few women. But if you do not give us humanity and heartfelt emotion on the screen, all the "best sellers" ever written will not help.

You are one of the really great actresses. Come back, and all is forgiven. The screen needs the Ruth Chatterton of those three first pictures.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

STRUGGLE, THE—United Artists.—Old Massa D. W. Griffith has lost his cunning with the megaphone and this old-fashioned, phony, "Face on the Barroom Floor" melodrama is a sad spectacle for those who remember "The Birth of a Nation." (*Feb.*)

STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A (Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg)—UFA.—Rollicking tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (*Nov.*)

SUICIDE FLEET—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (*Jan.*)

SUNDOWN TRAIL—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (*Oct.*)

SUNSET TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—A blonde in distress. Ken Maynard saves the situation with gun and fist. And there you are! (*March*)

SURRENDER—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (*Jan.*)

TAXI—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (*Jan.*)

TERROR BY NIGHT—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (*Dec.*)

TEX TAKES A HOLIDAY—Argosy Prod.—This story of a Mexican cowboy wanders here, there and everywhere. But it wanders in color, which is a help. (*March*)



Here's old Mammy Merkel all done up in a bandanna handkerchief turban. And what's that top arrangement to your beach pyjamas, Una? Oh, more bandanna hankie used as a bodice—my, my, rather scant but very smart, we hear. Those beads—er—will hold it up all right?

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THIRTY DAYS—Patrician.—A wealthy tenement owner plays the regeneration scene in jail. Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it entertaining. (*Jan.*)

THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL—UFA.—A dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialogue. (*Oct.*)

THIS MODERN AGE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal in a ridiculous story. (*Nov.*)

THIS RECKLESS AGE—Paramount.—In spite of a grand cast (including Richard Bennett) this yarn came too late. The jazz age is pretty cold. (*March*)

TIP OFF, THE—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy Eddie Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprightly comedy is the result. (*Jan.*)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and burns with snappy love scenes. And there's a new sex appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the sophisticated. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOUCHDOWN**—Paramount.—A football picture that's different—with inside stuff on crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oakie. (*Jan.*)

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Paramount.—A grand but conversational stage play makes a rather dull "moving" picture. Ruth Chatterton and Paul Lukas. (*March*)

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is in it. So is Phillips Holmes. The story is weak but the acting isn't. (*March*)

TWO SOULS (Zwei Menschen)—Cicero Prod.—Heavy drama and bright spots in the Tyrolese country neatly combined. English titles make it understandable to those who don't speak German. (*March*)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only good but different. Kay Francis and Clive Brook are grand. (*Nov.*)

UNDER EIGHTEEN—Warners.—A neat little picture, Marian Marsh's first starring one, about an innocent cloak model and a rich client. (*Feb.*)

UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE—Universal.—Another little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. Hohum! Four-year-old Cora Sue Collins toddles off with the honors. (*Feb.*)

UNHOLY GARDEN, THE—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sahara castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to save the impossible story. (*Oct.*)

UNION DEPOT—First National.—Bits of life as you see it in a railroad station. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., turns in a splendid performance, one of his best. (*Feb.*)

U. S. C.-NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL GAME, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—If you're a football fan, you must see this visual account of one of the greatest sports events of all time. (*March*)

WAY BACK HOME—Radio Pictures.—If you follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seeing as well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (*Dec.*)

WEST OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—John Gilbert's voice is low—so is the entertainment value of the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six months to live. (*Oct.*)

WHITE DEVIL, THE—UFA.—Russians in big fur hats are doing serious things again. You need not bother. (*Nov.*)

WICKED—Fox.—Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama about a bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (*Oct.*)

WOMAN COMMANDS, A—RKO-Pathe.—Pola Negri in her comeback film is beautiful and alluring, but the story is trite and impossible. See Pola, anyhow. (*Feb.*)

WOMAN OF MONTE CARLO, THE—First National.—Lil Dagover bows to American audiences in a weary, over-talkative drama. Lil could do better with better material. (*Feb.*)

WORKING GIRLS—Paramount.—Two beautiful country blondes learn about life in the city. But not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can make the story and dialogue seem real. (*Jan.*)

X MARKS THE SPOT—Tiffany Prod.—Another gangster-newspaper story inspired by the Lingle case. Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax. (*Jan.*)

YELLOW TICKET, THE—Fox.—Russia before the revolution. The heroine fights for her honor. Oh, stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. (*Jan.*)

Just What Makes Them Click

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

particularly, the complete obedience of her mouth to her control of emotion. If you watch her mouth right through, you find you'll never be offended, and that's rare, for everyone's mouth nearly always offends sometime or other.

That asset, on Garbo's part, is unquestionably cultivated—studied control. Any girl can do it, who has sufficient quality of feeling.

Control of facial features is a huge **Garbo** asset. Not alone hiding true feelings, but substituting the artificial facial evidence of emotions that do not exist. Garbo's face telegraphs every thought she wants to put over, always with restraint—but whether it actually exists within her is another question. It did at some time. And that, too, is an asset that any woman can cultivate. Try it out before your mirror, and see if it's not true (and add to the gayety of nations!).

Now, here's another thing—and though it seems unimportant, its effect is great. Garbo's walk. She walks with "a quasi-oriental, loose-limbed motion."

Dr. Reynolds doubts if Garbo consciously is aware of that walk. He believes it is hers naturally. But that does not prevent other women from profiting thereby. That does not mean, purely, imitation. It means, rather, realization of the effect a graceful, unusual walk



So you have heard that checks are going to be good this year, Dolores del Rio? Well, you certainly have chosen them in a big way—but they make a very jaunty topcoat. You look as though you knew what to wear on a trip to Hawaii—all except those orchids. A hardier weed is really smarter for tweeds!

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and carriage has—and the profiting by that knowledge. Garbo always remembers her debt to sculpture.

Garbo's voice is another case in point. It is always quiet, deep, restrained. How few women are there whose voices do not rise shrilly under excitement or emotion? Garbo's does not—so she is different—being different is being mysterious—to be mysterious is to interest, fascinate others.

GARBO'S appeal is not alone to men, nor to women. She appeals to both—to women because they want to be like her, knowing and envying her power; to men because Garbo's appeal is to the mother complex in man!

This Dr. Reynolds states positively. "The sex reaction in the great majority of men, to a greater or lesser degree, is tied up with a kind of mother complex," he points out. "Any woman knows that, although she may not express it like that in the psychiatrist's language. Women merely know that the vast majority of men 'are just little boys.'

"Garbo appeals to that in men particularly. Her whole personality makes men want to be, subconsciously, mothered by her. Certainly men do not want to father her, as they do the opposite type! She appeals, also, to the masochistic man, the man who wants to sense strength—not necessarily physical, but moral strength—in his woman. And be mothered by her.

"You can sum up Garbo's 'personality' then, in general, as follows: (1)—Great self-control, leading to (2)—the impression that she has a great understanding of life through suffering, which creates, in turn (3)—that sense of mystery that makes a person fascinating, dominant. (4) The physical attributes of an extraordinary, yet graceful walk, and a vibrant, low voice always under control. (5) As a result of these, a form of sex-appeal which plays upon a man's mother complex. She has great psychological vitality."

And that's Garbo. Now for:

CLARK GABLE

GABLE may be summed up in a two-word characterization—he is a "civilized brute."

"It has taken man a long time to evolve out of the jungle brute into the civilized man of today," says Dr. Reynolds. "In that process, he has lost many of the physical qualities which made the brute, and substituted for them an outward weakness, and approach to femininity.

"It is becoming rare then, today, to find a he-man who is, withal, kindly, good-natured and tolerant.

"Clark Gable, on the screen, presents exactly this picture. He presents the picture of a true he-man, a splendid physical specimen radiating strength and force and power, and who has, nevertheless, acquired the assets of civilization. He appears happy and honest.

"And it is a fundamental truth that the majority of women today, wanting that sort of man subconsciously, also want, when they find him, to strip that veneer of civilization from him and reawaken the brute beneath.

"It is that which Clark Gable challenges, more or less, in every woman. And that is why, if it is so, that Clark Gable's appeal to women has been so sudden, so great and so widespread—as was Valentino's, in a different way."

The keynote of Gable's appeal, it seems, is not only that the observer knows that he is possessed of physical strength, but also that he has that same restraint that speaks of a moral strength behind the physical.

Moreover, he has the Garbo trick of facial emotional control. He can mask his true reactions and assume, instead, the evidence of an emotion that does not exist within him. Like Garbo, he has learned not to put everything in the show window.

And does this mean anything to women?

"Hundreds of women," answers Dr. Reynolds, "have told me, in the course of professional relations, that the only reason they ever married their husband was because of the apparent indifference he displayed during their first three months' acquaintance!"

Well, any intelligent male need but read that to know what to do.

Now here are some specific facets of Gable's appeal; as Dr. Reynolds, knowing the twists of the feminine human mind, observes them:

"HE has a habit, when smiling, of raising his eyebrows. It engenders in the observer an impression of sympathy, understanding and tolerance. The effect on a woman is that, cognizant of the physical brute strength before her, she nevertheless feels safe because she senses a protection in those qualities.

"Like Garbo's appeal to man's mother-complex, Gable's attitude is one of 'fathering' his girl. There is a kind of paternal note in his actions and reactions toward her that intrigues her and yet gives her a sense of trust in him."

There is much in common between Dempsey and Gable, says the psycho-analyst. "Gable has much that Jack Dempsey has, besides which Gable is a good actor. Gable has all the glamour and attractiveness of Dempsey.

"Some of this is purely physical. Both carry their head in a peculiar manner—which I can only describe as reminiscent of the gladiator of old—chin down, a little arch to the neck so that one notices the corrugation of the chin line. Subconsciously it reminds the watcher of the Grecian athlete—or some other atavistic memory, perhaps—resulting in an impression of great physical and moral strength as well as alertness."

Strange it is, certainly, and seemingly simple what tiny and unmysteriously mechanical and physical things stir within us the subconscious emotions and reactions that make rabid Garbo-Gable fans, isn't it?

And atop all else, Gable has this prime handicap, as far as screen appeal goes, according to Dr. Reynolds:

"He has less of the feminine streak that is present in every man than there is in any other screen male today!"

Summing up Gable, then, he has (1) definite physical strength and a splendid body. (2) the effect of great moral strength, communicated by such physical habits as the way he holds his head, the way he smiles. Like Garbo, he has (3) self-control and avoidance of "putting everything in the show window." And the result is that he appears as the "civilized brute" whose appeal to womanhood is tremendous, especially to those with a "father-fixation."

WELL, you've read what Dr. Reynolds had to say. A lot of it may sound a bit abstruse, "deep." But it isn't. Read it over again, and it's quite simple. But **you** may wonder, discouragedly, if there's anything in it to help you—you who want to capture some of the personal charm that makes Gable and Garbo so universally admired.

Well, Dr. Reynolds tells you this:

"Studiously applied, it is easy in the present state of mob hysteria that exists, to put over a bluff, of sorts.

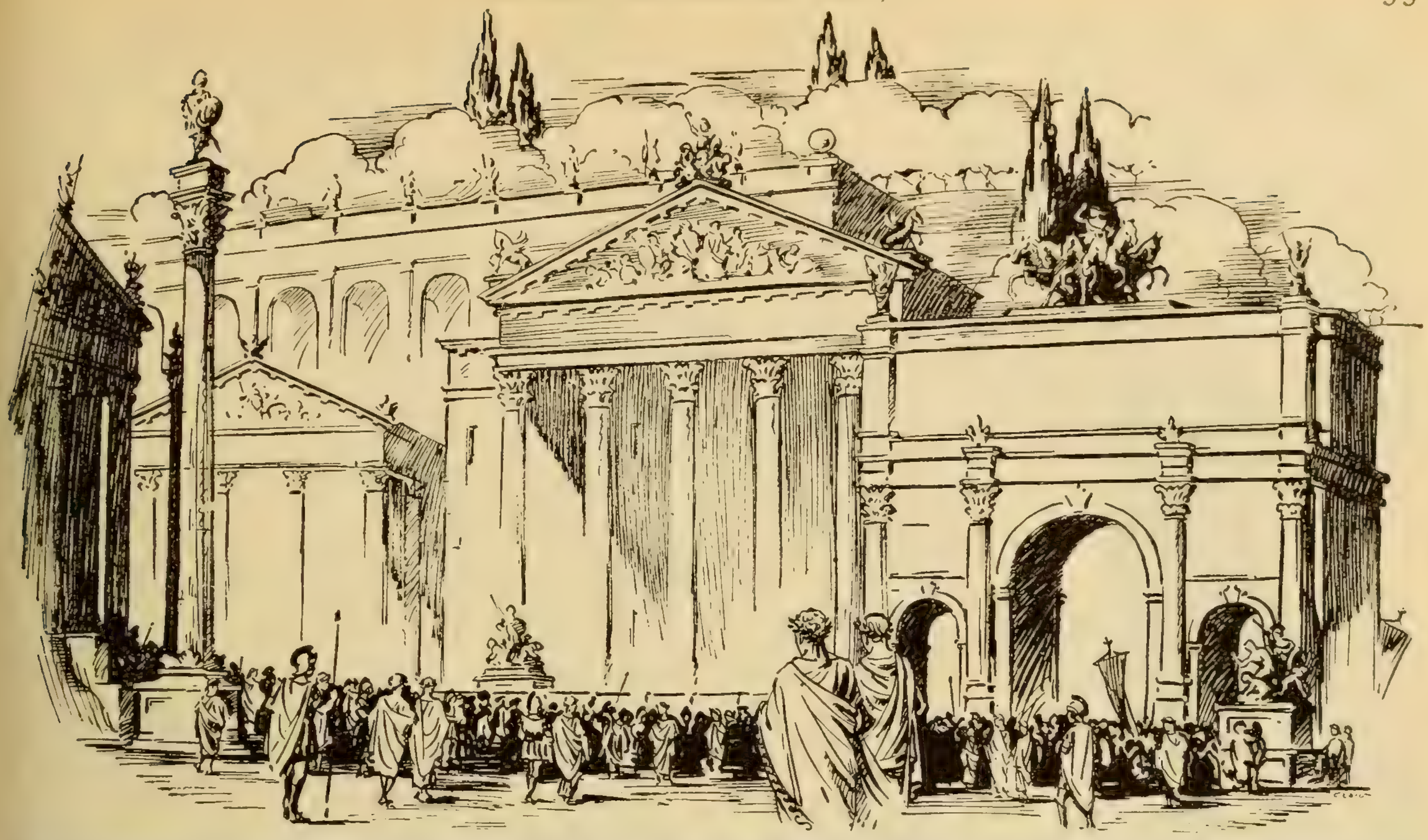
"In the field of sex, thanks to Freud and his followers and imitators, and the present openness of sex discussion, sex has become so absolutely phlegmatic and dull that most men and women are longing, by very nature, for a little mystery.

"So a little practice and thought spent in applying a bluff that will make others believe you have experienced, that you have plumbed great mysteries of life, will go far today.

"People are looking for leaders today as never before—small circle leaders as well as national and international. The 'different' person can become a leader, merely by intelligent care and bluff, but it cannot be sustained without the necessary vitality.

"That's why so many French valets get away with posing as lords."

And if there are many such attempts, the world will be a funnier place than ever to live in.



WHEN CAESAR WAS A BOY

THE Forum was the common market-place for all of ancient Rome. Today a few crumbling columns stand as mute reminders of its former grandeur.

In our present-day complex civilization, market-places have become scattered. It is no longer possible to visit them all in a morning—or even in a day.

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Richard Arlen
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Tallulah Bankhead
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John Breeden
Chas. D. Brown
Maurice Chevalier
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Claire Dodd
Junior Durkin
Stuart Erwin
Marjorie Gateson
Tamara Geva
Wynne Gibson
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Lenita Lane
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Jeanette MacDonald
Fredric March
Sari Maritza
Marx Brothers
Frances Moffett
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Irving Pichel
Gene Raymond
Charlie Ruggles
Jackie Searl
Peggy Shannon
Sylvia Sidney
Lilyan Tashman
Kent Taylor
Regis Toomey
Allen Vincent
Judith Wood

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
John Arledge
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
Joan Castle
Paul Cavanagh
Virginia Cherrill
William Collier, Sr.
Roxanne Curtis
Jesse DeVorska
Donald Dillaway
Allan Dinehart
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
Janet Gaynor
Minna Gombell
William Holden
Olin Howland
Warren Hymer
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Una Merkel
Don Jose Mojica
Conchita Montenegro
Goodee Montgomery
Ralph Morgan
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Lawrence O'Sullivan
Cecelia Parker
William Pawley
Yvonne Pelletier
Gaylord Pendleton
Howard Phillips
Terrance Ray
Manya Roberti
Will Rogers
Peggy Ross
Raul Roulien
Rosalie Roy
George E. Stone
James Todd
Spencer Tracy
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White
Charles Williams
Elda Vokel

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
Morgan Galloway
John Halliday
Hugh Herbert
Leyland Hodgson
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Phillips "Seth Parker" Lord
Joel McCrea
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Laurence Olivier
William Post
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Polly Walters
Ruth Weston
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Ann Harding
June MacCloy
Pola Negri
Eddie Quillan
Marion Shilling
Helen Twelvetrees

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Melvyn Douglas
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell
Richard Cromwell
Susan Fleming
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Loretta Sayers
Barbara Stanwyck
John Wayne

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther
William Bakewell
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Herbert Braggiotti
John Mack Brown
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Kathryn Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Cliff Edwards
Madge Evans
Wallace Ford
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Charlotte Greenwood
Nora Gregor
William Haines
Helen Hayes
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Myrna Loy
Joan Marsh
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Maureen O'Sullivan
Anita Page
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Lew Ayres
Tala Birrell
John Boles
Lucile Browne
June Clyde
Bette Davis
Sidney Fox
Rose Hobart
Boris Karloff
Bela Lugosi
Slim Summerville
Sally Sweet
Genevieve Tobin
Lois Wilson

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lilian Bond
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
Charles Butterworth
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Donald Cook
Lil Dagover
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
Ralf Harolde
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Ben Lyon
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Vivienne Osborne
Dorothy Peterson
William Powell
James Rennie
Edward G. Robinson
Chas. "Chic" Sale
Loretta Young
Warren William

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Nancy Carroll
Claudette Colbert
Frank Morgan
Charles Starrett

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"AIR EAGLES"—ALL-STAR.—Story, adaptation and dialogue by Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by Philip Whitman. Photography by James Brown, Jr. Aerial photography by Charles Marshall. The cast: *Bill Ramsey*, Lloyd Hughes; *Otto Schumann*, Norman Kerry; *Eve*, Shirley Grey; *Dad Ramsey*, Otis Harlan; *Eddie Ramsey*, Matty Kemp; *Carnival Barker*, Berton Churchill; *Mother Ramsey*, Katherine Ward.

"ALIAS THE DOCTOR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Emric Foeldes. Adapted by Houston Branch. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Karl Muller*, Richard Barthelmess; *Lottie*, Marian Marsh; *Mother Brenner*, Lucile Laverne; *Stephan*, Norman Foster; *Anna*, Adrienne Dore; *Keller*, Oscar Apfel; *Dr. Niergardt*, John Sainpolis; *Kleinschmidt*, Wallis Clark; *Mrs. Beverly*, Claire Dodd; *Von Bergman*, George Rosener; *Autopsy Surgeon*, Boris Karloff; *Professor of University*, Reginald Barlow; *The Deacon*, Arnold Lucy; *Willie*, Harold Waldridge; *Franz*, Robert Farfan.

"BEHIND THE MASK"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "In the Secret Service" by Jo Swerling. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Hart*, Jack Holt; *Julie*, Constance Cummings; *Henderson*, Boris Karloff; *Arnold*, Claude King; *Edwards*, Bertha Mann; *Steiner*, Edward Van Sloan; *Hawkes*, Willard Robertson.

"CROSS EXAMINATION"—SUPREME.—Story by Arthur Hoerl. Adaptation and dialogue by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Photography by A. Anderson. The cast: *Gerald Waring*, H. B. Warner; *Grace Varney*, Sally Blane; *Inez Wells*, Natalie Moorhead; *Dwight Simpson*, Edmund Breese; *Emory Wells*, William V. Mong; *David Wells*, Donald Dillaway; *Etta Billings*, Nita Cavalier; *Mary Stevens*, Sarah Padden; *Warren Slade*, Niles Welch; *Judge Hollister*, Wilfred Lucas; *Martha Gregory*, Margaret Fealy; *Boggs*, Alexander Pollard; *Ralph Varney*, B. Wayne LaMont.

"DISORDERLY CONDUCT"—FOX.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by John W. Considine, Jr. The cast: *Dick Fay*, Spencer Tracy; *Phyllis Crawford*, Sally Eilers; *Tom Manning*, Ralph Bellamy; *Olsen*, El Brendel; *Jimmy*, Dickie Moore; *James Crawford*, Ralph Morgan; *Fletcher*, Allan Dinehart; *Lunch Room Girl*, Claire Maynard; *Tony Alsotto*, Frank Conroy; *Stallings*, Cornelius Keefe; *Gwen Fiske*, Nora Lane; *Phoebe Darnton*, Geneva Mitchell; *Limpy*, Charles Grapewin; *Perce Manners*, James Todd; *Helen Burke*, Sally Blane.

"DRAGNET PATROL"—ALL-STAR.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Millie*, Vera Reynolds; *Larry White*, Glenn Tryon; *Mabel*, Marjorie Beebe; *Cookie*, Vernon Dent; *Ethel*, Symona Boniface; *Mr. Granger*, Walter Long; *Detective*, George Hayes.

"DRIFTER, THE"—ALL-STAR.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Directed by William O'Connor. The cast: *Louis Valjean*, William Farnum; *Matt Farlane*, Charles Sellon; *John McNeary*, Noah Beery; *Bonnie McNeary*, Phyllis Barrington; *Paul Latour*, Bruce Warren; *Montana*, Russell Hopton; *Marie*, Ann Brody; *Yvonne*, Inez Seabury.

"EXPERT, THE"—WARNERS.—From the novel "Old Man Minick" by Edna Ferber. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Grandpa Minick*, Chic Sale; *Dickie*, Dickie Moore; *Nellie Minick*, Lois Wilson; *Fred Minick*, Earle Foxe; *Crowley*, Ralf Harolde; *Mrs. Smallbridge*, May Boley; *Sadie*, Adrienne Dore; *Daisy*, Noel Francis; *Annie*, Dorothy Wolbert; *Lulu*, Louise Beaver; *Price*, Ben Holmes; *Briggs*, William Robyns; *Dietenhofer*, Charles Evans; *Al*, Walter Catlett; *Mrs. Crackenwald*, Clara Blandick; *Miss Lippincott*, Zita Moulton; *Miss Stack*, Elsa Peterson.

"FINAL EDITION, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Roy Chanslor. Adapted by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Sam Bradshaw*, Pat O'Brien; *Anne Woodman*, Mae Clarke; *Patsy King*, Mary Doran; *Sid Malvern*, Bradley Page; *Neil Selby*, Morgan Wallace; *Freddie*, James Donlan; *Dan Cameron*, Phil Tead; *Jim Conroy*, Wallis Clark; *Mrs. Conroy*, Bertha Mann.

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ray Enright, Robert Lord and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Joe Grant*, Joe E. Brown; *Sally*, Evalyn Knapp; *Pop*, Guy Kibbee; *June*, Lilian Bond; *Mascot*, George Ernest; *Fire Chief*, George MacFarlane; *Larkin*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Miss Gallop*, Virginia Sale; *Steven*, George Meeker; *Pitcher*, Frank Shallenback.

"FOOL'S ADVICE, A"—FRANK FAY PROD.—From the story by Frank Fay. Continuity by Walter DeLeon and Charles Belden. Directed by Ralph Ceder. The cast: *Spencer Brown*, Frank Fay; *Norma Baker*, Ruth Hall; *George Diamond*, Hale Hamilton; *Harry Bayliss*, George Meeker; *Martin Sloan*, Berton Churchill; *Steve*, Eddie Nugent; *Mrs. Prescott*, Esther Howard; *Hotel Clerk*, Franklin Pangborn; *Kelly*, Nat Pendleton; *Copeland*, Nick Copeland; *"Muscles,"* Mike Donlin; *Catlett*, Eddie Borden; *"Spike,"* Al Hill; *Citizen*, Sidney Jarvis.

"GAY CABALLERO, THE"—FOX.—From the novel by Tom Gill. Screen play by Philip Klein and Barry Conners. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: *Ted Radcliffe*, George O'Brien; *Don Harkness*, Victor McLaglen; *Adela Morales*, Conchita Montenegro; *Ann Grey*, Linda Watkins; *Don Paco Morales*, C. Henry Gordon; *Jito*, Weldon Heyburn; *Major Blunt*, Willard Robertson; *Juan*, Juan Torena; *Manuel*, Martin Garralaga.

"HOTEL CONTINENTAL"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert and Paul Perez. Continuity by Warren B. Duff. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Mary*, Peggy Shannon; *Bennett*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Mr. Underwood*, Alan Mowbray; *Martin*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tierney*, Rockliffe Fellows; *Mrs. Underwood*, Ethel Clayton; *Winthrop*, Henry B. Walthall; *Layton*, Bert Roach; *Mills*, William Scott.

"IMPATIENT MAIDEN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel, "The Impatient Virgin," by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Richard Schayer and Winifred Dunn. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Dr. Myron Brown*, Lew Ayres; *Ruth Robbins*, Mae Clarke; *Betty Merrick*, Una Merkel; *Albert Hartman*, John Halliday; *Clarence Howe*, Andy Devine; *Dr. Wilcox*, Berton Churchill; *Nurse Lovett*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Gilman*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Ambulance Driver*, Monty Montague; *Mr. Rosy*, Lorin Raker; *Mrs. Rosy*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mr. Thomas*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Thomas*, Blanche Payson.

"LADY WITH A PAST"—RKO-PATHE.—From the novel by Harriet Henry. Screen play by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Venice Muir*, Constance Bennett; *Guy Bryson*, Ben Lyon; *Donnie Wainwright*, David Manners; *The Argentine*, Don Alvarado; *Rene*, Albert Conti; *Ann Duryea*, Merna Kennedy; *Nora*, Blanche Frederici; *Lola*, Astrid Allwyn; *Aunt Emma*, Nella Walker; *Mrs. Bryson*, Helene Millard; *Karl*, John Roche; *Jerry*, Donald Dillaway; *Patterson*, Freeman Wood; *Spaulding*, Cornelius Keefe; *Mr. Partridge*, George Irving; *Butler*, Arnold Lucy.

"LOST SQUADRON, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Dick Grace. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Captain Gibson*, Richard Dix; *Follette Marsh*, Mary Astor; *Von Furst*, Eric Von Stroheim; *The Pest*, Dorothy Jordan; *Red*, Joel McCrea; *Woody*, Robert Armstrong; *Fritz*, Hugh Herbert; *Detective*, Ralph Ince; *Flyers*, Dick Grace, Art Goebel, Leo Nomis, Frank Clark.

"MENACE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Roy William Neill. The cast: *Tracy*, H. B. Warner; *Peggy*, Bette Davis; *Ronald*, Walter Byron; *Caroline*, Natalie Moorhead; *Utterson*, William Davidson; *Lewis*, Crauford Kent; *Phillips*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Bailiff*, Charles Gerrard; *Carr*, Murray Kinnell.

"MONSTER WALKS, THE"—ACTION PICTURE—Story and adaptation by Robert Ellis. Directed by Frank Strayer. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Dr. Crayton*, Rex Lease; *Ruth Earlton*, Vera Reynolds; *Robert Earlton*, Sheldon Lewis; *Hans Krug*, Mischa Auer; *Mrs. Krug*, Martha Mattox; *Herbert Wilkies*, Sidney Bracy.

"MURDER AT DAWN"—BIG FOUR PROD.—From the story by Barry Barringer. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Danny*, Jack Mulhall; *Doris Farrington*, Josephine Dunn; *Caretaker*, Mischa Auer; *Housekeeper*, Martha Mattox; *Arnstein*, Crauford Kent; *Judge Folger*, Phillips Smalley; *Gertie*, Marjorie Beebe; *Goddard*, Al Cross; *Farrington*, Frank Ball; *Freddy*, Eddie Boland.

"NICE WOMEN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Wm. A. Grew. Screen play by Edwin H. Knopf. Directed by Edwin H. Knopf. The cast: *Bess Girard*, Sidney Fox; *Jerry Girard*, Frances Dee; *Mark Chandler*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Girard*, Lucile Webster Gleason; *Bill Wells*, Russell Gleason; *Mr. Girard*, James Durkin; *Jackie Girard*, Kenneth Seiling; *Dorothy Drew*, Carmel Myers; *Butler*, Leonard Carey; *Miss Irvine*, Jo Wallace; *Mary*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Maid*, Florence Enright.

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Lothar Schmidt. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Dr. Andre Bertier*, Maurice Chevalier; *Colette Bertier*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Mitzi Olivier*, Genevieve Tobin; *Adolph*, Charlie Ruggles; *Prof. Olivier*, Roland Young; *Police Commissioner*, George Barbier; *Mlle. Martel*, Josephine Dunn; *Detective*, Richard Carle; *Policeman*, Charles Judels; *Mitzi's Maid*, Barbara Leonard.

"PASSIONATE PLUMBER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel "The Cardboard Lover" by Jacques Deval. Adapted by Laurence E. Johnson. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Elmer*, Buster

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"POLLY OF THE CIRCUS"—M-G-M.—From the play by Margaret Mayo. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Polly*, Marion Davies; *Rev. John Hartley*, Clark Gable; *Rev. James Northcott*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Downey*, Raymond Hatton; *Beef*, David Landau; *Mitzi*, Ruth Selwyn; *Mrs. Jennings*, Maude Eburne; *Half-pint*, Little Billy; *Eric*, Guinn Williams; *Don*, Clark Marshall; *Mrs. McNamara*, Lillian Elliott.

"ROAD TO LIFE, THE"—AMKINO.—From the story by Nikolai Ekk. Directed by Nickolai Ekk. The cast: *Fomka Zhigan*, Mikhail Zharov; *Lelka "Mazikha,"* Maria Gonta; *"Dandy" Mustapha*, Tzyvan Kyrla; *Kolka*, Mikhail Djagafarov; *Kolga's Father*, Vladimir Veshnovsky; *Kolka's Mother*, Regina Yanushkevich; *Nikolai Sergeyev*, Nikolai Batalov; *Maria Skriabina*, Marie Antropova.

"SADDLE BUSTER, THE"—RKO-PATHE.—Story by Cherry Wilson. Adaptation by Oliver Drake. Direction by Fred Allen. Photography by Ted McCord. The cast: *Montana*, Tom Keene; *Sunny*, Helen Foster; *Rita*, Marie Quillan; *Rance*, Robert Frazer; *Jude*, Richard Carlyle; *Pa Hern*, Fred Burns; *Calgary*, Harry Bowen; *Cladgett*, Charles Quigley; *Keno*, Charles Whittaker; *Shorty*, Ben Corbett; *Blackie*, Al Taylor.

"SALLY OF THE SUBWAY"—ACTION PICTURES.—Story by George B. Seitz. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Ludwig*, Jack Mulhall; *Angela*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Sally*, Dorothy Revier; *Gordon*, Huntly Gordon; *Von Tromp*, Harry Semels; *Mr. Moffit*, Crauford Kent; *McMillan*, John Webb Dillon; *Scraggs*, William Burt.

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Hervey. Screen play by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Shanghai Lily*, Marlene Dietrich; *Capt. Donald Harvey*, Clive Brook; *Hui Fei*, Anna May Wong; *Henry Chang*, Warner Oland; *Sam Salt*, Eugene Pallette; *Mrs. Haggerty*, Louise Closser Hale; *Rev. Carmichael*, Lawrence Grant; *Col. Lenard*, Emil Chautard; *Eric Baum*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz.

"SHE WANTED A MILLIONAIRE"—FOX.—From the story by Sonya Levien. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Jane Miller*, Joan Bennett; *William Kelly*, Spencer Tracy; *Mrs. Taylor*, Una Merkel; *Roger Norton*, James Kirkwood; *Mrs. Miller*, Dorothy Peterson; *Mr. Miller*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Humphrey*, Donald Dillaway; *Charlie*, Tetsu Komai; *Monk*, Constantine Romanoff.

"SHOP ANGEL"—PREMIER ATTRACTIONS.—From the story by Isola Forrester. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *James Walton Kennedy*, Holmes Herbert; *Dorothy Hayes*, Marion Shilling; *Larry Pemberton*, Anthony Bushell; *Don Irwin*, Walter Byron; *Jerry Morton*, Creighton Hale; *Margaret Kennedy*, Dorothy Christy.

"STEADY COMPANY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edward Luddy. Screen play by Earl Snell. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Jim*, Norman Foster; *Peggy*, June Clyde; *Tony*, Henry Armetta; *Dot*, ZaSu Pitts; *Hogan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Blix*, Maurice Black; *Tuxedo Carter*, Morgan Wallace; *Pico Vacci*, Jack Perry; *Curly Blake*, Morry Cohan; *Pop Henley*, Willard Robertson.

"STRANGERS IN LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Black Robe" by William J. Locke. Adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *Arthur Drake*, Fredric March; *Buddy Drake*, Fredric March; *Diana Merrow*, Kay Francis; *Stan Kenney*, Stuart Erwin; *Muriel Preston*, Juliette Compton; *Mr. Merrow*, George Barbier; *Detective McPhail*, Sidney Toler; *J. C. Clark*, Earle Foxe; *Prof. Clark*, Lucien Littlefield; *Bronson*, Leslie Palmer; *Snowball*, Gertrude Howard; *Crenshaw*, Ben Taggart; *Dr. Selous*, John M. Sullivan.

"TARZAN, THE APE MAN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Adapted by Cyril Hume. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Tarzan*, Johnny Weismuller; *Harry Holt*, Neil Hamilton; *James Parker*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Jane Parker*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Mrs. Cutten*, Doris Lloyd; *Beamish*, Forrester Harvey; *Riano*, Ivory Williams.

"TEXAS GUN FIGHTER"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Ben Cohen. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Bill*, Ken Maynard; *Jane*, Sheila Mannors; *Banty*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Mason*, Harry Woods; *Clayton*, Bob Fleming; *Adams*, Edgar Lewis; *Drag*, Jim Mason.

"WAYWARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Wild Beauty" by Mateel Howe Farnham. Adapted by Gladys Unger. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Daisy*, Nancy Carroll; *David Frost*, Richard Arlen; *Mrs. Frost*, Pauline Frederick; *Bob Daniels*, John Litel; *Louisa Daniels*, Margalo Gillmore; *Uncle Judson*, Burke Clarke; *Hattie*, Dorothy Stickney; *Mary Norton*, Gertrude Michael; *George*, Sidney Easton.

"WISER SEX, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Clyde Fitch. Screen play by Harry Hervey and Caroline Francke. Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: *Margaret Hughes*, Claudette Colbert; *Claire*, Lilyan Tashman; *David Rolfe*, Melvyn Douglas; *Harry Evans*, William Boyd; *Jimmy O'Neil*, Ross Alexander; *Phil Long*, Franchot Tone; *Stephen Blaney*, Paul Harvey; *Mrs. Hughes*, Effie Shannon; *Ed*, Victor Killian; *City Editor*, Granville Bates; *Fritz*, Robert Fischer; *The Wop*, Douglas Dumbrille.

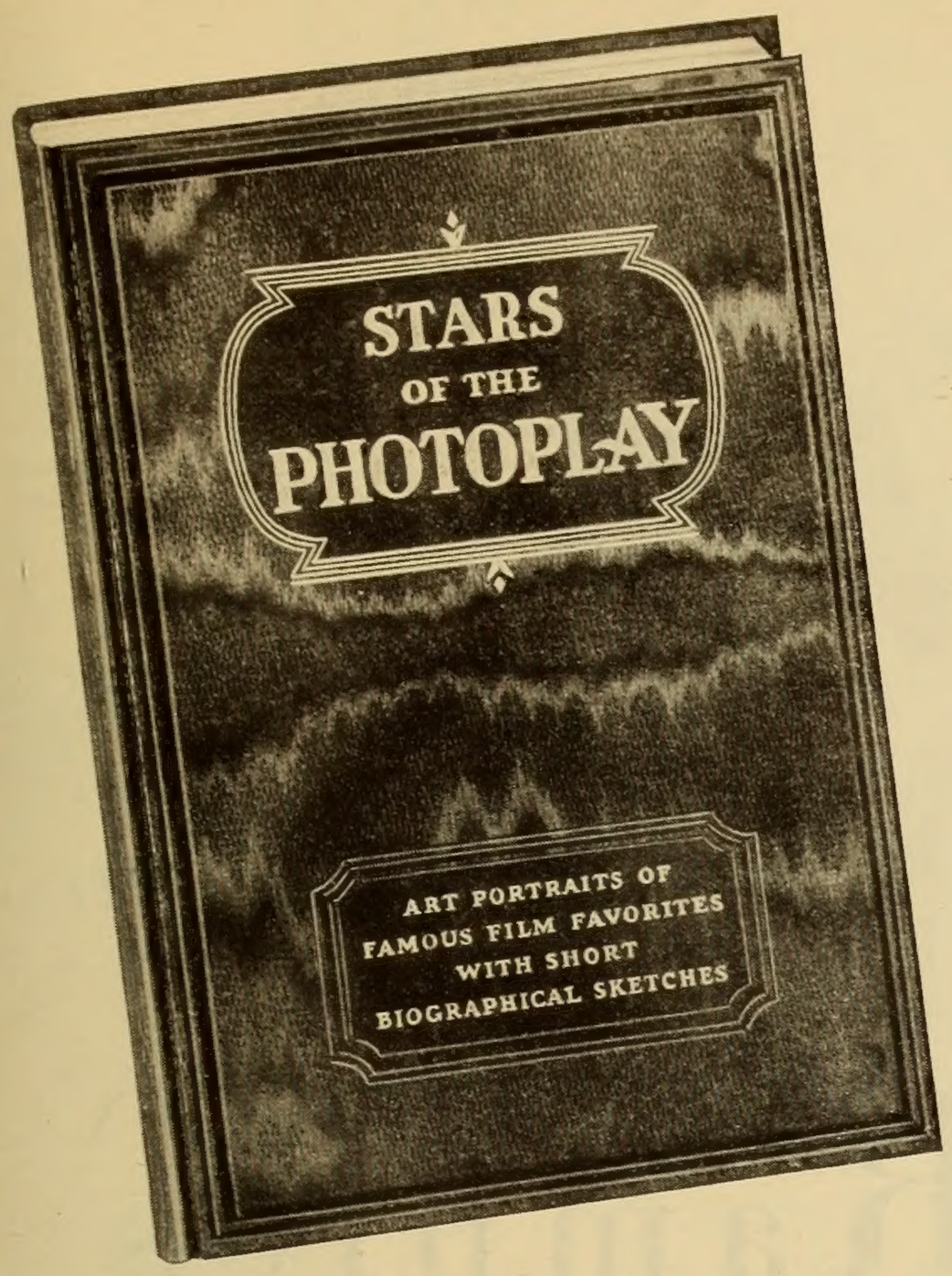
"WITHOUT HONOR"—SUPREME.—From the story by Lee Sage. Continuity by Harry Crist and Lee Sage. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Pete Marlan*, Harry Carey; *Mary Ryan*, Mae Busch; *Bernice Donovan*, Mary Jane Irving; *Mike Donovan*, Gibson Gowland; *Lopez Venero*, Ed Brady; *Frank Henderson*, Jack Richardson; *Sholtz Fletcher*, Tom London.

"ZANE GREY'S SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES"—SOL LESSER.—Narrative by Thomas J. Geraghty. Spoken by Wedgwood Nowell. Photography by Romer Grey, Robert Carney and Thomas Middleton. The cast: Zane Grey and his party.



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Every time Mrs. Robert Montgomery gets all dressed up in her ermine coat folks ask her why she doesn't go in pictures and her invariable answer is, "One star in the family is enough. Keeping up with Bob is a career in itself." Here they are about to see a Hollywood première. Their companion is Ivan Simpson, who did such a grand piece of character work in "The Man Who Played God"



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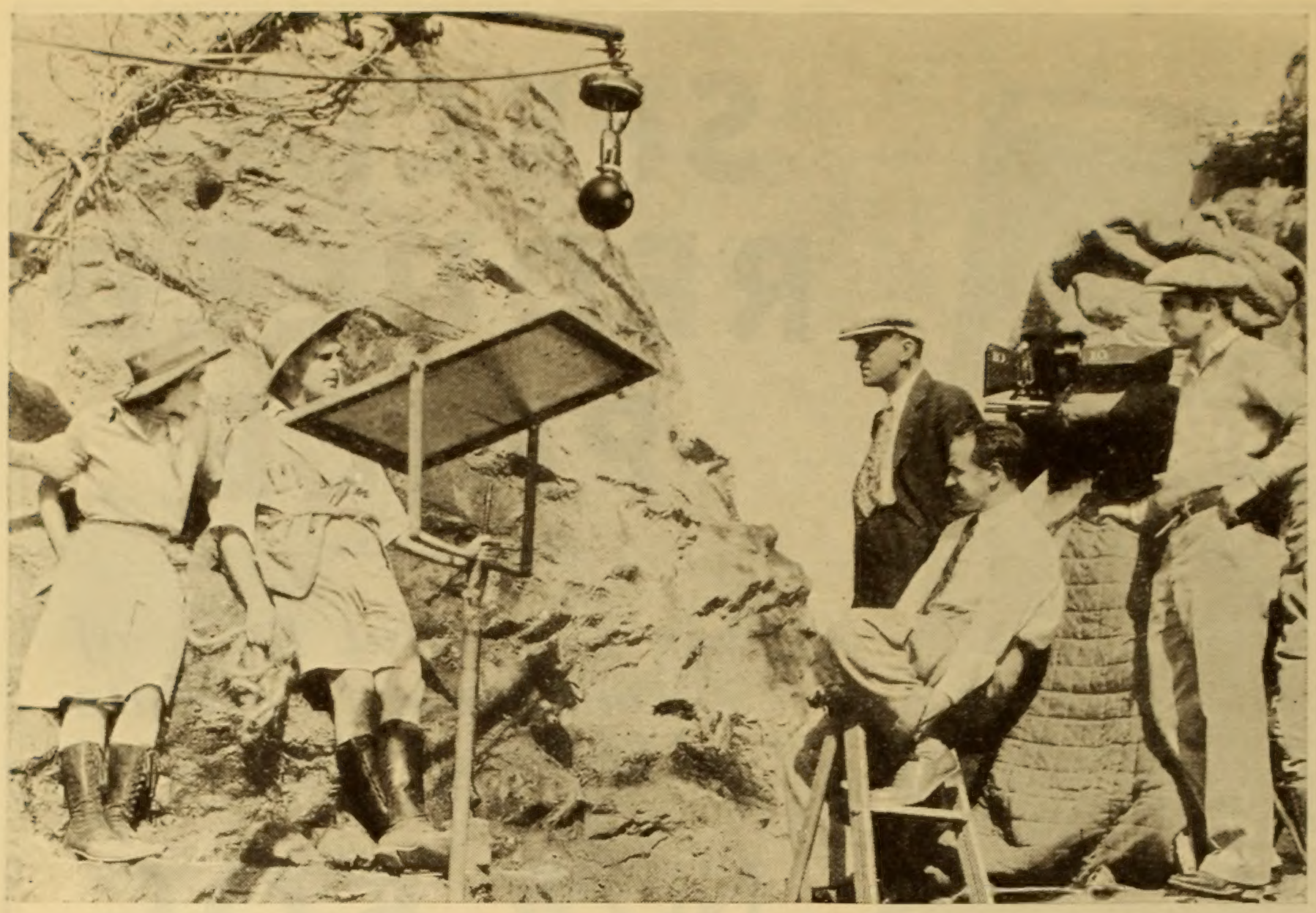
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Director Van Dyke, who made "Trader Horn," directing the cliff scene in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," which features the world's champion swimmer in the title rôle

By Sara Hamilton

Studio Rambles

ALL aboard. Hop in. Here we go for a ride through the back lot of the M-G-M studios. Through streets of old Tia Juana, country towns, jungles and villages. All props. A whistle blows shrilly and our car stops. It's the signal that somewhere in the distance a scene is being shot. We wait patiently for several minutes. Then it comes. A far off whistle. Another watchman relays the whistle. Then another. Until it reaches the man nearest us. Our car swings sharply off the rutty, twisting road and, suddenly, after ugly barren streets we find ourselves facing a lovely park. As we step from the car we stop and look. It can't be. But it is—Clark Gable dressed as a minister and catching a baseball like old Babe Ruth himself. He waves a hand in greeting. These "back lotters" are always glad to see visitors.

SOUNDS and voices reach in through the trees. Carefully we pick our way back. There, in a wheel-chair, sits Marion Davies. A vision in blue organdy. What has merely seemed a dilapidated pile of lumber from the rear is a lovely old Colonial Manse, with bright wicker furniture. Marion holds a large bible on her lap and reads aloud between scenes. Raymond Hatton, disguised as an old gardener, passes by. It's all for "Polly of the Circus," Marion's new picture.

SUDDENLY, the soundman jumps up in alarm. "Well, I'll be——" he shouts. "What is it?" everyone asks. "Someone, somewhere, has a radio in the studio and our last three shots are ruined," he growls.

AMIDST the groans of despair, we pick our way across barren lots where, far off in the distance, lights and figures can be glimpsed. It's the "Tarzan, the Ape Man" company. Hard at work. A large, rocky cliff has been built up. Perched perilously on the brink are Maureen O'Sullivan, C. Aubrey Smith, Neil Hamilton and a dozen or so huge, half-naked Africans. There's an air of suspense.

One is almost sure something is about to happen. It does. The lights flash on, the sound box whirrs and they're off. Up that narrow, rocky cliff. The black men moving slowly. Suddenly, there's a scream. Maureen has slipped. Hamilton grabs her. She half swoons in his arms. The natives remain stoically calm. Never moving. She recovers her nerve. On they go. Up. Up. Up. Almost to the top. A shout from Smith. And then—a glimpse of a long body swinging from a tree. *Tarzan, the Ape Man.*

And is there excitement on that two-by-four cliff? Even Clark Gable, who has sneaked over from his adjoining lot, looks all ruffled, for all his minister's garb.

THEN back to our waiting car we go and, amidst the echoing and re-echoing back and forth of shrill police whistles, that fade off in the distance like some melancholy sound from Alice in Wonderland, we hurry out to Universal Studios just in time to grab a bus, on its way to another back lot.

But there we find *murder*. There's a slight, drizzly rain. The proper sort of atmosphere for violence of some sort. Suddenly, crowds of extras storm the doors of a property hotel. Someone in there has been killed. Along the street a taxi whirls. People are running. Shouting. Screaming. A girl runs out into the street. Another car just missing her. Excitement. Terror. In the distance, through the drizzling rain, the gleaming red hair of Charley Bickford can be glimpsed. If the other scenes of "Ambition" are as lively as this, mercy goodness, what a wear and tear on the old nerves.

ON another set is "Girl Crazy." Why just *girl* crazy? As a matter of fact, everyone seems to be crazy. Mad as hatters. Bert Wheeler, for some delirious reason, flies madly about a dude ranch, clad in a woman's black sailor hat and veil, and no pants whatsoever. Yes, ma'm, I said no pants. Just a pair of salmon pink shorts and, heaven help us, Russian boots. Woolsey, almost as nudely insane, and Kitty Kelly sporting a hair cut that's a take-off on some Fiji Islander.

Two tough hombres of cowboys lie dead on the floor. And is it any wonder? We had to escape or lie right down and die ourselves. Wait till you see crazy "Girl Crazy."

DANCE hall. Frowzy blondes. Slick-haired sheiks. An orchestra. An orchestra leader. No. Yes. Jack Oakie in a striped collegiate coat and, oh boy, that collegiate band. Middle aged, fat, lean and decrepit collegians. The sweetest bit of satirical take-off in years. Buster Collier, Miriam Hopkins. "Dancers in the Dark" is in full swing. And wait till you see Jack Oakie lead his famous collegians.

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